THE WAY OF THE WORLD
AND
LOVE FOR LOVE

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THE CABAL

THE WAY OF THE WORLD *and* LOVE FOR LOVE

Two Comedies by

WILLIAM CONGREVE

With Illustrations and Decorations
By JOHN KETTELWELL

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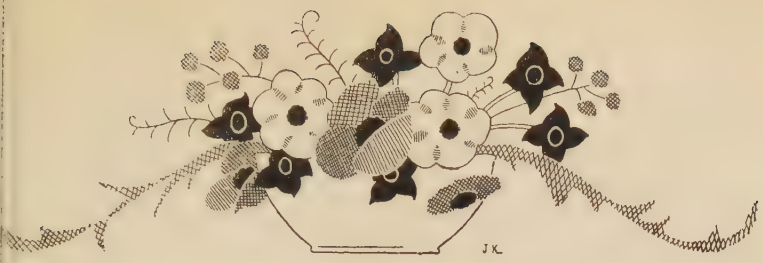
THE WAY OF THE WORLD



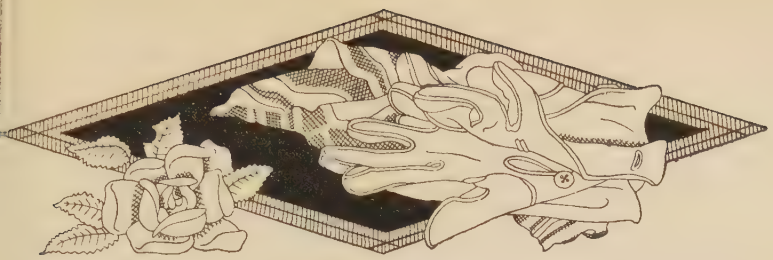
COMMENDATORY VERSES.

To Mr. CONGREVE, *occasioned by his Comedy called "The Way of the World."*

WHEN pleasure's falling to the low delight,
In the vain joys of the uncertain sight;
No sense, of wit when rude spectators know,
But in distorted gesture, farce and show;
How could, great author, your aspiring mind
Dare to write only to the few refined?
Yet though that nice ambition you pursue,
'Tis not in Congreve's power to please but few.
Implicitly devoted to his fame,
Well-dressed barbarians know his awful name.
Though senseless they're of mirth, but when they laugh,
As they feel wine, but when, till drunk, they quaff.
On you from fate a lavish portion fell
In every way of writing to excel.
Your muse applause to Arabella brings,
In notes as sweet as Arabella sings.
Whene'er you draw an undissembled woe,
With sweet distress your rural numbers flow:
Pastora's the complaint of every swain,
Pastora still the echo of the plain!
Or if your muse describe, with warming force,
The wounded Frenchman falling from his horse;
And her own William glorious in the strife,
Bestowing on the prostrate foe his life:

You the great act as generously rehearse,
And all the English fury's in your verse.
By your selected scenes and handsome choice,
Ennobled Comedy exalts her voice,
You check unjust esteem and fond desire,
And teach to scorn what else we should admire:
The just impression taught by you we bear,
The player acts the world, the world the player;
Whom still that world unjustly disesteems,
Though he alone professes what he seems.
But when your muse assumes her tragic part
She conquers and she reigns in every heart:
To mourn with her men cheat their private woe,
And generous pity's all the grief they know.
The widow, who, impatient of delay,
From the town joys must mask it to the play,
Joins with your Mourning Bride's resistless moan,
And weeps a loss she slighted when her own:
You give us torment, and you give us ease,
And vary our afflictions as you please.
Is not a heart so kind as yours in pain,
To load your friends with cares you only feign;
Your friends in grief, composed yourself, to leave?
But 'tis the only way you'll e'er deceive.
Then still, great sir, your moving power employ,
To lull our sorrow, and correct our joy.

RICHARD STEELE.



To the Right Honourable

RALPH, EARL OF MONTAGUE, &c.

My Lord,

WHETHER the world will arraign me of vanity or not, that I have presumed to dedicate this comedy to your Lordship, I am yet in doubt; though, it may be, it is some degree of vanity even to doubt of it. One who has at any time had the honour of your Lordship's conversation, cannot be supposed to think very meanly of that which he would prefer to your perusal; yet it were to incur the imputation of too much sufficiency, to pretend to such a merit as might abide the test of your Lordship's censure.

Whatever value may be wanting to this play while yet it is mine, will be sufficiently made up to it when it is once become your Lordship's; and it is my security that I cannot have overrated it more by my dedication, than your Lordship will dignify it by your patronage.

That it succeeded on the stage, was almost beyond my expectation; for but little of it was prepared for that general taste which seems now to be predominant in the palates of our audience.

Those characters which are meant to be ridiculed in most of our comedies, are of fools so gross, that, in my humble opinion, they should rather disturb than divert the well-natured and reflecting part of an audience; they are rather objects of charity than contempt; and instead

of moving our mirth, they ought very often to excite our compassion.

This reflection moved me to design some characters which should appear ridiculous, not so much through a natural folly (which is incorrigible, and therefore not proper for the stage) as through an affected wit; a wit, which at the same time that it is affected, is also false. As there is some difficulty in the formation of a character of this nature, so there is some hazard which attends the progress of its success upon the stage; for many come to a play so overcharged with criticism, that they very often let fly their censure, when through their rashness they have mistaken their aim. This I had occasion lately to observe, for this play had been acted two or three days before some of these hasty judges could find the leisure to distinguish betwixt the character of a Witwoud and a Truewit.

I must beg your Lordship's pardon for this digression from the true course of this epistle; but that it may not seem altogether impertinent, I beg that I may plead the occasion of it, in part of that excuse of which I stand in need, for recommending this comedy to your protection. It is only by the countenance of your Lordship, and the *few* so qualified, that such who wrote with care and pains can hope to be distinguished; for the prostituted name of *poet* promiscuously levels all that bear it.

Terence, the most correct writer in the world, had a Scipio and a Lælius, if not to assist him, at least to support him in his reputation; and notwithstanding his extraordinary merit, it may be their countenance was not more than necessary.

The purity of his style, the delicacy of his turns, and the justness of his characters, were all of them beauties which the great part of his audience were incapable of tasting; some of the coarsest strokes of Plautus, so severely censured by Horace, were more likely to affect the multitude; such who come with expectation to laugh at the last act of a play, and are better entertained with two or three un-

seasonable jeſts, than with the artful solution of the *fable*.

As Terence excelled in his performances, so had he great advantages to encourage his undertakings; for he built moſt on the foundations of Menander; his plots were generally modelled, and his characters ready drawn to his hand. He copied Menander, and Menander had no less light in the formation of his characters, from the observations of Theophraſtus, of whom he was a disciple; and Theophraſtus, it is known, was not only the disciple, but the immediate successor of Ariſtotle, the firſt and greateſt judge of poetry. These were great models to design by; and the further advantage which Terence possessed, towards giving his plays the due ornaments of purity of ſtyle and juſtness of manners, was not less considerable, from the freedom of conversation which was permitted him with Lælius and Scipio, two of the greateſt and moſt polite men of his age. And indeed the privilege of such a conversation is the only certain means of attaining to the perfection of dialogue.

If it has happened in any part of this comedy, that I have gained a turn of ſtyle or expression more correct, or at leaſt, more corrigible, than in those which I have formerly written, I muſt, with equal pride and gratitude, ascribe it to honour of your Lordship's admitting me into your conversation, and that of a society where everybody else was so well worthy of you, in your retirement laſt summer from the town; for it was immediately after that this comedy was written. If I have failed in my performance, it is only to be regretted, where there were so many, not inferior either to a Scipio or a Lælius, that there should be one wanting equal in capacity to a Terence.

If I am not miſtaken, poetry is almoſt the only art which has not yet laid claim to your Lordship's patronage. Architecture and painting, to the great honour of our country, have flourished under your influence and protection. In the mean time, poetry, the eldeſt ſiſter of all

arts, and parent of most, seems to have resigned her birthright, by having neglected to pay her duty to your Lordship, and by permitting others of a later extraction, to prepossess that place in your esteem to which none can pretend a better title. Poetry, in its nature, is sacred to the good and great: the relation between them is reciprocal, and they are ever propitious to it. It is the privilege of poetry to address to them, and it is their prerogative alone to give it protection.

This received maxim is a general apology for all writers who consecrate their labours to great men; but I could wish at this time, that this address were exempted from the common pretence of all dedications; and that I can distinguish your Lordship even among the most deserving, so this offering might become remarkable by some particular instance of respect, which should assure your Lordship, that I am, with all due sense of your extreme worthiness and humanity, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient, and most obliged humble servant,

WILL. CONGREVE.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

OF those few fools who with ill ſtars are curſt,
Sure scribbling fools, called poets, fare the worſt:
For they're a sort of fools which Fortune makes,
And after she has made 'em fools, forsakes.
With Nature's oafs 'tis quite a different case,
For Fortune favours all her idiot-race.
In her own neſt the cuckoo-eggs we find.
O'er which she broods to hatch the changeling-kind.
No portion for her own she has to spare,
So much she dotes on her adopted care.

Poets are bubbles by the town drawn in,
Suffered at firſt some trifling ſtakes to win;
But what unequal hazards do they run!
Each time they write they venture all they've won:
The squire that's buttered ſtill, is sure to be undone.
This author heretofore has found your favour;
But pleads no merit from his paſt behaviour.
To build on that might prove a vain presumption,
Should grants, to poets made, admit resumption:
And in Parnassus he muſt lose his seat,
If that be found a forfeited eſtate.

He owns with toil he wrought the following scenes;
But, if they're naught, ne'er spare him for his pains:
Damn him the more; have no commiseration
For dulness on mature deliberation,
He swears he'll not resent one hissed-off scene,
Nor, like those peevish wits, his play maintain,

Who, to assert their sense, your taſte arraign,
Some plot we think he has, and some new thought;
Some humour too, no farce; but that's a fault.
Satire, he thinks, you ought not to expect;
For so reformed a town who dares correct?
To please, this time, has been his sole pretence,
He'll not inſtruct, leſt it should give offence.
Should he by chance a knave or fool expose,
That hurts none here, sure here are none of those:
In short, our play shall (with your leave to show it)
Give you one inſtance of a passive poet,
Who to your judgments yields all resignation;
So save or damn, after your own discretion.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Fainall, in love with Mrs. Marwood.
Mirabell, in love with Mrs. Millamant.
Witwoud, Petulant, } Followers of Mrs. Millamant.
Sir Wilfull Witwoud, half Brother to Witwoud, and Nephew to Lady Wishfort.
Waitwell, Servant to Mirabell.

Lady Wishfort, Enemy to Mirabell, for having falsely pretended love to her.
Mrs. Millamant, a fine Lady, Niece to Lady Wishfort, and loves Mirabell.
Mrs. Marwood, Friend to Mr. Fainall, and likes Mirabell.
Mrs. Fainall, Daughter to Lady Wishfort, and Wife to Fainall, formerly Friend to Mirabell.
Foible, Woman to Lady Wishfort.
Mincing, Woman to Mrs. Millamant.
Betty, Waiting-maid at a Chocolate-house.
Peg, Maid to Lady Wishfort.

Coachmen, Dancers, Footmen, and Attendants.

SCENE—London.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Chocolate-House.

MIRABELL *and* FAINALL [*Rising from Cards.*] BETTY *waiting.*

Mira. YOU are a fortunate Man, Mr. *Fainall.*

Fain. Have we done?

Mira. What you please. I'll play on to entertain you.

Fain. No, I'll give you your Revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent; you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently; the Coldness of a losing Gamester lessens the Pleasure of the Winner. I'd no more play with a Man that slighted his ill Fortune, than I'd make Love to a Woman who undervalu'd the Loss of her Reputation.

Mira. You have a Taste extreamly delicate, and are for refining on your Pleasures.

Fain. Prithee, why so reserv'd? Something has put you out of Humour.

Mira. Not at all: I happen to be grave to Day; and you are gay; that's all.

Fain. Confess. *Millamant* and you quarrell'd laſt Night, after I left you; my fair Cousin has some Humours that wou'd tempt the Patience of a Stoick. What, some Coxcomb came in, and was well receiv'd by her, while you were by.

Mira. Witwoud and *Petulant*; and what was worse, her Aunt, your Wife's Mother, my evil Genius; or to sum up all in her own Name, my old Lady *Wishfort* came in.——

Fain. O there it is then——She has a laſting Passion for you, and with Reason.——What, then my Wife was there?

Mira. Yes, and Mrs. *Marwood* and three or four more, whom I never saw before; seeing me, they all put on their grave Faces, whisper'd one another; then complain'd aloud of the Vapours, and after fell into a profound Silence.

Fain. They had a mind to be rid of you.

Mira. For which good Reason I resolv'd not to ſtir. At laſt the good old Lady broke thro' her painful Taciturnity, with an Invective againſt long Visits. I would not have underſtood her, but *Millamant* joining in the Argument, I roſe and with a conſtrain'd Smile told her, I thought nothing was so easie as to know when a Visit began to be troublesome; she reden'd and I withdrew, without expecting her reply.

Fain. You were to blame to resent what she spoke only in Compliance with her Aunt.

Mira. She is more Miſtress of her self, than to be under the necessity of such a Resignation.

Fain. What? tho' half her Fortune depends upon her Marrying with my Lady's Approbation?

Mira. I was then in such a Humour, that I shou'd have been better pleas'd if she had been less discreet.

Fain. Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; laſt Night was one of their Cabal-Nights; they have 'em three times a Week, and meet by turns,

at one another's Apartments, where they come together like the Coroner's Inquest, to sit upon the murder'd Reputations of the Week. You and I are excluded; and it was once propos'd that all the Male Sex shou'd be excepted; but some body mov'd that to avoid Scandal there might be one Man of the Community; upon which *Witwoud* and *Petulant* were enroll'd Members.

Mira. And who may have been the Foundress of this Sect? My Lady *Wishfort*, I warrant, who publishes her Detestation of Mankind; and full of the Vigour of Fifty five, declares for a Friend and *Ratafia*; and let Posterity shift for it self, she'll breed no more.

Fain. The Discovery of your sham Addresses to her, to conceal your Love to her Neice, has provok'd this Separation: Had you dissembl'd better, Things might have continu'd in the State of Nature.

Mira. I did as much as Man cou'd, with any reasonable Conscience; I proceeded to the very last Act of Flattery with her, and was guilty of a Song in her Commendation. Nay, I got a Friend to put her into a Lampoon, and compliment her with the Imputation of an Affair with a young Fellow, which I carry'd so far, that I told her the malicious Town took notice that she was grown fat of a sudden; and when she lay in of a Dropsie, persuaded her she was reported to be in Labour. The Devil's in't, if an old Woman is to be flatter'd further, unless a Man shou'd endeavour downright personally to debauch her; and that my Vertue forbad me. But for the Discovery of this Amour, I am indebted to your Friend, or your Wife's Friend, Mrs. *Marwood*.

Fain. What shou'd provoke her to be your Enemy, unless she has made you Advances, which you have slighted? Women do not easily forgive Omissions of that Nature.

Mira. She was always civil to me, 'till of late; I confess I am not one of those Coxcombs who are apt to interpret a Woman's good Manners to her Prejudice;

and think that she who does not refuse 'em ev'ry thing, can refuse 'em nothing.

Fain. You are a gallant Man, *Mirabell*; and tho' you may have Cruelty enough, not to satisfie a Lady's longing; you have too much Generosity, not to be tender of her Honour. Yet you speak with an Indifference which seems to be affected; and confesses you are conscious of a Negligence.

Mira. You pursue the Argument with a Distrust that seems to be unaffected, and confesses you are conscious of a Concern for which the Lady is more indebted to you, than is your Wife.

Fain. Fie, fie Friend, if you grow censorious I must leave you;——I'll look upon the Gamesters in the next Room.

Mira. Who are they?

Fain. Petulant and *Witwoud*—Bring me some Chocolate.

Mira. Betty, what says your Clock?

Bet. Turn'd of the last Canonical Hour, Sir.

Mira. How pertinently the Jade answers me! Ha? almost one a Clock! [*Looking on his Watch.*] O, y'are come——

Enter Footman.

Mira. Well; is the grand Affair over? You have been something tedious.

Serv. Sir, there's such Coupling at *Pancras*, that they stand behind one another, as 'twere in a Country Dance. Ours was the last Couple to lead up; and no Hopes appearing of Dispatch, besides, the Parson growing hoarse, we were afraid his Lungs wou'd have fail'd before it came to our Turn; so we drove round to *Duke's-Place*; and there they were rivetted in a trice.

Mira. So, so, you are sure they are married.

Serv. Married and Bedded, Sir: I am Witness.

Mira. Have you the Certificate?

Serv. Here it is, Sir.

Mira. Has the Tailor brought *Waitwell*'s Cloaths home, and the new Liveries?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Mira. That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear, and adjourn the Consummation 'till farther Order; bid *Waitwell* shake his Ears, and Dame *Partlet* rustle up her Feathers, and meet me at One a Clock by *Rosamond*'s Pond; that I may see her before she returns to her Lady: And as you tender your Ears be secret.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

SCENE II.

The same.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, BETTY.

Fain. Joy of your Success, *Mirabell*; you look pleas'd.

Mira. Ay; I have been engag'd in a Matter of some sort of Mirth, which is not yet ripe for Discovery. I am glad this is not a Cabal-Night. I wonder, *Fainall*, that you who are married, and of consequence should be discreet, will suffer your Wife to be of such a Party.

Fain. Faith, I am not jealous. Besides, most who are engag'd are Women and Relations; and for the Men, they are of a Kind too contemptible to give Scandal.

Mira. I am of another Opinion. The greater the Coxcomb, always the more the Scandal: For a Woman who is not a Fool, can have but one Reason for associating with a Man who is one.

Fain. Are you jealous as often as you see *Witwoud* entertain'd by *Millamant*?

Mira. Of her Understanding I am, if not of her Person.

Fain. You do her wrong; for to give her her Due, she has Wit.

Mira. She has Beauty enough to make any Man think so; and Complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.

Fain. For a passionate Lover, methinks you are a Man somewhat too discerning in the Failings of your Mistress.

Mira. And for a discerning Man, somewhat too passionate a Lover; for I like her with all her Faults; nay, like her for her Faults. Her Follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those Affectations which in another Woman wou'd be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, *Fainall*, she once us'd me with that Insolence, that in Revenge I took her to pieces; sifted her, and separated her Failings; I study'd 'em, and got 'em by Rote. The Catalogue was so large, that I was not without Hopes, one Day or other to hate her heartily; To which end I so us'd my self to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my Design and Expectation, they gave me ev'ry Hour less and less Disturbance; 'till in a few Days it became habitual to me, to remember 'em without being displeas'd. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own Frailties; and in all probability in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well.

Fain. Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her Charms, as you are with her Defects, and my Life on't, you are your own Man again.

Mira. Say you so?

Fain. Ay, ay, I have Experience: I have a Wife, and so forth.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Is one Squire *Witwoud* here?

Bet. Yes; What's your Business?

Mess. I have a Letter for him, from his Brother Sir *Wilfull*, which I am charg'd to deliver into his own Hands.

Bet. He's in the next Room, Friend—That way.

[*Exit* MESSENGER.

Mira. What, is the chief of that noble Family in Town, Sir *Wilfull Witwoud?*

Fain. He is expected to Day. Do you know him?

Mira. I have seen him, he promises to be an extraordinary Person; I think you have the Honour to be related to him.

Fain. Yes; he is half Brother to this *Witwoud* by a former Wife, who was Sister to my Lady *Wishfort*, my Wife's Mother. If you marry *Millamant*, you must call Cousins too.

Mira. I had rather be his Relation than his Acquaintance.

Fain. He comes to Town in order to Equip himself for Travel.

Mira. For Travel! Why, the Man that I mean is above Forty.

Fain. No matter for that; 'tis for the Honour of *England*, that all *Europe* should know that we have Blockheads of all Ages.

Mira. I wonder there is not an Act of Parliament to save the Credit of the Nation, and prohibit the Exportation of Fools.

Fain. By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to Trade with a little Loss, than to be quite eaten up, with being overstocked.

Mira. Pray, are the Follies of this Knight-Errant, and those of the Squire his Brother, any thing related?

Fain. Not at all; *Witwoud* grows by the Knight, like a Medlar grafted on a Crab. One will melt in your Mouth, and t'other set your Teeth on edge; one is all Pulp, and the other all Core.

Mira. So one will be Rotten before he be Ripe, and the other will be Rotten without ever being Ripe at all.

Fain. Sir *Wilfull* is an odd Mixture of Bashfulness and Obstinacy.——But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the

Monster in the Tempest; and much after the same manner. To give t'other his due; he has something of good Nature, and does not always want Wit.

Mira. Not always; but as often as his Memory fails him, and his common Place of Comparisons. He is a Fool with a good Memory, and some few Scraps of other Folks Wit. He is one whose Conversation can never be approv'd, yet it is now and then to be endur'd. He has indeed one good Quality, he is not Exceptious; for he so passionately affects the Reputation of understanding Raillery, that he will construe an Affront into a Jest; and call downright Rudeness and ill Language, Satire and Fire.

Fain. If you have a mind to finish his Picture, you have an Opportunity to do it at full length. Behold the Original.

Enter WITWOUD.

Wit. Afford me your Compassion, my Dears; pity me, *Fainall*, *Mirabell*, pity me.

Mira. I do from my Soul.

Fain. Why, what's the Matter?

Wit. No Letters for me, *Betty*?

Bet. Did not a Messenger bring you one but now, Sir?

Wit. Ay, but no other?

Bet. No, Sir.

Wit. That's hard, that's very hard;—A Messenger, a Mule, a Beast of Burden, he has brought me a Letter from the Fool my Brother, as heavy as a Panegyrick in a Funeral Sermon, or a Copy of Commendatory Verses from one Poet to another. And what's worse, 'tis as sure a Forerunner of the Author, as an Epistle Dedicatory.

Mira. A Fool, and your Brother, *Witwoud*!

Wit. Ay, ay, my half Brother. My half Brother he is, no nearer upon Honour.

Mira. Then 'tis possible he may be but half a Fool.

Wit. Good, good, *Mirabell, le Drole*! Good, good, hang him, don't let's talk of him;——*Fainall*, how does your Lady? Gad. I say any thing in the World to get this Fellow out of my Head. I beg Pardon that I shou'd ask a Man of Pleasure, and the Town, a Question at once so Foreign and Domestick. But I Talk like an old Maid at a Marriage. I don't know what I say: But she's the best Woman in the World.

Fain. 'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your Commendation wou'd go near to make me either Vain or Jealous.

Wit. No Man in Town lives well with a Wife but *Fainall*. Your Judgment, *Mirabell*?

Mira. You had better step and ask his Wife; if you wou'd be credibly inform'd.

Wit. Mirabell.

Mira. Ay.

Wit. My Dear, I ask Ten Thousand Pardons;——Gad I have forgot what I was going to say to you.

Mira. I thank you heartily, heartily.

Wit. No, but prithee excuse me,——my Memory is such a Memory.

Mira. Have a care of such Apologies, *Witwoud*;——for I never knew a Fool but he affected to complain, either of the Spleen or his Memory.

Fain. What have you done with *Petulant*?

Wit. He's reckoning his Mony,——my Mony it was ——I have no Luck to Day.

Fain. You may allow him to win of you at Play;——for you are sure to be too hard for him at Repartee: Since you monopolize the Wit that is between you, the Fortune must be his of course.

Mira. I don't find that *Petulant* confesses the Superiority of Wit to be your Talent, *Witwoud*.

Wit. Come, come, you are malicious now, and wou'd breed Debates——*Petulant*'s my Friend, and a very honest Fellow, and a very pretty Fellow, and has a

smattering——Faith and Troth a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small Wit: Nay, I'll do him Justice. I'm his Friend, I won't wrong him.——And if he had any Judgment in the World,——he wou'd not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the Merits of my Friend.

Fain. You don't take your Friend to be over-nicely bred.

Wit. No, no, hang him, the Rogue has no Manners at all, that I must own—No more Breeding than a Bum-bailey, that I grant you,——'Tis pity; the Fellow has Fire and Life.

Mira. What, Courage?

Wit. Hum, faith, I don't know as to that,——I can't say as to that.——Yes, faith, in a Controversie he'll contradict any Body.

Mira. Tho' 'twere a Man whom he fear'd, or a Woman whom he lov'd.

Wit. Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks;——We have all our Failings; you are too hard upon him, you are faith. Let me excuse him,——I can defend most of his Faults, except one or two; one he has, that's the Truth on't, if he were my Brother, I cou'd not acquit him——That indeed I cou'd wish were otherwise.

Mira. Ay, marry, what's that, *Witwoud*?

Wit. O pardon me——Expose the Infirmities of my Friend.——No, my Dear, excuse me there.

Fain. What I warrant he's unsincere, or 'tis some such Trifle.

Wit. No, no, what if he be? 'Tis no matter for that, his Wit will excuse that: A Wit shou'd no more be sincere, than a Woman constant; one argues a Decay of Parts, as t'other of Beauty.

Mira. May be you think him too positive?

Wit. No, no, his being positive is an Incentive to Argument, and keeps up Conversation.

Fain. Too illiterate.

Wit. That! that's his Happiness——His want of Learning gives him the more Opportunities to shew his natural Parts.

Mira. He wants Words.

Wit. Ay; but I like him for that now; for his want of Words gives me the Pleasure very often to explain his Meaning.

Fain. He's Impudent.

Wit. No, that's not it.

Mira. Vain.

Wit. No.

Mira. What, he speaks unseasonable Truths sometimes, because he has not Wit enough to invent an Evasion.

Wit. Truths! Ha, ha, ha! No, no, since you will have it,——I mean, he never speaks Truth at all,——That's all. He will lie like a Chambermaid, or a Woman of Quality's Porter. Now that is a Fault.

Enter COACHMAN.

Coach. Is Master *Petulant* here, Mistress?

Bet. Yes.

Coach. Three Gentlewomen in a Coach would speak with him.

Fain. O brave *Petulant*, Three!

Bet. I'll tell him.

Coach. You must bring Two Dishes of Chocolate and a Glass of Cinnamon-water.

[*Exeunt* BETTY *and* COACHMAN.

Wit. That should be for Two fasting Strumpets, and a Bawd troubled with Wind. Now you may know what the Three are.

Mira. You are free with your Friend's Acquaintance.

Wit. Ay, ay, Friendship without Freedom is as dull as Love without Enjoyment, or Wine without Toasting; but to tell you a Secret, these are Trulls whom he allows

Coach-hire, and something more by the Week, to call on him once a Day at publick Places.

Mira. How!

Wit. You shall see he won't go to 'em because there's no more Company here to take notice of him——Why, this is nothing to what he us'd to do;——Before he found out this way, I have known him call for himself——

Fain. Call for himself? What dost thou mean?

Wit. Mean, why he wou'd slip you out of this Chocolate-house, just when you had been talking to him——As soon as your Back was turn'd——Whip he was gone;——Then trip to his Lodging, clap on a Hood and Scarf, and a Mask, slap into a Hackney-Coach, and drive hither to the Door again in a trice; where he wou'd send in for himself, that I mean, call for himself, wait for himself, nay and what's more, not finding himself, sometimes leave a Letter for himself.

Mira. I confess this is something extraordinary——I believe he waits for himself now, he is so long a coming; O I ask his Pardon.

Enter PETULANT *and* BETTY.

Bet. Sir, the Coach stays.

Pet. Well, well; I come——'Sbud a Man had as good be a profess'd Midwife, as a profess'd Whoremaster, at this rate; to be knock'd up and rais'd at all Hours, and in all Places. Pox on 'em, I won't come——D'ye hear, tell 'em I won't come.——Let 'em snivel and cry their Hearts out.

Fain. You are very cruel, *Petulant.*

Pet. All's one, let it pass——I have a Humour to be cruel.

Mira. I hope they are not Persons of Condition that you use at this rate.

Pet. Condition, Condition's a dry'd Fig, if I am not in Humour——By this Hand, if they were your—a—a—your What-dee-call-'ems themselves, they must wait or rub off, if I want Appetite.

Mira. What-dee-call-'ems! What are they, *Witwoud*?

Wit. Empresses, my Dear—By your What-dee-call-'ems he means Sultana Queens.

Pet. Ay, *Roxolana's.*

Mira. Cry you Mercy.

Fain. Witwoud says they are——

Pet. What does he say th'are?

Wit. I; fine Ladies I say.

Pet. Pass on, *Witwoud*——Harkee, by this Light his Relations——Two Co-heiresses his Cousins, and an old Aunt, who loves Catterwauling better than a Conventicle.

Wit. Ha, ha, ha; I had a Mind to see how the Rogue wou'd come off——Ha, ha, ha; Gad I can't be angry with him; if he had said they were my Mother and my Sisters.

Mira. No!

Wit. No; the Rogue's Wit and Readiness of Invention charm me, dear *Petulant.*

Bet. They are gone, Sir, in great Anger.

Pet. Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps Complexion, saves Paint.

Fain. This Continence is all dissembled; this is in order to have something to brag of the next time he makes Court to *Millamant*, and swear he has abandoned the whole Sex for her Sake.

Mira. Have you not left off your impudent Pretensions there yet? I shall cut your Throat, sometime or other, *Petulant*, about that Business.

Pet. Ay, ay, let that pass—There are other Throats to be cut.——

Mira. Meaning mine, Sir?

Pet. Not I—I mean no Body———I know nothing. ——But there are Uncles and Nephews in the World—— And they may be Rivals——What then? All's one for that——

Mira. How! Harkee *Petulant*, come hither——Explain, or I shall call your Interpreter.

Pet. Explain; I know nothing—Why you have an

Uncle, have you not, lately come to Town, and lodges by my Lady *Wishfort*'s ?

Mira. True.

Pet. Why, that's enough——You and he are not Friends ; and if he shou'd marry and have a Child, you may be disinherited, ha ?

Mira. Where hast thou stumbled upon all this Truth ?

Pet. All's one for that ; why then say I know something.

Mira. Come, thou art an honest Fellow *Petulant*, and shalt make Love to my Mistress, thou sha't, Faith. What hast thou heard of my Uncle ?

Pet. I, nothing I. If Throats are to be cut, let Swords clash ; snug's the Word, I shrug and am silent.

Mira. O Raillery, Raillery. Come, I know thou art in the Women's Secrets—What you're a Cabalist, I know you staid at *Millamant's* last Night, after I went. Was there any Mention made of my Uncle, or me ? Tell me ; if thou hadst but good Nature equal to thy Wit *Petulant*, *Tony Witwoud*, who is now thy Competitor in Fame, would shew as dim by thee as a dead Whiting's Eye by a Pearl of Orient ; he wou'd no more be seen by thee, than *Mercury* is by the Sun : Come, I'm sure thou wo't tell me.

Pet. If I do, will you grant me common Sense then, for the future ?

Mira. Faith I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray that Heav'n may grant it thee in the mean time.

Pet. Well, harkee.

Fain. Petulant and you both will find *Mirabell* as warm a Rival as a Lover.

Wit. Pshaw, pshaw, that she laughs at *Petulant* is plain. And for my part——But that it is almost a Fashion to admire her, I should——Harkee——To tell you a Secret, but let it go no further—Between Friends, I shall never break my Heart for her.

Fain. How !

Wit. She's handsome ; but she's a sort of an uncertain Woman.

Fain. I thought you had dy'd for her.

Wit. Umh——No——

Fain. She has Wit.

Wit. 'Tis what she will hardly allow any body else—Now, Demme, I shou'd hate that, if she were as handsome as *Cleopatra*. *Mirabell* is not so sure of her as he thinks for.

Fain. Why do you think so?

Wit. We staid pretty late there last Night; and heard something of an Uncle to *Mirabell*, who is lately come to Town——and is between him and the best part of his Estate; *Mirabell* and he are at some Distance, as my Lady *Wishfort* has been told; and you know she hates *Mirabell*, worse than a Quaker hates a Parrot, or than a Fishmonger hates a hard Frost. Whether this Uncle has seen Mrs. *Millamant* or not, I cannot say; but there were Items of such a Treaty being in Embrio; and if it shou'd come to Life, poor *Mirabell* wou'd be in some sort unfortunately fobb'd i'faith.

Fain. 'Tis impossible *Millamant* shou'd harken to it.

Wit. Faith, my Dear, I can't tell; she's a Woman and a kind of a Humorist.

Mira. And this is the Sum of what you cou'd collect last Night.

Pet. The Quintessence. May be *Witwoud* knows more, he stay'd longer——Besides they never mind him; they say any thing before him.

Mira. I thought you had been the greatest Favourite.

Pet. Ay, *tête à tête;* But not in publick, because I make Remarks.

Mira. You do?

Pet. Ay, ay, pox I'm malicious, Man. Now he's soft, you know, they are not in awe of him——The Fellow's well bred, he's what you call a——What-d'ye-call-'em. A fine Gentleman, but he's silly withal.

Mira. I thank you, I know as much as my Curiosity requires. *Fainall*, are you for the *Mall*?

Fain. Ay, I'll take a Turn before Dinner.

Wit. Ay, we'll all walk in the Park, the Ladies talk'd of being there.

Mira. I thought you were oblig'd to watch for your Brother Sir *Wilfull*'s Arrival.

Wit. No, no, he's come to his Aunt's, my Lady *Wishfort*; pox on him, I shall be troubled with him too; what shall I do with the Fool?

Pet. Beg him for his Estate; that I may beg you afterwards; and so have but one Trouble with you both.

Wit. O rare *Petulant*; thou art as quick as Fire in a frosty Morning; thou shalt to the *Mall* with us; and we'll be very severe.

Pet. Enough, I'm in a Humour to be severe.

Mira. Are you? Pray then walk by your selves,—— Let not us be accessary to your putting the Ladies out of Countenance, with your senseless Ribaldry; which you roar out aloud as often as they pass by you; and when you have made a handsome Woman blush, then you think you have been severe.

Pet. What, what? Then let 'em either shew their Innocence by not understanding what they hear, or else shew their Discretion by not hearing what they wou'd not be thought to understand.

Mira. But hast not thou then Sense enough to know that thou ought'st to be most asham'd thy self, when thou hast put another out of Countenance.

Pet. Not I, by this Hand——I always take Blushing either for a Sign of Guilt, or ill Breeding.

Mira. I confess you ought to think so. You are in the right, that you may plead the Error of your Judgment in defence of your Practice,

Where Modesty's ill Manners, 'tis but fit
That Impudence and Malice pass for Wit.

End of the First Act.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

St. James's Park.

Mrs. Fainall *and Mrs.* Marwood.

Mrs. Fain. AY, ay, dear *Marwood*, if we will be happy, we must find the Means in our selves, and among our selves. Men are ever in Extreams; either doating or averse. While they are Lovers, if they have Fire and Sense, their Jealousies are insupportable: And when they cease to Love, (we ought to think at least) they loath; they look upon us with Horror and Distaste; they meet us like the Ghosts of what we were, and as from such, fly from us.

Mrs. Mar. True, 'tis an unhappy Circumstance of Life, that Love shou'd ever die before us; and that the Man so often shou'd out-live the Lover. But say what you will, 'tis better to be left, than never to have been lov'd. To pass our Youth in dull Indifference, to refuse the Sweets of Life because they once must leave us, is as prepostrous, as to wish to have been born Old, because we one Day must be Old. For my part, my Youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my Possession.

Mrs. Fain. Then it seems you dissemble an Aversion to Mankind, only in compliance to my Mother's Humour.

Mrs. Mar. Certainly. To be free; I have no Taſte of those insipid dry Discourses, with which our Sex of force muſt entertain themselves, apart from Men. We may affect Endearments to each other, profess eternal Friendships, and seem to dote like Lovers; but 'tis not in our Natures long to persevere. Love will resume his Empire in our Breasts, and every Heart, or soon or late, receive and readmit him as its lawful Tyrant.

Mrs. Fain. Bless me, how have I been deceiv'd! Why you profess a Libertine.

Mrs. Mar. You see my Friendship by my Freedom. Come, be as sincere, acknowledge that your Sentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. Fain. Never.

Mrs. Mar. You hate Mankind?

Mrs. Fain. Heartily, Inveterately.

Mrs. Mar. Your Husband?

Mrs. Fain. Moſt transcendently; ay, tho' I say it, meritoriously.

Mrs. Mar. Give me your Hand upon it.

Mrs. Fain. There.

Mrs. Mar. I join with you; what I have said has been to try you.

Mrs. Fain. Is it possible? Doſt thou hate those Vipers Men?

Mrs. Mar. I have done hating 'em, and am now come to despise 'em; the next thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em.

Mrs. Fain. There spoke the Spirit of an *Amazon*, a *Penthesilea*.

Mrs. Mar. And yet I am thinking sometimes to carry my Aversion further.

Mrs. Fain. How?

Mrs. Mar. Faith by marrying; if I cou'd but find one that lov'd me very well, and would be throughly sensible of ill Usage, I think I should do my self the Violence of undergoing the Ceremony.

MRS. MARWOOD AND MRS. FAINALL

Mrs. Fain. You wou'd not make him a Cuckold?

Mrs. Mar. No; but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. Fain. Why had not you as good do it?

Mrs. Mar. O if he shou'd ever discover it, he wou'd then know the worſt, and be out of his Pain; but I wou'd have him ever to continue upon the Rack of Fear and Jealousie.

Mrs. Fain. Ingenious Mischief! Wou'd thou wert married to *Mirabell.*

Mrs. Mar. Wou'd I were.

Mrs. Fain. You change Colour.

Mrs. Mar. Because I hate him.

Mrs. Fain. So do I; but I can hear him nam'd. But what Reason have you to hate him in particular?

Mrs. Mar. I never lov'd him; he is, and always was insufferably proud.

Mrs. Fain. By the Reason you give for your Aversion, one wou'd think it dissembled; for you have laid a Fault to his Charge, of which his Enemies muſt acquit him.

Mrs. Mar. O then it seems you are one of his favourable Enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again.

Mrs. Fain. Do I? I think I am a little sick o' the sudden.

Mrs. Mar. What ails you?

Mrs. Fain. My Husband. Don't you see him? He turn'd short upon me unawares, and has almoſt overcome me.

Enter Fainall *and* Mirabell.

Mrs. Mar. Ha, ha, ha; he comes opportunely for you.

Mrs. Fain. For you, for he has brought *Mirabell* with him.

Fain. My Dear.

Mrs. Fain. My Soul.

Fain. You don't look well to Day, Child.

Mrs. Fain. D'ye think so?

Mira. He is the only Man that does, Madam.

Mrs. Fain. The only Man that wou'd tell me so at leaſt; and the only Man from whom I cou'd hear it without Mortification.

Fain. O my Dear I am satisfy'd of your Tenderness; I know you cannot resent any thing from me; especially what is an effect of my Concern.

Mrs. Fain. Mr. *Mirabell*, my Mother interrupted you in a pleasant Relation laſt Night: I wou'd fain hear it out.

Mira. The Persons concern'd in that Affair, have yet a tolerable Reputation.——I am afraid Mr. *Fainall* will be censorious.

Mrs. Fain. He has a Humour more prevailing than his Curiosity, and will willingly dispence with the hearing of one scandalous Story, to avoid giving an Occasion to make another by being seen to walk with his Wife. This way, Mr. *Mirabell*, and I dare promise you will oblige us both. [*Exeunt Mrs.* Fainall *and* Mirabell.

Fain. Excellent Creature! Well, sure if I shou'd live to be rid of my Wife, I shou'd be a miserable Man.

Mrs. Mar. Ay!

Fain. For having only that one Hope, the accomplishment of it, of Consequence muſt put an end to all my Hopes; and what a Wretch is he who muſt survive his Hopes! Nothing remains when that Day comes, but to sit down and weep like *Alexander*, when he wanted other Worlds to conquer.

Mrs. Mar. Will you not follow 'em?

Fain. Faith, I think not.

Mrs. Mar. Pray let us; I have a Reason.

Fain. You are not Jealous?

Mrs. Mar. Of whom?

Fain. Of *Mirabell.*

Mrs. Mar. If I am, is it inconsistent with my Love to you that I am tender of your Honour?

Fain. You wou'd intimate then, as if there were a fellow-feeling between my Wife and him.

Mrs. Mar. I think she does not hate him to that degree she wou'd be thought.

Fain. But he, I fear, is too Insensible.

Mrs. Mar. It may be you are deceiv'd.

Fain. It may be so. I do not now begin to apprehend it.

Mrs. Mar. What?

Fain. That I have been deceiv'd, Madam, and you are false.

Mrs. Mar. That I am false! What mean you?

Fain. To let you know I see through all your little Arts——Come, you both love him; and both have equally dissembl'd your Aversion. Your mutual Jealousies of one another, have made you clash 'till you have both struck Fire. I have seen the warm Confession red'ning on your Cheeks, and sparkling from your Eyes.

Mrs. Mar. You do me wrong.

Fain. I do not——'Twas for my ease to oversee and wilfully neglect the gross Advances made him by my Wife; that by permitting her to be engag'd, I might continue unsuspected in my Pleasures; and take you oftner to my Arms in full Security. But cou'd you think, because the nodding Husband wou'd not wake, that e'er the watchful Lover slept?

Mrs. Mar. And wherewithal can you reproach me?

Fain. With Infidelity, with loving another, with Love of *Mirabell.*

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis false. I challenge you to shew an Instance that can confirm your groundless Accusation. I hate him.

Fain. And wherefore do you hate him? He is insensible, and your Resentment follows his Neglect. An Instance! The Injuries you have done him are a Proof:

Your interposing in his Love. What cause had you to make Discoveries of his pretended Passion? To undeceive the credulous Aunt, and be the officious Obstacle of his Match with *Millamant?*

Mrs. Mar. My Obligations to my Lady urg'd me: I had profess'd a Friendship to her; and cou'd not see her easie Nature so abus'd by that Dissembler.

Fain. What, was it Conscience, then? Profess'd a Friendship! O the pious Friendships of the Female Sex!

Mrs. Mar. More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty Vows of Men, whether professing Love to us, or mutual Faith to one another.

Fain. Ha, ha, ha; you are my Wife's Friend too.

Mrs. Mar. Shame and Ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me! Have I been false to her, thro' strict Fidelity to you, and sacrific'd my Friendship to keep my Love inviolate? And have you the Baseness to charge me with the Guilt, unmindful of the Merit! To you it shou'd be meritorious, that I have been vicious: And do you reflect that Guilt upon me, which shou'd lie buried in your Bosom?

Fain. You misinterpret my Reproof. I meant but to remind you of the slight Account you once cou'd make of strictest Ties, when set in Competition with your Love to me.

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis false, you urg'd it with deliberate Malice——'Twas spoke in scorn, and I never will forgive it.

Fain. Your Guilt, not your Resentment, begets your Rage. If yet you lov'd, you cou'd forgive a Jealousie: But you are stung to find you are discover'd.

Mrs. Mar. It shall be all discover'd. You too shall be discover'd; be sure you shall. I can but be expos'd——If I do it my self I shall prevent your Baseness.

Fain. Why, what will you do?

Mrs. Mar. Disclose it to your Wife; own what has past between us.

Fain. Frenzy!

Mrs. Mar. By all my Wrongs I'll do't——I'll publish to the World the Injuries you have done me, both in my Fame and Fortune: With both I trusted you, you Bankrupt in Honour, as indigent of Wealth.

Fain. Your Fame I have preserv'd. Your Fortune has been bestowed as the Prodigality of your Love would have it, in Pleasures which we both have shar'd. Yet, had not you been false, I had e'er this repaid it——'Tis true——had you permitted *Mirabell* with *Millamant* to have stoll'n their Marriage, my Lady had been incens'd beyond all Means of Reconcilement: *Millamant* had forfeited the Moiety of her Fortune; which then wou'd have descended to my Wife;——And wherefore did I marry, but to make lawful Prize of a rich Widow's Wealth, and squander it on Love and you?

Mrs. Mar. Deceit and frivolous Pretence.

Fain. Death, am I not married? What's Pretence? Am I not imprison'd, fetter'd? Have I not a Wife? Nay, a Wife that was a Widow, a young Widow, a handsome Widow; and wou'd be again a Widow, but that I have a Heart of Proof, and something of a Constitution to bustle thro' the ways of Wedlock and this World. Will you yet be reconcil'd to Truth and me?

Mrs. Mar. Impossible. Truth and you are inconsistent——I hate you, and shall for ever.

Fain. For loving you?

Mrs. Mar. I loath the Name of Love after such Usage; and next to the Guilt with which you wou'd asperse me, I scorn you most. Farewel.

Fain. Nay, we must not part thus.

Mrs. Mar. Let me go.

Fain. Come, I'm sorry.

Mrs. Mar. I care not——Let me go——Break my Hands, do——I'd leave 'em to get loose.

Fain. I wou'd not hurt you for the World. Have I no other Hold to keep you here?

Mrs. Mar. Well, I have deserv'd it all.

Fain. You know I love you.

Mrs. Mar. Poor dissembling!——O that——Well, it is not yet——

Fain. What? What is it not? What is it not yet? It is not yet too late——

Mrs. Mar. No, it is not yet too late—I have that Comfort.

Fain. It is, to love another.

Mrs. Mar. But not to loath, detest, abhor Mankind, my self and the whole treacherous World.

Fain. Nay, this is Extravagance——Come, I ask your Pardon——No Tears—I was to blame, I cou'd not love you and be easie in my Doubts——Pray forbear——I believe you; I'm convinc'd I've done you wrong; and any way, ev'ry way will make amends;——I'll hate my Wife yet more, Damn her, I'll part with her, rob her of all she's worth, and we'll retire somewhere, any where, to another World, I'll marry thee——Be pacify'd——'Sdeath they come, hide your Face, your Tears——You have a Mask, wear it a moment. This way, this way, be persuaded. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

MIRABELL *and Mrs.* FAINALL.

Mrs. Fain. They are here yet.

Mira. They are turning into the other Walk.

Mrs. Fain. While I only hated my Husband, I cou'd bear to see him; but since I have despis'd him, he's too offensive.

Mira. O you shou'd hate with Prudence.

Mrs. Fain. Yes, for I have lov'd with Indiscretion.

Mira. You shou'd have just so much Disgust for your Husband, as may be sufficient to make you relish your Lover.

Mrs. Fain. You have been the Cause that I have lov'd without Bounds, and wou'd you set Limits to that Aversion, of which you have been the Occasion? Why did you make me marry this Man?

Mira. Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous Actions? To save that Idol Reputation. If the Familiarities of our Loves had produc'd that Consequence, of which you were apprehensive, where cou'd you have fix'd a Father's Name with Credit, but on a Husband? I knew *Fainall* to be a Man lavish of his Morals, an interested and professing Friend, a false and a designing Lover; yet one whose Wit and outward fair Behaviour, have gain'd a Reputation with the Town, enough to make that Woman stand excus'd, who has suffer'd her self to be won by his Addresses. A better Man ought not to have been sacrific'd to the Occasion; a worse had not answer'd to the Purpose. When you are weary of him, you know your Remedy.

Mrs. Fain. I ought to stand in some Degree of Credit with you, *Mirabell.*

Mira. In Justice to you, I have made you privy to my whole Design, and put it in your Pow'r to ruin or advance my Fortune.

Mrs. Fain. Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended Uncle?

Mira. Waitwell, my Servant.

Mrs. Fain. He is an humble Servant to *Foible* my Mother's Woman, and may win her to your Interest.

Mira. Care is taken for that——She is won and worn by this time. They were married this Morning.

Mrs. Fain. Who?

Mira. Waitwell and *Foible.* I wou'd not tempt my

Servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your Mother, in hopes to ruin me, shou'd consent to marry my pretended Uncle, he might, like *Mosca* in the *Fox*, stand upon Terms; so I made him sure before-hand.

Mrs. Fain. So, if my poor Mother is caught in a Contract, you will discover the Imposture betimes; and release her by producing a Certificate of her Gallant's former Marriage.

Mira. Yes, upon Condition that she consent to my Marriage with her Neice, and surrender the Moeity of her Fortune in her Possession.

Mrs. Fain. She talk'd last Night of endeavouring at a Match between *Millamant* and your Uncle.

Mira. That was by *Foible*'s Direction, and my Instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. Fain. Well, I have an Opinion of your Success; for I believe my Lady will do any thing to get an Husband; and when she has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to any thing to get rid of him.

Mira. Yes, I think the good Lady wou'd marry any thing that resembl'd a Man, though 'twere no more than what a Butler could pinch out of a Napkin.

Mrs. Fain. Female Frailty! We must all come to it, if we live to be Old, and feel the craving of a false Appetite when the true is decay'd.

Mira. An old Woman's Appetite is deprav'd like that of a Girl——'Tis the Green-Sickness of a second Childhood; and like the faint Offer of a latter Spring, serves but to usher in the Fall; and withers in an affected Bloom.

Mrs. Fain. Here's your Mistress.

Enter Mrs. Millamant, Witwoud, Mincing.

Mira. Here she comes i'faith full Sail, with her Fan spread and Streamers out, and a Shoal of Fools for Tenders——Ha, no, I cry her Mercy.

Mrs. Fain. I see but one poor empty Sculler; and he tows her Woman after him.

Mira. You seem to be unattended, Madam,——You us'd to have the *Beau-mond* Throng after you; and a Flock of gay fine Perukes hovering round you.

Wit. Like Moths about a Candle——I had like to have loſt my Comparison for want of Breath.

Milla. O I have deny'd my self Airs to Day. I have walk'd as faſt through the Croud——

Wit. As a Favourite juſt disgrac'd; and with as few Followers.

Milla. Dear Mr. *Witwoud*, Truce with your Similitudes: For I am as Sick of 'em——

Wit. As a Physician of a good Air——I cannot help it, Madam, tho' 'tis againſt my self.

Milla. Yet again! *Mincing*, ſtand between me and his Wit.

Wit. Do, Mrs. *Mincing*, like a Skreen before a great Fire. I confess I do blaze to Day, I am too bright.

Mrs. Fain. But dear *Millamant*, why were you so long?

Milla. Long! Lord, have I not made violent haſte? I have ask'd every living Thing I met for you; I have enquir'd after you, as after a new Fashion.

Wit. Madam, Truce with your Similitudes——No, you met her Husband, and did not ask him for her.

Mira. By your leave *Witwoud*, that were like enquiring after an old Fashion, to ask a Husband for his Wife.

Wit. Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confess it.

Mrs. Fain. You were dress'd before I came abroad.

Milla. Ay, that's true——O but then I had——*Mincing*, what had I? Why was I so long?

Minc. O Mem, your Laſhip ſtaid to peruse a Pacquet of Letters.

Milla. O ay, Letters——I had Letters——I am perſecuted with Letters——I hate Letters——No Body knows how to write Letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why——They serve one to pin up one's Hair.

Wit. Is that the way? Pray, Madam, do you pin up your Hair with all your Letters; I find I must keep Copies.

Milla. Only with those in Verse, Mr. *Witwoud.* I never pin up my Hair with Prose. I think I try'd once, *Mincing.*

Minc. O Mem, I shall never forget it.

Milla. Ay, poor *Mincing* tift and tift all the Morning.

Minc. 'Till I had the Cramp in my Fingers, I'll vow, Mem. And all to no purpose. But when your Laship pins it up with Poetry, it sits so pleasant the next Day as any Thing, and is so pure and so crips.

Wit. Indeed, so crips?

Minc. You're such a Critick, Mr. *Witwoud.*

Milla. Mirabell, Did you take Exceptions last Night? O ay, and went away——Now I think on't I'm angry——No, now I think on't I'm pleas'd——For I believe I gave you some Pain.

Mira. Does that please you?

Milla. Infinitely; I love to give Pain.

Mira. You wou'd affect a Cruelty which is not in your Nature; your true Vanity is in the Power of pleasing.

Milla. O I ask your Pardon for that—Ones Cruelty is ones Power, and when one parts with ones Cruelty, one parts with ones Power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mira. Ay, ay, suffer your Cruelty to ruin the Object of your Power, to destroy your Lover—And then how vain, how lost a Thing you'll be? Nay, 'tis true: You are no longer handsome when you've lost your Lover; your Beauty dies upon the Instant: For Beauty is the Lover's Gift; 'tis he bestows your Charms——Your Glass is all a Cheat. The Ugly and the Old, whom the Looking-glass mortifies, yet after Commendation can be flatter'd by it, and discover Beauties in it: For that reflects our Praises, rather than your Face.

Milla. O the Vanity of these Men! *Fainall,* d'ye

hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now you must know they cou'd not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the Lover's Gift——Lord, what is a Lover, that it can give? Why one makes Lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases: And then if one pleases one makes more.

Wit. Very pretty. Why, you make no more of making of Lovers, Madam, than of making so many Card-matches.

Milla. One no more owes ones Beauty to a Lover, than ones Wit to an Eccho: They can but reflect what we look and say; vain empty Things if we are silent or unseen, and want a Being.

Mira. Yet, to those two vain empty Things, you owe two of the greatest Pleasures of your Life.

Milla. How so?

Mira. To your Lover you owe the Pleasure of hearing your selves prais'd; and to an Eccho the Pleasure of hearing your selves talk.

Wit. But I know a Lady that loves Talking so incessantly, she won't give an Eccho fair play; she has that everlasting Rotation of Tongue, that an Eccho must wait 'till she dies, before it can catch her last Words.

Milla. O Fiction; *Fainall*, let us leave these Men.

Mira. Draw off *Witwoud*. [*Aside to Mrs.* FAINALL.

Mrs. Fain. Immediately; I have a Word or two for Mr. *Witwoud*. [*Exeunt Mrs.* FAINALL *and* WITWOUD.

Mira. I wou'd beg a little private Audience too—— You had the Tyranny to deny me last Night; tho' you knew I came to impart a Secret to you that concern'd my Love.

Milla. You saw I was engag'd.

Mira. Unkind. You had the leisure to entertain a Herd of Fools; Things who visit you from their excessive Idleness; bestowing on your Easiness that Time, which is the Incumbrance of their Lives. How can you

find Delight in such Society? It is impossible they shou'd admire you, they are not capable: Or if they were, it shou'd be to you as a Mortification; for sure to please a Fool is some degree of Folly.

Milla. I please my self——Besides, sometimes to converse with Fools is for my Health.

Mira. Your Health! Is there a worse Disease than the Conversation of Fools?

Milla. Yes, the Vapours; Fools are Physick for it, next to *Assa-fœtida.*

Mira. You are not in a Course of Fools?

Milla. Mirabell, if you persist in this offensive Freedom —you'll displease me——I think I must resolve, after all, not to have you——We shan't agree.

Mira. Not in our Physick it may be.

Milla. And yet our Distemper in all likelihood will be the same; for we shall be sick of one another. I shan't endure to be reprimanded, nor instructed; 'tis so dull to act always by Advice, and so tedious to be told of ones Faults——I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, *Mirabell*——I'm resolv'd—I think——You may go—Ha, ha, ha. What wou'd you give, that you cou'd help loving me?

Mira. I wou'd give something that you did not know, I cou'd not help it.

Milla. Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you say to me?

Mira. I say that a Man may as soon make a Friend by his Wit, or a Fortune by his Honesty, as win a Woman with Plain-dealing and Sincerity.

Milla. Sententious *Mirabell!* Prithee don't look with that violent and inflexible wise Face, like *Solomon* at the dividing of the Child in an old Tapestry Hanging.

Mira. You are merry, Madam, but I would persuade you for a Moment to be serious.

Milla. What, with that Face? No, if you keep your Countenance, 'tis impossible I shou'd hold mine. Well,

after all, there is something very moving in a Lovesick Face. Ha, ha, ha——Well, I won't laugh, don't be peevish——Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a Watchlight. Well *Mirabell*, if ever you will win me woo me now——Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well;——I see they are walking away.

Mira. Can you not find in the variety of your Disposition one Moment——

Milla. To hear you tell me *Foible*'s Marry'd, and your Plot like to speed——No.

Mira. But how you came to know it——

Milla. Without the help of the Devil, you can't imagine; unless she should tell me her self. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me.

[*Exit.*

Mira. I have something more——Gone——Think of you! To think of a Whirlwind, tho' 'twere in a Whirlwind, were a Case of more steady Contemplation; a very Tranquility of Mind and Mansion. A Fellow that lives in a Windmill, has not a more whimsical Dwelling than the Heart of a Man that is lodg'd in a Woman. There is no Point of the Compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turn'd; and by one as well as another; for Motion not Method is their Occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in Love, is to be made wise from the Dictates of Reason, and yet persevere to play the Fool by the force of Instinct.——O here come my Pair of Turtles.——What, billing so sweetly! Is not *Valentine's* Day over with you yet?

Enter Waitwell, Foible.

Mira. Sirrah, *Waitwell*, why sure you think you were marry'd for your own Recreation, and not for my Conveniency.

Wait. Your Pardon, Sir. With Submission, we have indeed been solacing in lawful Delights; but still with

an Eye to Business, Sir. I have instructed her as well as I could. If she can take your Directions as readily as my Instructions, Sir, your Affairs are in a prosperous way.

Mira. Give you Joy, Mrs. *Foible.*

Foib. O-las, Sir, I'm so asham'd——I'm afraid my Lady has been in a Thousand Inquietudes for me. But I protest, Sir, I made as much haste as I could.

Wait. That she did indeed, Sir. It was my Fault that she did not make more.

Mira. That I believe.

Foib. But I told my Lady as you instructed me, Sir. That I had a prospect of seeing Sir *Rowland* your Uncle; and that I wou'd put her Ladiship's Picture in my Pocket to shew him; which I'll be sure to say has made him so enamour'd of her Beauty, that he burns with Impatience to lye at her Ladiship's Feet and worship the Original.

Mira. Excellent *Foible*! Matrimony has made you eloquent in Love.

Wait. I think she has profited, Sir. I think so.

Foib. You have seen Madam *Millamant*, Sir?

Mira. Yes.

Foib. I told her, Sir, because I did not know that you might find an Opportunity; she had so much Company last Night.

Mira. Your Diligence will merit more—In the mean time—— [*Gives Mony.*

Foib. O dear Sir, your humble Servant.

Wait. Spouse.

Mira. Stand off, Sir, not a Penny——Go on and prosper, *Foible*——The Lease shall be made good and the Farm stock'd, if we succeed.

Foib. I don't question your Generosity, Sir: And you need not doubt of Success. If you have no more Commands, Sir, I'll be gone; I'm sure my Lady is at her Toilet, and can't dress 'till I come.——O dear, I'm sure that [*Looking out.*] was Mrs. *Marwood* that went by in a

Mask; if she has seen me with you I'm sure she'll tell my Lady. I'll make haste home and prevent her. Your Servant Sir. B'w'y *Waitwell.* [*Exit.*

Wait. Sir *Rowland* if you please. The Jade's so pert upon her Preferment she forgets her self.

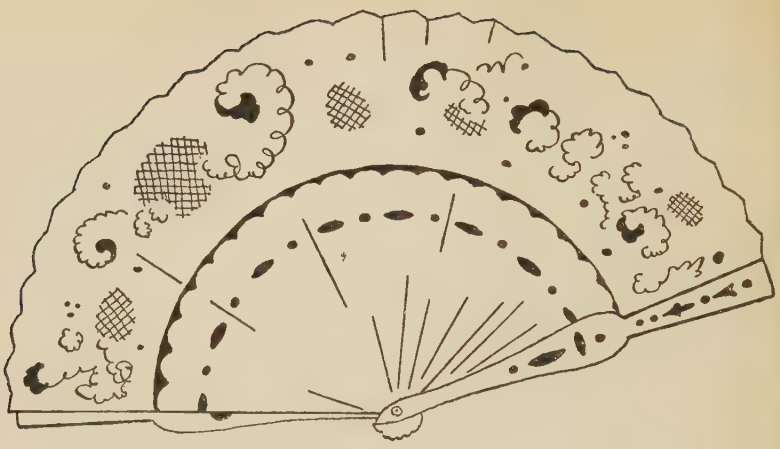
Mira. Come Sir, will you endeavour to forget your self——and transform into Sir *Rowland.*

Wait. Why, Sir; it will be impossible I shou'd remember my self——Marry'd, Knighted and attended all in one Day! 'Tis enough to make any Man forget himself. The Difficulty will be how to recover my Acquaintance and Familiarity with my former self; and fall from my Transformation to a Reformation into *Waitwell.* Nay, I shan't be quite the same *Waitwell* neither——for now I remember me, I'm marry'd, and can't be my own Man again.

Ay there's my Grief; that's the sad Change of Life;
To lose my Title, and yet keep my Wife.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Second Act.



ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Room in Lady WISHFORT'S *House.*

Lady WISHFORT *at her Toilet*, PEG *waiting.*

Lady. MERCIFUL, no news of *Foible* yet?

Peg. No, Madam.

Lady. I have no more Patience—If I have not fretted my self 'till I am pale again, there's no Veracity in me. Fetch me the Red——the Red, do you hear, Sweetheart? An errant Ash colour, as I'm a Person. Look you how this Wench ſtirs! Why doſt thou not fetch me a little Red? Didſt thou not hear me, Mopus?

Peg. The red *Ratafia* does your Ladiſhip mean, or the Cherry-Brandy?

Lady. Ratafia, Fool. No, Fool. Not the *Ratafia*, Fool——Grant me Patience! I mean the *Spaniſh* Paper, Idiot, Complexion Darling. Paint, Paint, Paint, doſt thou underſtand that, Changeling, dangling thy Hands like Bobbins before thee? Why doſt thou not ſtir, Puppet? thou wooden Thing upon Wires.

Peg. Lord, Madam, your Ladiship is so impatient—— I cannot come at the Paint, Madam, Mrs. *Foible* has lock'd it up, and carry'd the Key with her.

Lady. A Pox take you both—Fetch me the Cherry-Brandy then. [*Exit* Peg.] I'm as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. *Qualmsick* the Curate's Wife, that's always breeding—Wench, come, come, Wench, what art thou doing, Sipping? Tasting? Save thee, dost thou not know the Bottle?

Re-enter Peg *with a Bottle and* China *Cup.*

Peg. Madam, I was looking for a Cup.

Lady. A Cup, save thee, and what a Cup hast thou brought! Dost thou take me for a *Fairy*, to drink out of an *Acorn*? Why didst thou not bring thy Thimble? Hast thou ne'er a Brass-Thimble clinking in thy Pocket with a bit of Nutmeg? I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill.——So——again. See who that is——[*One knocks.*] Set down the Bottle first. Here, here, under the Table ——What, wou'dst thou go with the Bottle in thy Hand like a Tapster? As I'm a Person, this Wench has liv'd in an Inn upon the Road, before she came to me, like *Maritornes* the *Asturian* in *Don Quixote*. No *Foible* yet?

Peg. No Madam, Mrs. *Marwood.*

Lady. O *Marwood*, let her come in. Come in, good *Marwood.*

Enter Mrs. Marwood.

Mrs. Mar. I'm surpriz'd to find your Ladiship in *dishabillé* at this time of Day.

Lady. Foible's a lost Thing; has been abroad since Morning, and never heard of since.

Mrs. Mar. I saw her but now, as I came mask'd through the Park, in Conference with *Mirabell.*

Lady. With *Mirabell!* You call my Blood into my Face, with mentioning that Traitor. She durst not have the Confidence. I sent her to negotiate an Affair, in

which if I'm detected I'm undone. If that wheadling Villain has wrought upon *Foible* to detect me, I'm ruin'd. Oh my dear Friend, I'm a Wretch of Wretches if I'm detected.

Mrs. Mar. O Madam, you cannot suspect Mrs. *Foible*'s Integrity.

Lady. O, he carries Poison in his Tongue that wou'd corrupt Integrity it self. If she has given him an Opportunity, she has as good as put her Integrity into his Hands. Ah dear *Marwood*, what's Integrity to an Opportunity?——Hark! I hear her——Dear Friend, retire into my Closet, that I may examine her with more Freedom——You'll pardon me, dear Friend, I can make bold with you——There are Books over the Chimney——*Quarles* and *Pryn*, and the *Short View of the Stage*, with *Bunyan*'s Works to entertain you.——Go, you Thing, and send her in. [*To* Peg.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Marwood *and* Peg.

Enter Foible.

Lady. O *Foible*, where hast thou been? what hast thou been doing?

Foib. Madam, I have seen the Party.

Lady. But what hast thou done?

Foib. Nay, 'tis your Ladiship has done, and are to do; I have only promis'd. But a Man so enamour'd——so transported! Well, if worshipping of Pictures be a Sin ——Poor Sir *Rowland*, I say.

Lady. The Miniature has been counted like——But hast thou not betray'd me, *Foible*? Hast thou not detected me to that faithless *Mirabell*?——What hadst thou to do with him in the Park? Answer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

Foib. So, the Devil has been beforehand with me, what shall I say?——Alas, Madam, cou'd I help it, if I met that confident Thing? Was I in Fault? If you had heard how he us'd me, and all upon your Ladiship's

Account, I'm sure you wou'd not suspect my Fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worst I cou'd have born: But he had a Fling at your Ladiship too; and then I cou'd not hold: But i'faith I gave him his own.

Lady. Me? What did the filthy Fellow say?

Foib. O Madam; 'tis a Shame to say what he said—— With his Taunts and his Fleers, tossing up his Nose. Humh (says he) what you are a hatching some Plot (says he) you are so early abroad, or Catering (says he) ferreting for some disbanded Officer, I warrant——Half Pay is but thin Subsistance (says he)——Well, what Pension does your Lady propose? Let me see (says he) what she must come down pretty deep now, she's superannuated (says he) and——

Lady. Ods my Life, I'll have him, I'll have him murder'd. I'll have him poison'd. Where does he eat? I'll marry a Drawer to have him poison'd in his Wine. I'll send for *Robin* from *Lockets*—Immediately.

Foib. Poison him? Poisoning's too good for him. Starve him, Madam, starve him; marry Sir *Rowland*, and get him disinherited. O you wou'd bless your self, to hear what he said.

Lady. A Villain, superannuated!

Foib. Humh (says he) I hear you are laying Designs against me too (says he), and Mrs. *Millamant* is to marry my Uncle; (he does not suspect a Word of your Ladiship;) but (says he) I'll fit you for that, I warrant you (says he); I'll hamper you for that (says he), you and your old Frippery too (says he), I'll handle you—

Lady. Audacious Villain! handle me, wou'd he durst ——Frippery? old Frippery! Was there ever such a foul-mouth'd Fellow? I'll be marry'd to Morrow, I'll be contracted to Night.

Foib. The sooner the better, Madam.

Lady. Will Sir *Rowland* be here, say'st thou? when, *Foible*?

Foib. Incontinently, Madam. No new Sheriff's Wife

expects the Return of her Husband after Knighthood, with that Impatience in which Sir *Rowland* burns for the dear Hour of kissing your Ladiship's Hand after Dinner.

Lady. Frippery! superannuated Frippery! I'll Frippery the Villain; I'll reduce him to Frippery and Rags: A Tatterdemallion——I hope to see him hung with Tatters, like a *Long-Lane* Penthouse, or a Gibbet-Thief. A slander-mouth'd Railer: I warrant the Spendthrift Prodigal's in Debt as much as the Million Lottery, or the whole Court upon a Birth-Day. I'll spoil his Credit with his Tailor. Yes, he shall have my Neice with her Fortune, he shall.

Foib. He! I hope to see him lodge in *Ludgate* first, and angle into *Black-Fryars* for Brass Farthings, with an old Mitten.

Lady. Ay dear *Foible*; thank thee for that, dear *Foible*. He has put me out of all Patience. I shall never recompose my Features, to receive Sir *Rowland* with any Oeconomy of Face. This Wretch has fretted me that I am absolutely decay'd. Look, *Foible*.

Foib. Your Ladiship has frown'd a little too rashly, indeed Madam. There are some Cracks discernable in the white Vernish.

Lady. Let me see the Glass—Cracks, say'st thou? Why, I am arrantly flea'd—I look like an old peel'd Wall. Thou must repair me, *Foible*, before Sir *Rowland* comes; or I shall never keep up to my Picture.

Foib. I warrant you, Madam; a little Art once made your Picture like you; and now a little of the same Art must make you like your Picture. Your Picture must sit for you, Madam.

Lady. But art thou sure Sir *Rowland* will not fail to come? Or will a not fail when he does come? Will he be Importunate, *Foible*, and push? For if he shou'd not be importunate—I shall never break Decorums—I shall die with Confusion, if I am forc'd to advance———

LADY WISHFORT AND FOIBLE

Oh no, I can never advance——I shall swoon if he should expect Advances. No, I hope Sir *Rowland* is better bred, than to put a Lady to the Necessity of breaking her Forms. I won't be too coy neither.——I won't give him Despair——But a little Disdain is not amiss; a little Scorn is alluring.

Foib. A little Scorn becomes your Ladiship.

Lady. Yes, but Tenderness becomes me best——A sort of Dyingness——You see that Picture has a sort of a——Ha, *Foible*? A Swimmingness in the Eyes——Yes, I'll look so——My Neice affects it; but she wants Features. Is Sir *Rowland* handsome? Let my Toilet be remov'd——I'll dress above. I'll receive Sir *Rowland* here. Is he handsome? Don't answer me. I won't know: I'll be surpriz'd. I'll be taken by Surprize.

Foib. By Storm, Madam. Sir *Rowland*'s a brisk Man.

Lady. Is he! O then he'll importune, if he's a brisk Man. I shall save Decorums if Sir *Rowland* importunes. I have a mortal Terror at the Apprehension of offending against Decorums. O I'm glad he's a brisk Man. Let my Things be remov'd, good *Foible*. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. FAINALL.

Mrs. Fain. O *Foible*, I have been in a Fright, lest I shou'd come too late. That Devil, *Marwood*, saw you in the Park with *Mirabell*, and I'm afraid will discover it to my Lady.

Foib. Discover what, Madam?

Mrs. Fain. Nay, nay, put not on that strange Face. I am privy to the whole Design, and know *Waitwell*, to whom thou wert this Morning marry'd, is to personate *Mirabell*'s Uncle, and as such, winning my Lady, to involve her in those Difficulties from which *Mirabell* only must release her, by his making his Conditions to have my Cousin and her Fortune left to her own Disposal.

Foib. O dear Madam, I beg your Pardon. It was not my Confidence in your Ladiship that was deficient;

but I thought the former good Correspondence between your Ladiship and Mr. *Mirabell*, might have hinder'd his communicating this Secret.

Mrs. Fain. Dear *Foible*, forget that.

Foib. O dear Madam, Mr. *Mirabell* is such a sweet winning Gentleman——But your Ladiship is the Pattern of Generosity.——Sweet Lady, to be so good! Mr. *Mirabell* cannot chuse but to be grateful. I find your Ladiship has his Heart ſtill. Now, Madam, I can safely tell your Ladiship our Success, Mrs. *Marwood* had told my Lady; but I warrant I manag'd my self. I turn'd it all for the better. I told my Lady that Mr. *Mirabell* rail'd at her. I laid horrid Things to his Charge, I'll vow; and my Lady is so incens'd, that she'll be contracted to Sir *Rowland* to Night, she says;——I warrant I work'd her up, that he may have her for asking for, as they say of a *Welsh* Maidenhead.

Mrs. Fain. O rare *Foible.*

Foib. Madam, I beg your Ladiship to acquaint Mr. *Mirabell* of his Success. I would be seen as little as possible to speak to him——besides, I believe Madam *Marwood* watches me.——She has a Month's Mind; but I know Mr. *Mirabell* can't abide her.——[*Calls.*] *John*—remove my Lady's Toilet. Madam, your Servant. My Lady is so impatient, I fear she'll come for me, if I ſtay.

Mrs. Fain. I'll go with you up the back Stairs, leſt I shou'd meet her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lady WISHFORT'S *Closet.*

Mrs. MARWOOD *alone.*

Mrs. Mar. Indeed, Mrs. Engine, is it thus with you? Are you become a go-between of this Importance? Yes, I shall watch you. Why, this Wench is the *Pass-par-*

toute, a very Master-Key to every Body's strong Box. My Friend *Fainall*, have you carry'd it so swimmingly? I thought there was something in it; but it seems it's over with you. Your Loathing is not from a want of Appetite then, but from a Surfeit. Else you could never be so cool to fall from a Principal to be an Assistant; to procure for him! A Pattern of Generosity, that I confess. Well, Mr. *Fainall*, you have met with your Match. ——O Man, Man! Woman, Woman! The Devil's an Ass: If I were a Painter, I would draw him like an Idiot, a Driveler with a Bib and Bells. Man shou'd have his Head and Horns, and Woman the rest of him. Poor simple Fiend! Madam *Marwood* has a Month's Mind, but he can't abide her——'Twere better for him you had not been his Confessor in that Affair; without you could have kept his Counsel closer. I shall not prove another Pattern of Generosity——he has not oblig'd me to that with those Excesses of himself; and now I'll have none of him. Here comes the good Lady, panting ripe; with a Heart full of Hope, and a Head full of Care, like any Chymist upon the Day of Projection.

Enter Lady WISHFORT.

Lady. O dear *Marwood*, what shall I say for this rude Forgetfulness——But my dear Friend is all Goodness.

Mrs. Mar. No Apologies, dear Madam. I have been very well entertain'd.

Lady. As I'm a Person I am in a very Chaos to think I shou'd so forget my self——But I have such an Olio of Affairs really I know not what to do——[*Calls*]——*Foible*——I expect my Nephew Sir *Wilfull* ev'ry Moment too:—Why, *Foible*——He means to travel for Improvement.

Mrs. Mar. Methinks Sir *Wilfull* shou'd rather think of marrying than travelling at his Years. I hear he is turn'd of forty.

Lady. O he's in less Danger of being spoil'd by his

Travels——I am againſt my Nephew's marrying too Young. It will be time enough when he comes back, and has acquir'd Discretion to chuſe for himself.

Mrs. Mar. Methinks Mrs. *Millamant* and he wou'd make a very fit Match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a Thing very usual with young Gentlemen.

Lady. I promise you I have thought on't——And since 'tis your Judgment, I'll think on't again. I assure you I will; I value your Judgment extreamly. On my Word I'll propose it.

Enter FOIBLE.

Lady. Come, come *Foible*—I had forgot my Nephew will be here before Dinner——I muſt make haſte.

Foib. Mr. *Witwoud* and Mr. *Petulant* are come to dine with your Ladiship.

Lady. O Dear, I can't appear 'till I am dress'd. Dear *Marwood*, shall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em. I'll make all imaginable haſte. Dear Friend, excuse me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Lady WISHFORT'S *House.*

Mrs. MARWOOD, *Mrs.* MILLAMANT, MINCING.

Milla. Sure never any thing was so Unbred as that odious Man.—*Marwood*, your Servant.

Mrs. Mar. You have a Colour, what's the matter?

Milla. That horrid Fellow *Petulant* has provok'd me into a Flame——I have broke my Fan——*Mincing*, lend me yours;——Is not all the Powder out of my Hair?

Mrs. Mar. No. What has he done?

Milla. Nay, he has done nothing; he has only talk'd ——Nay, he has said nothing neither; but he has con-

tradicted ev'ry Thing that has been said. For my part, I thought *Witwoud* and he wou'd have quarrell'd.

Minc. I vow, Mem, I thought once they wou'd have fitt.

Milla. Well, 'tis a lamentable thing I swear, that one has not the Liberty of chusing ones Acquaintance as one does ones Cloaths.

Mrs. Mar. If we had that Liberty, we shou'd be as weary of one Set of Acquaintance, tho' never so good, as we are of one Suit, tho' never so fine. A Fool and a *Doily* Stuff wou'd now and then find Days of Grace, and be worn for Variety.

Milla. I could consent to wear 'em, if they would wear alike; but Fools never wear out——They are such *Drap-de-berry* Things! Without one cou'd give 'em to ones Chamber-Maid after a Day or two.

Mrs. Mar. 'Twere better so indeed. Or what think you of the Play-house? A fine gay glossy Fool shou'd be given there, like a new masking Habit, after the Masquerade is over, and we have done with the Disguise. For a Fool's Visit is always a Disguise; and never admitted by a Woman of Wit, but to blind her Affair with a Lover of Sense. If you wou'd but appear bare-fac'd now, and own *Mirabell*; you might as easily put off *Petulant* and *Witwoud*, as your Hood and Scraf. And indeed 'tis time, for the Town has found it: The Secret is grown too big for the Pretence: 'Tis like Mrs. *Primly*'s great Belly; she may lace it down before, but it burnishes on her Hips. Indeed, *Millamant*, you can no more conceal it, than my Lady *Strammel* can her Face, that goodly Face, which in Defiance of her Rhenish-wine Tea, will not be comprehended in a Mask.

Milla. I'll take my Death, *Marwood*, you are more Censorious than a decay'd Beauty, or a discarded Toast; *Mincing*, tell the Men they may come up. My Aunt is not dressing here; their Folly is less provoking than your Malice. [*Exit* Mincing.] The Town has found

it. What has it found? That *Mirabell* loves me is no more a Secret, than it is a Secret that you discover'd it to my Aunt, or than the Reason why you discover'd it is a Secret.

Mrs. Mar. You are nettl'd.

Milla. You're mistaken. Ridiculous!

Mrs. Mar. Indeed, my Dear, you'll tear another Fan, if you don't mitigate those violent Airs.

Milla. O silly! Ha, ha, ha. I cou'd laugh immoderately. Poor *Mirabell*! His Constancy to me has quite destroy'd his Complaisance for all the World beside. I swear, I never enjoin'd it him, to be so coy——If I had the Vanity to think he wou'd obey me; I wou'd command him to shew more Gallantry——'Tis hardly well bred to be so particular on one Hand, and so insensible on the other. But I despair to prevail, and so let him follow his own Way. Ha, ha, ha. Pardon me, dear Creature, I must laugh, ha, ha, ha; tho' I grant you 'tis a little barbarous, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Mar. What pity 'tis, so much fine Railery, and deliver'd with so significant Gesture, shou'd be so unhappily directed to miscarry.

Milla. Hæ?. Dear Creature, I ask your Pardon——I swear I did not mind you.

Mrs. Mar. Mr. *Mirabell* and you both may think it a Thing impossible, when I shall tell him by telling you——

Milla. O dear, what? for it is the same thing, if I hear it——Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Mar. That I detest him, hate him, Madam.

Milla. O Madam, why so do I——And yet the Creature loves me, ha, ha, ha. How can one forbear laughing to think of it—I am a Sybil if I am not amaz'd to think what he can see in me. I'll take my Death, I think you are handsomer—and within a Year or two as young.——If you cou'd but stay for me, I shou'd overtake you——But that cannot be——Well, that Thought makes me melancholick——Now I'll be sad.

Mrs. Mar. Your merry Note may be chang'd sooner than you think.

Milla. D'ye say so? Then I'm resolv'd I'll have a Song to keep up my Spirits.

Re-enter MINCING.

Minc. The Gentlemen ſtay but to Comb, Madam; and will wait on you.

Milla. Desire Mrs.——that is in the next Room to sing the Song I wou'd have learnt Yeſterday. You shall hear it, Madam——Not that there's any great Matter in it——But 'tis agreeable to my Humour.

SONG.

Set by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

Love's but the Frailty of the Mind,
When 'tis not with Ambition join'd;
A sickly Flame, which if not fed expires;
And feeding, waſtes in Self-consuming Fires.

II.

'Tis not to wound a wanton Boy
Or am'rous Youth, that gives the Joy;
But 'tis the Glory to have pierc'd a Swain,
For whom inferior Beauties sigh'd in vain.

III.

Then I alone the Conqueſt prize,
When I insult a Rival's Eyes:
If there's Delight in Love, 'tis when I see
That Heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

Enter PETULANT, WITWOUD.

Milla. Is your Animosity compos'd, Gentlemen?

Wit. Raillery, Raillery, Madam, we have no Animosity——We hit off a little Wit now and then, but no Animosity——The falling out of Wits is like the falling out of Lovers——We agree in the main, like Treble and Base. Ha, *Petulant*!

Pet. Ay, in the main—But when I have a Humour to contradict——

Wit. Ay, when he has a Humour to contradict, then I contradict too. What, I know my Cue. Then we contradict one another like two Battledores; For Contradictions beget one another like *Jews*.

Pet. If he says Black's Black—If I have a Humour to say 'tis Blue——Let that pass——All's one for that. If I have a Humour to prove it, it must be granted.

Wit. Not positively must—But it may—It may.

Pet. Yes, it positively must, upon Proof positive.

Wit. Ay, upon Proof positive it must; but upon Proof presumptive it only may. That's a Logical Distinction now, Madam.

Mrs. Mar. I perceive your Debates are of Importance, and very learnedly handled.

Pet. Importance is one Thing, and Learning's another; but a Debate's a Debate, that I assert.

Wit. Petulant's an Enemy to Learning; he relies altogether on his Parts.

Pet. No, I'm no Enemy to Learning; it hurts not me.

Mrs. Mar. That's a Sign indeed its no Enemy to you.

Pet. No, no, it's no Enemy to any Body, but them that have it.

Milla. Well, an illiterate Man's my Aversion, I wonder at the Impudence of any illiterate Man, to offer to make Love.

Wit. That I confess I wonder at too.

Milla. Ah! to marry an Ignorant! that can hardly Read or Write.

Pet. Why should a Man be any further from being Marry'd tho' he can't read, than he is from being Hang'd? The Ordinary's paid for setting the *Psalm*, and the Parish-Priest for reading the Ceremony. And for the rest which is to follow in both Cases, a Man may do it without Book——So all's one for that.

Milla. D'ye hear the Creature? Lord, here's Company, I'll be gone. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir WILFULL WITWOUD *in a riding Dress, followed by* FOOTMAN.

Wit. In the Name of *Bartlemew* and his Fair, what have we here?

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis your Brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

Wit. Not I—Yes, I think it is he—I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the Revolution.

Foot. Sir, my Lady's dressing. Here's Company; if you please to walk in, in the mean time.

Sir Wil. Dressing! What, it's but Morning here I warrant with you in *London;* we shou'd count it towards Afternoon in our Parts, down in *Shropshire*—Why then belike my Aunt han't din'd yet——Ha, Friend?

Foot. Your Aunt, Sir?

Sir Wil. My Aunt, Sir, yes my Aunt, Sir, and your Lady, Sir; your Lady is my Aunt, Sir——Why, what do'st thou not know me, Friend? Why then send some Body hither that does. How long hast thou liv'd with thy Lady, Fellow, ha?

Foot. A Week, Sir; longer than any Body in the House, except my Lady's Woman.

Sir Wil. Why then belike thou do'st not know thy Lady, if thou see'st her, ha Friend?

Foot. Why truly Sir, I cannot safely swear to her Face

in a Morning, before she is dress'd. 'Tis like I may give a shrewd guess at her by this time.

Sir Wil. Well, prithee try what thou canst do; if thou canst not guess, enquire her out, do'st hear, Fellow? And tell her, her Nephew, Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, is in the House.

Foot. I shall, Sir.

Sir Wil. Hold ye, hear me, Friend; a Word with you in your Ear, prithee who are these Gallants?

Foot. Really, Sir, I can't tell; here come so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all. [*Exit.*

Sir Wil. Oons, this Fellow knows less than a Starling; I don't think a'knows his own Name.

Mrs. Mar. Mr. *Witwoud*, your Brother is not behind hand in Forgetfulness——I fancy he has forgot you too.

Wit. I hope so——The Devil take him that remembers first, I say.

Sir Wil. Save you Gentlemen and Lady.

Mrs. Mar. For shame, Mr. *Witwoud;* why don't you speak to him?——And you, Sir.

Wit. Petulant speak.

Pet. And you, Sir.

Sir Wil. No Offence, I hope.

[*Salutes Mrs.* Marwood.

Mrs. Mar. No sure, Sir.

Wit. This is a vile Dog, I see that already. No Offence! Ha, ha, ha, to him; to him, *Petulant*, smoke him.

Pet. It seems as if you had come a Journey, Sir; hem, hem. [*Surveying him round.*

Sir Wil. Very likely, Sir, that it may seem so.

Pet. No Offence, I hope, Sir.

Wit. Smoke the Boots, the Boots; *Petulant*, the Boots; Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Wil. May be not, Sir; thereafter as 'tis meant, Sir.

Pet. Sir, I presume upon the Information of your Boots.

Sir Wil. Why, 'tis like you may, Sir: If you are not satisfy'd with the Information of my Boots, Sir, if you will ſtep to the Stable, you may enquire further of my Horse, Sir.

Pet. Your Horse, Sir! Your Horse is an Ass, Sir!

Sir Wil. Do you speak by way of Offence, Sir?

Mrs. Mar. The Gentleman's merry, that's all, Sir—— S'life, we shall have a Quarrel betwixt an Horse and an Ass, before they find one another out. You muſt not take any thing amiss from your Friends, Sir. You are among your Friends, here, tho' it may be you don't know it—If I am not miſtaken, you are Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*.

Sir Wil. Right Lady; I am Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, so I write my self; no Offence to any Body, I hope; and Nephew to the Lady *Wishfort* of this Mansion.

Mrs. Mar. Don't you know this Gentleman, Sir?

Sir Wil. Hum! What, sure 'tis not—Yea by'r Lady, but 'tis—'Sheart I know not whether 'tis or no——Yea but 'tis, by the *Wrekin*. Brother *Antony*! What *Tony*, i'faith! What do'ſt thou not know me? By'r Lady nor I thee, thou art so Becravated, and so Beperriwig'd—'Sheart why do'ſt not speak? Art thou o'erjoy'd?

Wit. Odso Brother, is it you? Your Servant, Brother.

Sir Wil. Your Servant! Why yours, Sir. Your Servant again——'Sheart, and your Friend and Servant to that——And a——(*puff*) and a Flap Dragon for your Service, Sir: And a Hare's Foot, and a Hare's Scut for your Service, Sir; an you be so cold and so courtly!

Wit. No Offence, I hope, Brother.

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, Sir, but there is, and much Offence. ——A Pox, is this your Inns o' Court Breeding, not to know your Friends and your Relations, your Elders, and your Betters?

Wit. Why, Brother *Wilfull of Salop*, you may be as short as a *Shrewsbury* Cake, if you please. But I tell you 'tis not modish to know Relations in Town. You

think you're in the Country, where great lubberly Brothers slabber and kiss one another when they meet, like a Call of Serjeants——'Tis not the Fashion here; 'tis not indeed, dear Brother.

Sir Wil. The Fashion's a Fool; and you're a Fop, dear Brother. 'Sheart, I've suspected this ——By'r Lady I conjectur'd you were a Fop, since you began to change the Stile of your Letters, and write in a scrap of Paper gilt round the Edges, no bigger than a *Subpœna*. I might expect this when you left off Honour'd Brother; and hoping you are in good Health, and so forth——To begin with a Rat me, Knight, I'm so sick of a last Night's Debauch——O'ds Heart, and then tell a familiar Tale of a Cock and a Bull, and a Whore and a Bottle, and so conclude——You cou'd write News before you were out of your Time, when you liv'd with honest *Pumple-Nose* the Attorney of *Furnival*'s Inn—You cou'd intreat to be remember'd then to your Friends round the *Wrekin*. We could have Gazettes then, and *Dawks*'s Letter, and the Weekly Bill, 'till of late Days.

Pet. 'Slife, *Witwoud*, were you ever an Attorney's Clerk? Of the Family of the *Furnivals*. Ha, ha, ha!

Wit. Ay, ay, but that was but for a while. Not long, not long; pshaw, I was not in my own Power then. An Orphan, and this Fellow was my Guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to consent to that Man to come to *London*. He had the Disposal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound Prentice to a Felt-maker in *Shrewsbury*; this Fellow would have bound me to a Maker of Felts.

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, and better than to be bound to a Maker of Fops; where, I suppose, you have serv'd your Time; and now you may set up for your self.

Mrs. Mar. You intend to Travel, Sir, as I'm inform'd.

Sir Wil. Belike I may, Madam. I may chance to sail upon the salt Seas, if my Mind hold.

Pet. And the Wind serve.

SIR WILFULL WITWOUD

Sir Wil. Serve or not serve, I shan't ask License of you, Sir; nor the Weather-Cock your Companion. I direct my Discourse to the Lady, Sir; 'Tis like my Aunt may have told you, Madam——Yes, I have settl'd my Concerns, I may say now, and am minded to see Foreign Parts. If an how that the Peace holds, whereby that is Taxes abate.

Mrs. Mar. I thought you had designed for *France* at all Adventures.

Sir Wil. I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a Resolution,——because when I make it I keep it. I don't stand shill I, shall I, then; if I say't, I'll do't: But I have Thoughts to tarry a small matter in Town, to learn somewhat of your *Lingo* first, before I cross the Seas. I'd gladly have a spice of your *French* as they say, whereby to hold Discourse in Foreign Countries.

Mrs. Mar. Here's an Academy in Town for that use.

Sir Wil. There is? 'Tis like there may.

Mrs. Mar. No doubt you will return very much improv'd.

Wit. Yes, refin'd like a *Dutch* Skipper from a Whale-fishing.

Enter Lady WISHFORT *and* FAINALL.

Lady. Nephew, you are welcome.

Sir Wil. Aunt, your Servant.

Fain. Sir *Wilfull*, your most faithful Servant.

Sir Wil. Cousin *Fainall*, give me your Hand.

Lady. Cousin *Witwoud*, your Servant; Mr. *Petulant*, your Servant——Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink any Thing after your Journey, Nephew, before you eat? Dinner's almost ready.

Sir Wil. I'm very well I thank you, Aunt——However, I thank you for your courteous Offer. 'Sheart I was afraid you wou'd have been in the Fashion too, and

have remember'd to have forgot your Relations. Here's your Cousin *Tony*, belike, I mayn't call him Brother for fear of Offence.

Lady. O he's a Railler, Nephew——My Cousin's a Wit: And your great Wits always rally their best Friends to chuse. When you have been Abroad, Nephew, you'll understand Raillery better.

[FAIN. *and Mrs.* MARWOOD *talk apart.*

Sir Wil. Why then let him hold his Tongue in the mean Time; and rail when that Day comes.

Enter MINCING.

Minc. Mem, I come to acquaint your Laship that Dinner is impatient.

Sir Wil. Impatient? Why then belike it won't stay 'till I pull off my Boots. Sweet-heart, can you help me to a pair of Slippers?——My Man's with his Horses, I warrant.

Lady. Fir, fie, Nephew, you wou'd not pull off your Boots here——Go down into the Hall——Dinner shall stay for you——My Nephew's a little unbred, you'll pardon him, Madam,——Gentlemen will you walk? *Marwood* ?

Mrs. Mar. I'll follow you, Madam.——Before Sir *Wilfull* is ready.

[*Exeunt all but Mrs.* MARWOOD *and* FAINALL.

Fain. Why then *Foible*'s a Bawd, an Errant, Rank, Matchmaking Bawd. And I it seems am a Husband, a Rank-Husband; and my Wife a very Errant, Rank-Wife,—all in the Way of the *World*. 'Sdeath to be a Cuckold by Anticipation, a Cuckold in Embrio? Sure I was born with budding Antlers like a young Satyr, or a Citizen's Child. 'Sdeath to be Out-witted, to be Out-jilted——Out-Matrimony'd,——If I had kept my Speed like a Stag, 'twere somewhat,——but to crawl after, with my Horns like a Snail, and be out-stripp'd by my Wife—'tis Scurvy Wedlock.

Mrs. Mar. Then shake it off, you have often wish'd for an Opportunity to part;——and now you have it. But first prevent their Plot,——the half of *Millamant*'s Fortune is too considerable to be parted with, to a Foe, to *Mirabell*.

Fain. Dam him, that had been mine——had you not made that fond Discovery——That had been forfeited, had they been Married. My Wife had added Lustre to my Horns, by that Encrease of Fortune, I cou'd have worn 'em tipt with Gold, tho' my Forehead had been furnish'd like a Deputy-Lieutenant's Hall.

Mrs. Mar. They may prove a Cap of Maintenance to you still, if you can away with your Wife. And she's no worse than when you had her—I dare swear she had given up her Game, before she was Marry'd.

Fain. Hum! That may be——

Mrs. Mar. You Married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected; why should you not keep her longer than you intended?

Fain. The Means, the Means.

Mrs. Mar. Discover to my Lady your Wife's Conduct; threaten to part with her——My Lady loves her, and will come to any Composition to save her Reputation. Take the Opportunity of breaking it, just upon the Discovery of this Imposture. My Lady will be enrag'd beyond Bounds, and sacrifice Neice, and Fortune, and all at that Conjuncture. And let me alone to keep her warm; if she shou'd flag in her part, I will not fail to prompt her.

Fain. Faith this has an Appearance.

Mrs. Mar. I'm sorry I hinted to my Lady to endeavour a Match between *Millamant* and Sir *Wilfull*, that may be an Obstacle.

Fain. O for that matter leave me to manage him; I'll disable him for that, he will drink like a *Dane*: after Dinner, I'll set his Hand in.

Mrs. Mar. Well, how do you ſtand affected towards your Lady?

Fain. Why faith I'm thinking of it.——Let me see——I am Marry'd already; ſo that's over—My Wife has plaid the Jade with me—Well, that's over too—I never lov'd her, or if I had, why that wou'd have been over too by this time—Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; ſo there's an end of Jealousie. Weary of her, I am and ſhall be——No, there's no end of that; No, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my Repoſe. Now for my Reputation,——As to my own, I Marry'd not for it; ſo that's out of the Queſtion.——And as to my Part in my Wife's——Why ſhe had parted with hers before; ſo bringing none to me, ſhe can take none from me; 'tis againſt all rule of Play, that I ſhould loſe to one, who has not wherewithal to ſtake.

Mrs. Mar. Beſides you forget, Marriage is honourable.

Fain. Hum! Faith and that's well thought on; Marriage is honourable, as you ſay; and if ſo, wherefore ſhould Cuckoldom be a Diſcredit, being deriv'd from ſo honourable a Root?

Mrs. Mar. Nay I know not; if the Root be honourable, why not the Branches?

Fain. So, ſo, why this Point's clear.——Well, how do we proceed?

Mrs. Mar. I will contrive a Letter which ſhall be deliver'd to my Lady at the time when that Raſcal who is to act Sir *Rowland* is with her. It ſhall come as from an unknown Hand——for the leſs I appear to know of the Truth, the better I can play the Incendiary. Beſides, I wou'd not have *Foible* provok'd if I cou'd help it,——becauſe you know ſhe knows ſome Paſſages——Nay I expect all will come out——But let the Mine be ſprung firſt, and then I care not if I am diſcover'd.

Fain. If the worſt come to the worſt,——I'll turn my Wife to Graſs——I have already a Deed of Settlement of

the best part of her Estate; which I wheadl'd out of her; and that you shall partake at least.

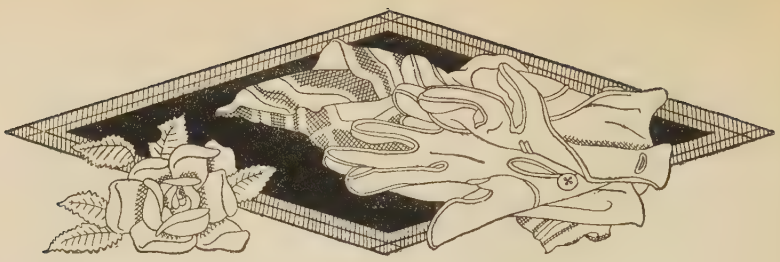
Mrs. Mar. I hope you are convinc'd that I hate *Mirabell* now: You'll be no more Jealous?

Fain. Jealous, no,——by this Kiss——let Husbands be Jealous; but let the Lover still believe: Or if he doubt, let it be only to endear his Pleasure, and prepare the Joy that follows, when he proves his Mistress true. But let Husbands Doubts convert to endless Jealousie; or if they have Belief, let it corrupt Superstition, and blind Credulity. I am single, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the Badge, but I'll disown the Order. And since I take my Leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common Motto to their common Crest.

All Husbands must, or Pain, or Shame, endure;
The Wise too jealous are, Fools too secure.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Third Act.



ACT THE FOURTH.

A Room in Lady WISHFORT'S *House.*

Lady WISHFORT *and* FOIBLE.

Lady. IS Sir *Rowland* coming say'ſt thou, *Foible*? and are things in Order?

Foib. Yes, Madam. I have put Wax-Lights in the Sconces; and plac'd the Footmen in a Row in the Hall, in their beſt Liveries, with the Coachman and Poſtilion to fill up the Equipage.

Lady. Have you pullvill'd the Coachman and Poſtilion, that they may not ſtink of the Stable, when Sir *Rowland* comes by?

Foib. Yes, Madam.

Lady. And are the Dancers and the Muſick ready, that he may be entertain'd in all Points with Correſpondence to his Paſſion?

Foib. All is ready, Madam.

Lady. And——well——and how do I look, *Foible*?

Foib. Moſt killing well, Madam.

Lady. Well, and how ſhall I receive him? In what Figure ſhall I give his Heart the firſt Impreſſion? There is a great deal in the firſt Impreſſion. Shall I ſit?——No, I won't ſit——I'll walk——ay I'll walk from the Door upon his Entrance; and then turn full upon him——No, that will be too ſudden. I'll lye——ay, I'll lye down——I'll receive him in my little Dreſſing-Room,

there's a Couch—Yes, yes, I'll give the first Impression on a Couch——I won't lye neither, but loll and lean upon one Elbow; with one Foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way—Yes—and then as soon as he appears, ſtart, ay, ſtart and be surpriz'd, and rise to meet him in a pretty Disorder—Yes—O, nothing is more alluring than a Levee from a Couch in some Confusion—It shews the Foot to advantage, and furnishes with Blushes, and recomposing Airs beyond Comparison. Hark! There's a Coach.

Foib. 'Tis he, Madam.

Lady. O dear, has my Nephew made his Addresses to *Millamant*? I order'd him.

Foib. Sir *Wilfull* is set in to Drinking, Madam, in the Parlour.

Lady. Ods my Life, I'll send him to her. Call her down, *Foible*; bring her hither. I'll send him as I go——When they are together, then come to me, *Foible*, that I may not be too long alone with Sir *Rowland*.

[*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. MILLAMANT, *Mrs.* FAINALL.

Foib. Madam, I ſtay'd here, to tell your Ladiſhip that Mr. *Mirabell* has waited this half Hour for an Opportunity to talk with you. Tho' my Lady's Orders were to leave you and Sir *Wilfull* together. Shall I tell Mr. *Mirabell* that you are at leisure?

Milla. No——What wou'd the dear Man have? I am thoughtful, and wou'd amuse my self,——bid him come another time.

There never yet was Woman made,
Nor ſhall, but to be curs'd.

[*Repeating and walking about.*

That's hard!

Mrs. Fain. You are very fond of Sir *John Suckling* to day, *Millamant*, and the Poets.

Milla. He? Ay, and filthy Verses——So I am.

Foib. Sir *Wilfull* is coming, Madam. Shall I send Mr. *Mirabell* away?

Milla. Ay, if you please, *Foible*, send him away,—Or send him hither,—just as you will, dear *Foible.*——I think I'll see him——Shall I? Ay, let the Wretch come.

[*Exit* FOIBLE.

Thyrsis, a Youth of the Inspir'd Train.

[*Repeating.*

Dear *Fainall*, entertain Sir *Wilfull*——Thou hast Philosophy to undergo a Fool, thou art marry'd and hast Patience——I would confer with my own Thoughts.

Mrs. Fain. I am oblig'd to you, that you would make me your Proxy in this Affair; but I have Business of my own.

Enter Sir WILFULL.

Mrs. Fain. O Sir *Wilfull*; you are come at the Critical Instant. There's your Mistress up to the Ears in Love and Contemplation, pursue your Point, now or never.

Sir Wil. Yes; my Aunt will have it so,——I would gladly have been encourag'd with a Bottle or two, because I'm somewhat wary at first, before I am acquainted;—[*This while* MILLA. *walks about Repeating to her self.*] But I hope, after a time, I shall break my Mind——that is upon further Acquaintance——So for the present, Cousin, I'll take my leave——If so be you'll be so kind to make my Excuse, I'll return to my Company——

Mrs. Fain. O fie, Sir *Wilfull*! What, you must not be daunted.

Sir Wil. Daunted, no, that's not it, it is not so much for that——for if so be that I set on't, I'll do't. But only for the present, 'tis sufficient 'till further Acquaintance, that's all——your Servant.

Mrs. Fain. Nay, I'll swear you shall never lose so favourable an Opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the Door. [*Exit.*

Sir Wil. Nay, nay Cousin,——I have forgot my Gloves,

——What d'ye do? 'Sheart a'has lock'd the Door indeed, I think——Nay, Cousin *Fainall*, open the Door—Pshaw, what a Vixon Trick is this?——Nay, now a'has seen me too——Cousin, I made bold to pass thro' as it were——I think this Door's inchanted——

Milla. [*repeating.*]

I prithee spare me, gentle Boy,
Press me no more for that slight Toy.

Sir Wil. Anan? Cousin, your Servant.

Milla.—That foolish Trifle of a Heart——Sir *Wilfull*!

Sir Wil. Yes——your Servant. No Offence I hope, Cousin.

Milla. [*Repeating.*]

I swear it will not do its Part,
Tho' thou dost thine, employ'st thy Power and Art.

Natural, easie *Suckling*!

Sir Wil. Anan? *Suckling*? No such Suckling neither Cousin, nor Stripling: I thank Heav'n I'm no Minor.

Milla. Ah Rustick, ruder than *Gothick*.

Sir Wil. Well, well, I shall understand your *Lingo* one of these Days, Cousin, in the mean while I must answer in plain *English*.

Milla. Have you any Business with me, Sir *Wilfull*?

Sir Wil. Not at present, Cousin,——Yes, I made bold to see, to come and know if that how you were dispos'd to fetch a Walk this Evening, if so be that I might not be troublesome, I would have sought a Walk with you.

Milla. A Walk? What then?

Sir Wil. Nay nothing——Only for the Walk's sake, that's all——

Milla. I nauseate Walking; 'tis a Country Diversion, I loath the Country and every thing that relates to it.

Sir Wil. Indeed! Hah! Look ye, look ye, you do? Nay, 'tis like you may——Here are choice of Pastimes

here in Town, as Plays and the like, that must be confess'd indeed.——

Milla. Ah l'etourdie! I hate the Town too.

Sir Wil. Dear Heart, that's much——Hah! that you should hate 'em both! Hah! 'tis like you may; there are some can't relish the Town, and others can't away with the Country,——'tis like you may be one of those, Cousin.

Milla. Ha, ha, ha. Yes, 'tis like I may.——You have nothing further to say to me?

Sir Wil. Not at present, Cousin.—'Tis like when I have an Opportunity to be more private,—I may break my Mind in some measure—I conjecture you partly guess—However that's as time shall try,—But spare to speak and spare to speed, as they say.

Milla. If it is of no great Importance, Sir *Wilfull*, you will oblige me to leave me: I have just now a little Business.—

Sir Wil. Enough, enough, Cousin: Yes, yes, all a case—When you're dispos'd, when you're dispos'd. Now's as well as another time; and another time as well as now. All's one for that.—Yes, yes, if your Concerns call you, there's no haste; it will keep cold, as they say—Cousin, your Servant.——I think this Door's lock'd.

Milla. You may go this way, Sir.

Sir Wil. Your Servant, then with your leave I'll return to my Company. [*Exit.*

Milla. Ay, ay; ha, ha, ha.

Like Phœbus *sung the no less am'rous Boy.*

Enter MIRABELL.

Mira.—Like Daphne *she, as Lovely and as Coy.* Do you lock your self up from me, to make my Search more curious? Or is this pretty Artifice contriv'd, to signifie that here the Chace must end, and my Pursuit be crown'd, for you can fly no further?—

Milla. Vanity! No——I'll fly and be follow'd to the

last Moment, tho' I am upon the very Verge of Matrimony, I expect you should sollicit me as much as if I were wavering at the Grate of a Monastery, with one Foot over the Threshold. I'll be sollicited to the very last, nay and afterwards.

Mira. What, after the last?

Milla. O, I should think I was poor and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduc'd to an inglorious Ease; and freed from the agreeable Fatigues of Sollicitation.

Mira. But do not you know, that when Favours are conferr'd upon instant and tedious Sollicitation, that they diminish in their Value, and that both the Giver loses the Grace, and the Receiver lessens his Pleasure?

Milla. It may be in Things of common Application; but never sure in Love. O, I hate a Lover, that can dare to think he draws a Moment's Air, independent on the Bounty of his Mistress. There is not so impudent a Thing in Nature, as the sawcy Look of an assured Man, confident of Success. The Pedantick Arrogance of a very Husband, has not so Pragmatical an Air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my Will and Pleasure.

Mira. Would you have 'em both before Marriage? Or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other 'till after Grace?

Milla. Ah don't be impertinent—My dear Liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful Solitude, my darling Contemplation, must I bid you then Adieu? Ay-h adieu—My Morning Thoughts, agreeable Wakings, indolent Slumbers, all ye *douceurs*, ye *Someils du Matin*, adieu—I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible—Positively *Mirabell*, I'll lye a-bed in a Morning as long as I please.

Mira. Then I'll get up in a Morning as early as I please.

Milla. Ah! Idle Creature, get up when you will——And d'ye hear, I won't be call'd Names after I'm Marry'd; positively I won't be call'd Names.

Mira. Names!

Milla. Ay, as Wife, Spouse, my Dear, Joy, Jewel, Love, Sweet-heart, and the reſt of that nauseous Cant, in which Men and their Wives are so fulsomly familiar, ——I shall never bear that——Good *Mirabell*, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before Folks, like my Lady *Fadler* and Sir *Francis*: Nor go to *Hide-Park* together the firſt *Sunday* in a new Chariot, to provoke Eyes and Whispers; And then never be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the firſt Week, and asham'd of one another ever after. Let us never Visit together, nor go to a Play together, but let us be very ſtrange and well bred: Let us be as ſtrange as if we had been marry'd a great while; and as well bred as if we were not marry'd at all.

Mira. Have you any more Conditions to offer? Hitherto your Demands are pretty reasonable.

Milla. Trifles,——As Liberty to pay and receive Visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive Letters, without Interrogatories or wry Faces on your part; to wear what I please; and chuse Conversation with regard only to my own Taſte; to have no Obligation upon me to converse with Wits that I don't like, because they are your Acquaintance; or to be imtimate with Fools, because they may be your Relations. Come to Dinner when I please, dine in my Dressing-Room when I'm out of Humour, without giving a Reason. To have my Closet inviolate; to be sole Empress of my Tea-Table, which you muſt never presume to approach without firſt asking leave. And laſtly where-ever I am, you shall always knock at the Door before you come in. These Articles subscrib'd, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a Wife.

Mira. Your Bill of Fare is something advanc'd in this latter Account. Well, have I Liberty to offer Conditions ——That when you are dwindled into a Wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarg'd into a Husband.

MRS. MILLAMANT AND MIRABELL

Milla. You have free leave, propose your utmoſt, speak and spare not.

Mira. I thank you. *Inprimis* then, I covenant that your Acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn Confident, or Intimate of your own Sex; no she Friend to skreen her Affairs under your Countenance, and tempt you to make Trial of a mutual Secresie. No Decoy-Duck to wheadle you a *fop—scrambling* to the Play in a Mask——Then bring you home in a pretended Fright, when you think you shall be found out—And rail at me for missing the Play, and disappointing the Frolick which you had to pick me up and prove my Conſtancy.

Milla. Deteſtable *Inprimis*! I go to the Play in a Mask!

Mira. Item, I Article, that you continue to like your own Face, as long as I shall: And while it passes currant with me, that you endeavour not to new Coin it. To which end, together with all Vizards for the Day, I prohibit all Masks for the Night, made of Oil'd-skins and I know not what——Hog's Bones, Hare's Gall, Pig Water, and the Marrow of a roaſted Cat. In short, I forbid all Commerce with the Gentlewoman in *what-d'ye-call-it* Court. *Item*, I shut my Doors against all Bauds with Baskets, and penny-worths of *Muslin*, *China*, *Fans*, *Atlasses*, &c.——*Item*, when you shall be Breeding——

Milla. Ah! Name it not.

Mira. Which may be presum'd, with a Blessing on our Endeavours——

Milla. Odious Endeavours!

Mira. I denounce againſt all ſtrait Lacing, squeezing for a Shape, 'till you mould my Boy's Head like a Sugar-loaf; and inſtead of a Man-Child, make me Father to a Crooked-billet. Laſtly, to the Dominion of the *Tea-Table* I submit.——But with *proviso*, that you exceed not in your Province; but reſtrain your self to native and simple *Tea-Table* Drinks, as *Tea*, *Chocolate*, and *Coffee*. As likewise to Genuine and Authoriz'd *Tea-Table* Talk

——Such as mending of Fashions, spoiling Reputations, railing at absent Friends, and so forth——But that on no Account you encroach upon the Mens Prerogative, and presume to drink Healths, or toast Fellows; for prevention of which, I banish all *Foreign Forces*, all Auxiliaries to the *Tea-Table*, as *Orange-Brandy*, all *Anniseed*, *Cinamon*, *Citron* and *Barbado*'s-*Waters*, together with *Ratafia* and the most noble Spirit of *Clary*.——But for *Couslip-Wine*, *Poppy-Water*, and all *Dormitives*, those I allow.——These *Proviso's* admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying Husband.

Milla. O horrid *Proviso's*! filthy strong Waters! I toast Fellows, Odious Men! I hate your odious *Proviso's*.

Mira. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your Hand upon the Contract? and here comes one to be a Witness to the Sealing of the Deed.

Enter Mrs. Fainall.

Milla. Fainall, what shall I do? Shall I have him? I think I must have him.

Mrs. Fain. Ay, ay, take him, take him, what shou'd you do?

Milla. Well then—I'll take my Death I'm in a horrid Fright——*Fainall*, I shall never say it——Well——I think ——I'll endure you.

Mrs. Fain. Fy, fy, have him, have him, and tell him so in plain Terms: For I am sure you have a Mind to him.

Milla. Are you? I think I have——and the horrid Man looks as if he thought so too——Well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you——I won't be kiss'd, nor I won't be thank'd——Here kiss my Hand tho'——So, hold your Tongue now, don't say a Word.

Mrs. Fain. Mirabell, there's a Necessity for your Obedience;——You have neither time to talk nor stay. My Mother is coming; and in my Conscience if she

shou'd see you, wou'd fall into Fits, and may be not recover, time enough to return to Sir *Rowland*; who, as *Foible* tells me, is in a fair Way to succeed. Therefore spare your Extacies for another Occasion, and slip down the back Stairs, where *Foible* waits to consult you.

Milla. Ay, go, go. In the mean time I suppose you have said something to please me.

Mira. I am all Obedience. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fain. Yonder Sir *Wilfull*'s drunk; and so noisie that my Mother has been forc'd to leave Sir *Rowland* to appease him; but he answers her only with Singing and Drinking——What they may have done by this time I know not; but *Petulant* and he were upon quarrelling as I came by.

Milla. Well, If *Mirabell* should not make a good Husband, I am a loſt thing;——for I find I love him violently.

Mrs. Fain. So it seems; for you mind not what's said to you.——If you doubt him, you had beſt take up with Sir *Wilfull.*

Milla. How can you name that superannuated Lubber? foh!

Enter WITWOUD *from drinking.*

Mrs. Fain. So, is the Fray made up, that you have left 'em?

Wit. Left 'em? I could ſtay no longer——I have laugh'd like ten Chriſtnings——I am tipsie with laughing——If I had ſtaid any longer I should have burſt,——I muſt have been let out and piec'd in the Sides like an unsiz'd Camlet——Yes, yes, the Fray is compos'd; my Lady came in like a *Noli prosequi*, and ſtopt the Proceedings.

Milla. What was the Dispute?

Wit. That's the Jeſt; there was no Dispute. They could neither of 'em speak for Rage; and so fell a sputt'ring at one another like two roaſting Apples.

Enter PETULANT *Drunk.*

Wit. Now *Petulant*? all's over, all's well? Gad my Head begins to whim it about——Why doſt thou not speak? thou art both as drunk and as mute as a Fish.

Pet. Look you, Mrs. *Millamant*——if you can love me, dear Nymph—say it—and that's the Conclusion—pass on, or pass off,——that's all.

Wit. Thou haſt utter'd *Volumes*, *Folio's*, in less than *Decimo Sexto*, my dear *Lacedemonian*. Sirrah, *Petulant*, thou art an Epitomizer of Words.

Pet. Witwoud——You are an Annihilator of Sense.

Wit. Thou art a Retailer of Phrases; and doſt deal in Remnants of Remnants, like a Maker of Pincushions—thou art in truth (metaphorically speaking) a Speaker of Short-hand.

Pet. Thou art (without a Figure) juſt one half of an Ass, and *Baldwin* yonder, thy half Brother, is the reſt—A *Gemini* of Asses split, would make juſt four of you.

Wit. Thou doſt bite, my dear Muſtard-seed; kiss me for that.

Pet. Stand off——I'll kiss no more Males,——I have kiss'd your *Twin* yonder in a humour of Reconciliation, 'till he (*hiccup*) rises upon my Stomach like a Radish.

Milla. Eh! filthy Creature—what was the Quarrel?

Pet. There was no Quarrel—there might have been a Quarrel.

Wit. If there had been Words enow between 'em to have express'd Provocation, they had gone together by the Ears like a pair of Caſtanets.

Pet. You were the Quarrel.

Milla. Me!

Pet. If I have a Humour to quarrel, I can make less Matters conclude Premises,—If you are not handsom, what then; If I have a Humour to prove it?—If I shall have my Reward, say so; if not, fight for your Face the next time your self—I'll go sleep.

Wit. Do, wrap thy self up like a *Woodlouse*, and dream Revenge—And hear me, if thou canst learn to write by to Morrow Morning, pen me a Challenge—I'll carry it for thee.

Pet. Carry your Mistress's *Monkey* a *Spider*,——go flea Dogs, and read Romances——I'll go to Bed to my Maid.

Mrs. Fain. He's horridly Drunk——how came you all in this Pickle?

Wit. A Plot, a Plot, to get rid of the Knight,—— Your Husband's Advice; but he sneak'd off.

SCENE II.

The Dining-room in Lady WISHFORT'S *House.*

Sir WILFULL *Drunk*, *Lady* WISHFORT, WITWOUD, MILLAMANT, *Mrs.* FAINALL.

Lady. Out upon't, out upon't, at Years of Discretion, and comport your self at this Rantipole rate.

Sir Wil. No Offence, Aunt.

Lady. Offence? As I'm a Person, I'm asham'd of you——Fogh! how you stink of Wine! D'ye think my Neice will ever endure such a *Borachio*! you're an absolute *Borachio.*

Sir Wil. Borachio!

Lady. At a time when you shou'd commence an Amour, and put your best Foot foremost——

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, an you grutch me your Liquor, make a Bill——Give me more Drink, and take my Purse.

Sings. *Prithee fill me the Glass*
'Till it laugh in my Face,
With Ale that is Potent and Mellow;
He that whines for a Lass
Is an ignorant Ass,
For a Bumper *has not its Fellow.*

But if you wou'd have me marry my Cousin,——say the Word, and I'll do't——*Wilfull* will do't, that's the Word——*Wilfull* will do't, that's my Crest——my Motto I have forgot.

Lady. My Nephew's a little overtaken, Cousin——but 'tis with drinking your Health——O' my Word you are oblig'd to him——

Sir Wil. In Vino Veritas, Aunt:——If I drunk your Health to Day, Cousin,——I am a *Borachio*. But if you have a Mind to be marry'd, say the Word, and send for the Piper, *Wilfull* will do't. If not, dust it away, and let's have t'other Round——*Tony*, Ods-heart where's *Tony*——*Tony*'s an honest Fellow, but he spits after a Bumper, and that's a Fault,

Sings. *We'll drink and we'll never ha' done Boys,*
Put the Glass then around with the Sun Boys,
Let Apollo's *Example invite us;*
For he's drunk ev'ry Night,
And that makes him so bright,
That he's able next Morning to light us.

The Sun's a good Pimple, an honest Soaker, he has a Cellar at your *Antipodes*. If I travel, Aunt, I touch at your *Antipodes*——your *Antipodes* are a good rascally sort of topsie turvy Fellows——If I had a Bumper I'd stand upon my Head and drink a Health to 'em——A Match or no Match, Cousin, with the hard Name——Aunt, *Wilfull* will do't. If she has her Maidenhead let her look to't; if she has not, let her keep her own Counsel in the mean time, and cry out at the Nine Months End.

Milla. Your Pardon, Madam, I can stay no longer——*Sir Wilfull* grows very powerful, Egh! how he smells! I shall be overcome if I stay. Come, Cousin.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Millamant *and Mrs.* Fainall.

Lady. Smells! he would poison a Tallow-Chandler and his Family. Beastly Creature, I know not what to do with him——Travel quoth a; ay travel, travel, get

thee gone, get thee but far enough, to the *Saracens*, or the *Tartars*, or the *Turks*——for thou art not fit to live in a Christian Commonwealth, thou beastly Pagan.

Sir Wil. Turks, no; no *Turks*, Aunt: Your *Turks* are Infidels, and believe not in the Grape. Your *Mahometan*, your *Mussulman*, is a dry Stinkard——No Offence, Aunt. My Map says that your *Turk* is not so honest a Man as your Christian——I cannot find by the Map that your *Mufti* is Orthodox——Whereby it is a plain Case, that Orthodox is a hard Word, Aunt, and (*hiccup*) Greek for Claret.

Sings. *To Drink is a Christian Diversion.*
Unknown to the Turk *or the* Persian:
Let Mahometan *Fools*
Live by Heathenish Rules,
And be damn'd over Tea-Cups and Coffee.
But let British *Lads sing,*
Crown a Health to the King,
And a Fig for your Sultan *and* Sophy.

Ah, *Tony!* [Foible *whispers Lady* W.

Lady. Sir Rowland impatient? Good lack! what shall I do with this beastly Tumbril?——Go lie down and sleep, you Sot——Or as I'm a Person, I'll have you bastinado'd with Broom-sticks. Call up the Wenches with Broom-sticks.

Sir Wil. Ahay? Wenches, where are the Wenches?

Lady. Dear Cousin *Witwoud*, get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an Affair of moment that invades me with some Precipitation——You will oblige me to all Futurity.

Wit. Come, Knight——Pox on him, I don't know what to say to him——Will you go to a Cock-match?

Sir Wil. With a Wench, *Tony?* Is she a shake-bag, Sirrah? Let me bite your Cheek for that.

Wit. Horrible! He has a Breath like a Bagpipe—Ah, ay, come will you march, my *Salopian?*

Sir Wil. Lead on, little *Tony*——I'll follow thee my *Anthony*, my *Tantony*, Sirrah thou shalt be my *Tantony*, and I'll be thy *Pig*.

——*And a Fig for your* Sultan *and* Sophy.

[*Exeunt* Sir Wilfull *and* Witwoud.

Lady. This will never do. It will never make a Match.——At least before he has been abroad.

Enter Waitwell *disguis'd as for Sir* Rowland.

Lady. Dear Sir *Rowland*, I am confounded with Confusion at the Retrospection of my own Rudeness,——I have more Pardons to ask than the *Pope* distributes in the Year of *Jubile*. But I hope where there is likely to be so near an Alliance,——we may unbend the Severity of *Decorum*——and dispense with a little Ceremony.

Wait. My Impatience, Madam, is the Effect of my Transport;——and 'till I have the Possession of your adorable Person, I am tantaliz'd on the Rack; and do but hang, Madam, on the Tenter of Expectation.

Lady. You have Excess of Gallantry, Sir *Rowland;* and press things to a Conclusion, with a most prevailing Vehemence.——But a Day or two for Decency of Marriage.——

Wait. For Decency of Funeral, Madam. The Delay will break my Heart—or if that should fail, I shall be Poison'd. My Nephew will get an inkling of my Designs, and poison me,—and I would willingly starve him before I die——I would gladly go out of the World with that Satisfaction.—That would be some Comfort to me, if I could but live so long as to be reveng'd on that unnatural Viper.

Lady. Is he so unnatural, say you? Truly I would contribute much both to the saving of your Life, and the accomplishment of your Revenge——Not that I respect my self; tho' he has been a perfidious Wretch to me.

Wait. Perfidious to you!

Lady. O Sir *Rowland*, the Hours that he has dy'd

away at my Feet, the Tears that he has shed, the Oaths that he has sworn, the Palpitations that he has felt, the Trances and the Tremblings, the Ardors and the Ecstacies, the Kneelings and the Risings, the Heart-heavings and the Hand-gripings, the Pangs and the Pathetick Regards of his protesting Eyes! Oh no Memory can Register.

Wait. What, my Rival! Is the Rebel my Rival? a'dies.

Lady. No, don't kill him at once, Sir *Rowland*, starve him gradually Inch by Inch.

Wait. I'll do't. In three Weeks he shall be barefoot; in a Month out at Knees with begging an Alms, ——he shall starve upward and upward, 'till he has nothing living but his Head, and then go out in a Stink like a Candle's End upon a Saveall.

Lady. Well, Sir *Rowland*, you have the way,——You are no Novice in the Labyrinth of Love,——You have the Clue——But as I am a Person, Sir *Rowland*, you must not attribute my yielding to any sinister Appetite, or Indigestion of Widowhood; nor impute my Complacency to any Lethargy of Continence——I hope you do not think me prone to any Iteration of Nuptials.——

Wait. Far be it from me——

Lady. If you do, I protest I must recede——or think that I have made a Prostitution of Decorums, but in the Vehemence of Compassion, and to save the Life of a Person of so much Importance——

Wait. I esteem it so——

Lady. Or else you wrong my Condescension——

Wait. I do not, I do not——

Lady. Indeed you do.

Wait. I do not, fair Shrine of Virtue.

Lady. If you think the least Scruple of Carnality was an Ingredient——

Wait. Dear Madam, no. You are all *Camphire* and *Frankincense*, all *Chastity* and *Odour*.

Lady. Or that——

Enter Foible.

Foib. Madam, the Dancers are ready, and there's one with a Letter, who must deliver it into your own Hands.

Lady. Sir *Rowland*, will you give me leave? Think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a Person who would suffer Racks in Honour's Cause, dear Sir *Rowland*, and will wait on you incessantly.

[*Exit.*

Wait. Fie, fie!—What a Slavery have I undergone; Spouse, hast thou any *Cordial*, I want *Spirits*.

Foib. What a washy Rogue art thou, to pant thus for a Quarter of an Hours Lying and Swearing to a fine Lady?

Wait. O, she is the Antidote to Desire. Spouse, thou wilt fare the worse for't——I shall have no Appetite to Iteration of Nuptials——this eight and forty Hours—By this Hand I'd rather be a Chairman in the Dog-days ——than act Sir *Rowland* 'till this time to Morrow.

Re-enter Lady Wishfort *with a Letter.*

Lady. Call in the Dancers;——Sir *Rowland*, we'll sit, if you please, and see the Entertainment. [*Dance.*] Now with your Permission, Sir *Rowland*, I will peruse my Letter—I would open it in your Presence, because I would not make you uneasie. If it should make you uneasie I would burn it——speak if it does——but you may see, the Superscription, is like a Woman's Hand.

Foib. By Heav'n! Mrs. *Marwood*'s, I know it,—— my Heart akes——get it from her—— [*To him.*

Wait. A Woman's Hand? No, Madam, that's no Woman's Hand, I see that already. That's some Body whose Throat must be cut.

Lady. Nay, Sir *Rowland*, since you give me a Proof of your Passion by your Jealousie, I promise you I'll make a Return, by a frank Communication——You shall see it—we'll open it together——look you here.

[Reads.]——*Madam, though unknown to you,* [Look you there, 'tis from no Body that I know.]——*I have that Honour for your Character, that I think my self oblig'd to let you know you are abus'd. He who pretends to be Sir* Rowland *is a Cheat and a Rascal*——

Oh Heav'ns! what's this?

Foib. Unfortunate, all's ruin'd.

Wait. How, how, let me see, let me see——reading. *A Rascal and disguis'd, and suborn'd for that Imposture,*— O Villany! O Villany!——*by the Contrivance of*——

Lady. I shall faint, I shall die, oh!

Foib. Say, 'tis your Nephew's Hand.—Quickly, his Plot, swear, swear it.— [*To him.*

Wait. Here's a Villain! Madam, don't you perceive it, don't you see it?

Lady. Too well, too well. I have seen too much.

Wait. I told you at first I knew the Hand—A Woman's Hand? The Rascal writes a sort of a large Hand; your *Roman* Hand—I saw there was a Throat to be cut presently. If he were my Son, as he is my Nephew, I'd pistol him——

Foib. O Treachery! But are you sure, Sir *Rowland*, it is his Writing?

Wait. Sure? Am I here? do I live? do I love this Pearl of *India*? I have twenty Letters in my Pocket from him, in the same Character.

Lady. How!

Foib. O what Luck it is, Sir *Rowland*, that you were present at this Juncture! This was the Business that brought Mr. *Mirabell* disguis'd to Madam *Millamant* this Afternoon. I thought something was contriving, when he stole by me and would have hid his Face.

Lady. How, how!—I heard the Villain was in the House indeed; and now I remember, my Neice went away abruptly, when Sir *Wilfull* was to have made his Addresses.

Foib. Then, then Madam, Mr. *Mirabell* waited for her

in her Chamber; but I would not tell your Ladiship to discompose you when you were to receive Sir *Rowland*.

Wait. Enough, his Date is short.

Foib. No, good Sir *Rowland*, don't incur the Law.

Wait. Law! I care not for Law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good Cause—My Lady shall be satisfy'd of my Truth and Innocence, tho' it cost me my Life.

Lady. No, dear Sir *Rowland*, don't fight, if you should be kill'd I must never shew my Face; or hang'd,—O consider my Reputation, Sir *Rowland*—No, you shan't fight,—I'll go and examine my Neice; I'll make her confess. I conjure you, Sir *Rowland*, by all your Love not to fight.

Wait. I am charm'd, Madam, I obey. But some Proof you must let me give you;—I'll go for a black Box, which contains the Writings of my whole Estate, and deliver that into your Hands.

Lady. Ay dear Sir *Rowland*, that will be some Comfort, bring the black Box.

Wait. And may I presume to bring a Contract to be sign'd this Night? May I hope so far?

Lady. Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. O this is a happy Discovery.

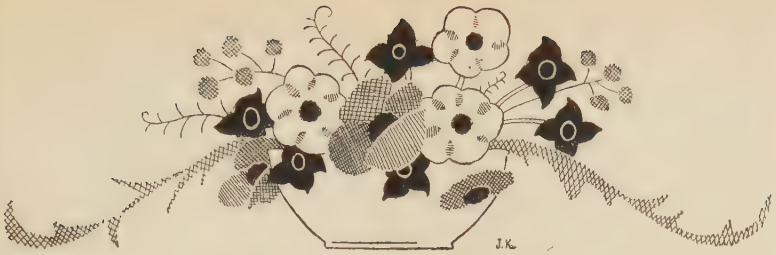
Wait. Dead or alive I'll come—and married we will be in spight of Treachery; ay and get an Heir that shall defeat the last remaining Glimpse of Hope in my abandon'd Nephew. Come, my Buxom Widow:

E'er long you shall substantial Proof receive
That I'm an arrant Knight——

Foib. Or arrant Knave.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Fourth Act.



ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I.

A Room in Lady WISHFORT'S *House.*

Lady WISHFORT *and* FOIBLE.

Lady. OUT of my House, out of my House, thou *Viper*, thou *Serpent*, that I have foſter'd; thou bosom Traitress, that I rais'd from nothing——Begone, begone, begone, go, go,——That I took from washing of old Gause and weaving of dead Hair, with a bleak blue Nose, over a Chafing-dish of ſtarv'd Embers, and Dining behind a Traverse Rag, in a shop no bigger than a Bird-Cage, ——go, go, ſtarve again, do, do.

Foib. Dear Madam, I'll beg Pardon on my Knees.

Lady. Away, out, out, go set up for your self again ——do, drive a Trade, do, with your Three-penny-worth of small Ware, flaunting upon a Packthread, under a Brandy-sellers Bulk, or againſt a dead Wall by a Ballad-monger. Go, hang out an old *Frisoneer-gorget*, with a Yard of Yellow *Colberteen* again; do; an old gnaw'd Mask, two Rows of Pins and a Child's Fiddle; A Glass Necklace with the Beads broken, and a Quilted Night-cap with one Ear. Go, go, drive a Trade,——These were your Commodities, you treacherous Trull, this was the Merchandize you dealt in, when I took you into my House, plac'd you next my self, and made you

Governante of my whole Family. You have forgot this, have you, now you have feather'd your Neſt?

Foib. No, no, dear Madam. Do but hear me, have but a Moment's Patience——I'll confess all. Mr. *Mirabell* seduc'd me; I am not the firſt that he has wheadled with his diſſembling Tongue; Your Ladyſhip's own Wiſdom has been deluded by him, then how ſhould I, a poor Ignorant, defend my ſelf? O Madam, if you knew but what he promis'd me, and how he aſſur'd me your Ladiſhip ſhould come to no Damage ——Or elſe the Wealth of the *Indies* ſhould not have brib'd me to conſpire againſt ſo Good, ſo Sweet, ſo Kind a Lady as you have been to me.

Lady. No Damage? What to betray me, to marry me to a Caſt-ſerving-Man; to make me a Receptacle, an Hoſpital for a decay'd Pimp? No Damage? O thou frontleſs Impudence, more than a big-belly'd Actreſs.

Foib. Pray do but hear me, Madam, he could not marry your Ladiſhip, Madam——No indeed his Marriage was to have been void in Law; for he was marry'd to me firſt, to ſecure your Ladiſhip. He could not have bedded your Ladiſhip; for if he had conſummated with your Ladiſhip, he muſt have run the riſque of the Law, and been put upon his Clergy——Yes indeed, I enquir'd of the Law in that caſe before I would meddle or make.

Lady. What, then I have been your Property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it ſeems,——while you were catering for *Mirabell*; I have been Broaker for you? What, have you made a paſſive Bawd of me?—— this exceeds all Precedent; I am brought to fine Uſes, to become a Botcher of ſecond-hand Marriages between *Abigails* and *Andrews*! I'll couple you. Yes, I'll baſte you together, you and your *Philander*. I'll *Duke's-Place* you, as I'm a Perſon. Your Turtle is in Cuſtody already: You ſhall Coo in the ſame Cage, if there be Conſtable or Warrant in the Pariſh.

Foib. O that ever I was born, O that I was ever marry'd,——a Bride, ay I shall be a *Bridewell*-Bride. Oh!

Enter Mrs. Fainall.

Mrs. Fain. Poor *Foible*, what's the matter?

Foib. O Madam, my Lady's gone for a Constable; I shall be had to a Justice, and put to *Bridewell* to beat Hemp; poor *Waitwell's* gone to Prison already.

Mrs. Fain. Have a good Heart, *Foible*, *Mirabell*'s gone to give Security for him. This is all *Marwood*'s and my Husband's doing.

Foib. Yes, yes, I know it, Madam; she was in my Lady's Closet, and overheard all that you said to me before Dinner. She sent the Letter to my Lady; and that missing Effect, Mr. *Fainall*, laid this Plot to arrest *Waitwell*, when he pretended to go for the Papers; and in the mean time Mrs. *Marwood* declar'd all to my Lady.

Mrs. Fain. Was there no Mention made of me in the Letter?——My Mother does not suspect my being in the Confederacy? I fancy *Marwood* has not told her, tho' she has told my Husband.

Foib. Yes, Madam; but my Lady did not see that Part: We stifled the Letter before she read so far. Has that mischievous Devil told Mr. *Fainall* of your Ladiship then?

Mrs. Fain. Ay, all's out, my Affair with *Mirabell*, every thing discover'd. This is the last Day of our living together, that's my Comfort.

Foib. Indeed Madam, and so 'tis a Comfort if you knew all,——he has been even with your Ladiship; which I cou'd have told you long enough since, but I love to keep Peace and Quietness by my good Will: I had rather bring Friends together, than set 'em at Distance. But Mrs. *Marwood* and he are nearer related than ever their Parents thought for.

Mrs. Fain. Say'st thou so, *Foible*? Canst thou prove this?

Foib. I can take my Oath of it, Madam, so can Mrs. *Mincing*; we have had many a fair Word from Madam *Marwood*, to conceal something that passed in our Chamber one Evening when you were at *Hide-Park*;——and we were thought to have gone a Walking: But we went up unawares,——tho' we were sworn to Secresie too; Madam *Marwood* took a Book and swore us upon it: But it was but a Book of Poems,——So long as it was not a Bible-Oath, we may break it with a safe Conscience.

Mrs. Fain. This Discovery is the most opportune Thing I cou'd wish. Now *Mincing*?

Enter MINCING.

Minc. My Lady wou'd speak with Mrs. *Foible*, *Mem.* Mr. *Mirabell* is with her; he has set your Spouse at liberty, Mrs. *Foible*, and wou'd have you hide your self in my Lady's Closet, 'till my old Lady's Anger is abated. O, my old Lady is in a perilous Passion, at something Mr. *Fainall* has said; he swears, and my old Lady cries. There's a fearful Hurricane I vow. He says, *Mem*, how that he'll have my Lady's Fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorc'd.

Mrs. Fain. Does your Lady or *Mirabell* know that?

Minc. Yes, *Mem*, they have sent me to see if Sir *Wilfull* be sober, and to bring him to them. My Lady is resolved to have him, I think, rather than lose such a vast Sum as Six Thousand Pound. O, come Mrs. *Foible*, I hear my old Lady.

Mrs. Fain. *Foible*, you must tell *Mincing*, that she must prepare to vouch when I call her.

Foib. Yes, yes, Madam.

Minc. O yes, *Mem*, I'll vouch any thing for your Ladiship's Service, be what it will.

SCENE II.

Another Room in Lady WISHFORT'S *House.*

Mrs. FAINALL, *Lady* WISHFORT, MARWOOD.

Lady. O my dear Friend, how can I enumerate the Benefits that I have receiv'd from your Goodness? To you I owe the timely Discovery of the false Vows of *Mirabell*; to you I owe the Detection of the Impoſter Sir *Rowland*. And now you are become an Intercessor with my Son-in-Law, to save the Honour of my House, and compound for the Frailties of my Daughter. Well, Friend, You are enough to reconcile me to the bad World, or else I would retire to Desarts and Solitudes; and feed harmless Sheep by Groves and purling Streams. Dear *Marwood*, let us leave the World, and retire by our selves and be Shepherdesses.

Mrs. Mar. Let us firſt dispatch the Affair in Hand, Madam. We shall have Leisure to think of Retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concerned in the Treaty.

Lady. O Daughter, Daughter, is it possible thou should'ſt be my Child, Bone of my Bone, and Flesh of my Flesh, and as I may say, another Me, and yet transgress the moſt minute Particle of severe Virtue? Is it possible you should lean aside to Iniquity, who have been caſt in the direct Mold of Virtue? I have not only been a Mold but a Pattern for you, and a Model for you, after you were brought into the World.

Mrs. Fain. I don't underſtand your Ladiship.

Lady. Not underſtand? Why have you not been Naught? Have you not been Sophiſticated? Not underſtand? Here I am ruin'd to compound for your *Caprices* and your *Cuckoldoms*. I muſt pawn my Plate, and my Jewels, and ruin my Neice, and all little enough——

Mrs. Fain. I am wrong'd and abus'd, and so are you. 'Tis a false Accusation, as false as Hell, as false as your Friend there, ay, or your Friend's Friend, my false Husband.

Mrs. Mar. My Friend, Mrs. *Fainall*? Your Husband my Friend, what do you mean?

Mrs. Fain. I know what I mean, Madam, and so do you; and so shall the World at a Time convenient.

Mrs. Mar. I am sorry to see you so passionate, Madam. More Temper would look more like Innocence. But I have done. I am sorry my Zeal to serve your Ladiship and Family, should admit of Misconstruction, or make me liable to Affront. You will pardon me, Madam, if I meddle no more with an Affair, in which I am not personally concern'd.

Lady. O dear Friend, I am so asham'd that you should meet with such Returns;——You ought to ask Pardon on your knees, ungrateful Creature; she deserves more from you, than all your Life can accomplish——O don't leave me destitute in this Perplexity;——No, stick to me, my good Genius.

Mrs. Fain. I tell you, Madam, you're abus'd—Stick to you? ay, like a Leach, to suck your best Blood——she'll drop off when she's full. Madam, you shan't pawn a Bodkin, nor part with a Brass Counter, in Composition for me. I defie 'em all. Let 'em prove their Aspersions: I know my own Innocence, and dare stand a Trial. [*Exit.*

Lady. Why, if she should be innocent, if she should be wrong'd after all, ha? I don't know what to think,——and I promise you, her Education has been unexceptionable——I may say it; for I chiefly made it my own Care to initiate her very Infancy in the Rudiments of Virtue, and to impress upon her tender Years a young Odium and Aversion to the very sight of Men,——ay, Friend, she would have shriek'd if she had but seen a Man, 'till she was in her Teens. As I'm a Person, 'tis true——

She was never suffer'd to play with a Male-Child, tho' but in Coats; Nay, her very Babies were of the *Feminine Gender*,——O, she never look'd a Man in the Face but her own Father, or the Chaplain, and him we made a shift to put upon her for a Woman, by the help of his long Garments, and his sleek Face; 'till she was going in her Fifteen.

Mrs. Mar. 'Twas much she should be deceiv'd so long.

Lady. I warrant you, or she would never have born to have been catechiz'd by him; and have heard his long Lectures against Singing and Dancing, and such Debaucheries; and going to filthy Plays; and prophane Musick-meetings, where the lewd Trebles squeek nothing but Bawdy, and the Bases roar Blasphemy. O, she would have swoon'd at the Sight or Name of an obscene Play-Book——and can I think after all this, that my Daughter can be Naught? What, a Whore? And thought it Excommunication to set her Foot within the Door of a Play-house. O dear Friend, I can't believe it, no, no; as she says, let him prove it, let him prove it.

Mrs. Mar. Prove it, Madam? What, and have your Name prostituted in a publick Court; yours and your Daughter's Reputation worry'd at the Bar by a Pack of bawling Lawyers? To be usher'd in with an *O Yes* of Scandal; and have your Case open'd by an old fumbler Leacher in a Quoif like a Man Midwife, to bring your Daughter's Infamy to Light; to be a Theme for legal Punsters, and Quiblers by the Statute; and become a Jest, against a Rule of Court, where there is no Precedent for a Jest in any Record; not even in *Dooms-day-Book*: To discompose the Gravity of the Bench, and provoke naughty Interrogatories in more naughty Law *Latin*; while the good Judge, tickl'd with the Proceeding, simpers under a Grey Beard, and figes off and on his Cushion as if he had swallow'd *Cantharides*, or sate upon *Cow-Itch*.

Lady. O, 'tis very hard!

Mrs. Mar. And then to have my young Revellers of the *Temple* take Notes, like Prentices at a Conventicle; and after talk it over again in Commons, or before Drawers in an Eating-House.

Lady. Worse and worse.

Mrs. Mar. Nay, this is nothing; if it would end here 'twere well. But it must after this be consign'd by the Short-hand Writers to the publick Press; and from thence be transferr'd to the Hands nay into the Throats and Lungs of Hawkers, with Voices more licentious than the loud Flounderman's: And this you must hear 'till you are stunn'd; nay, you must hear nothing else for some Days.

Lady. O, 'tis insupportable. No, no, dear Friend, make it up, make it up; ay, ay, I'll Compound. I'll give up all, my self and my all, my Neice and her all ——any thing, every thing for Composition.

Mrs. Mar. Nay, Madam, I advise nothing, I only lay before you, as a Friend, the Inconveniences which perhaps you have overseen. Here comes Mr. *Fainall*, if he will be satisfy'd to huddle up all in Silence, I shall be glad. You must think I would rather Congratulate than Condole with you.

Enter Fainall.

Lady. Ay, ay, I do not doubt it, dear *Marwood*: No, no, I do not doubt it.

Fain. Well, Madam; I have suffer'd my self to be overcome by the Importunity of this Lady your Friend; and am content you shall enjoy your own proper Estate during Life; on Condition you oblige your self never to marry, under such Penalty as I think convenient.

Lady. Never to marry?

Fain. No more Sir *Rowlands*,—the next Imposture may not be so timely detected.

Mrs. Mar. That Condition, I dare answer, my Lady

will consent to, without Difficulty; she has already but too much experienc'd the Perfidiousness of Men. Besides, Madam, when we retire to our Pastoral Solitude we shall bid adieu to all other Thoughts.

Lady. Ay, that's true; but in case of Necessity; as of Health, or some such Emergency——

Fain. O, if you are prescrib'd Marriage, you shall be consider'd; I will only reserve to my self the Power to chuse for you. If your Physick be wholsome, it matters not who is your Apothecary. Next, my Wife shall settle on me the Remainder of her Fortune, not made over already; and for her Maintenance depend entirely on my Discretion.

Lady. This is most inhumanly savage; exceeding the Barbarity of a *Muscovite* Husband.

Fain. I learn'd it from his *Czarish* Majesty's Retinue, in a Winter Evening's Conference over Brandy and Pepper, amongst other Secrets of Matrimony and Policy, as they are at present practis'd in the Northern Hemisphere. But this must be agreed unto, and that positively. Lastly, I will be endow'd, in right of my Wife, with that six thousand Pound, which is the Moiety of Mrs. *Millamant*'s Fortune in your Possession; and which she has forfeited (as will appear by the last Will and Testament of your deceas'd Husband, Sir *Jonathan Wishfort*) by her Disobedience in Contracting her self against your Consent or Knowledge; and by refusing the offer'd Match with Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, which you, like a careful Aunt, had provided for her.

Lady. My Nephew was *non Compos*; and could not make his Addresses.

Fain. I come to make Demands——I'll hear no Objections.

Lady. You will grant me Time to consider?

Fain. Yes, while the Instrument is drawing, to which you must set your Hand 'till more sufficient Deeds can be perfected: which I will take Care shall be done with

all possible speed. In the mean while I will go for the said Instrument, and 'till my Return you may ballance this Matter in your own Discretion. [*Exit.*

Lady. This Insolence is beyond all Precedent, all Parallel; must I be subject to this merciless Villain?

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis severe indeed, Madam, that you shou'd smart for your Daughter's Wantonness.

Lady. 'Twas against my Consent that she marry'd this Barbarian, but she wou'd have him, tho' her Year was not out.—Ah! her first Husband, my Son *Languish*, wou'd not have carry'd it thus. Well, that was my Choice, this is hers; she is match'd now with a Witness ——I shall be mad, dear Friend, is there no Comfort for me? Must I live to be confiscated at this Rebel-rate? ——Here comes two more of my *Egyptian* Plagues too.

Enter Millamant, *Sir* Wilfull.

Sir Wil. Aunt, your Servant.

Lady. Out *Caterpillar*, call not me Aunt; I know thee not.

Sir Wil. I confess I have been a little in Disguise, as they say,——'Sheart! and I'm sorry for't. What wou'd you have? I hope I committed no Offence, Aunt —and if I did I am willing to make Satisfaction; and what can a Man say fairer? If I have broke any thing I'll pay for't, an it cost a Pound. And so let that content for what's past, and make no more Words. For what's to come, to pleasure you I'm willing to marry my Cousin. So pray let's all be Friends, she and I are agreed upon the Matter before a Witness.

Lady. How's this, dear Neice? Have I any Comfort? Can this be true?

Milla. I am content to be a Sacrifice to your Repose, Madam; and to convince you that I had no Hand in the Plot, as you were misinform'd, I have laid my Commands on *Mirabell* to come in Person, and be a Witness that I give my Hand to this Flower of *Knighthood*; and for the

FAINALL

Contract that pass'd between *Mirabell* and me, I have oblig'd him to make a Resignation of it in your Ladiship's Presence;——He is without, and waits your leave for Admittance.

Lady. Well, I'll swear I am something reviv'd at this Testimony of your Obedience; but I cannot admit that Traitor,——I fear I cannot fortifie my self to support his Appearance. He is as terrible to me as a *Gorgon*; if I see him I fear I shall turn to Stone, petrifie incessantly.

Milla. If you disoblige him he may resent your Refusal, and insist upon the Contract still. Then 'tis the last time he will be offensive to you.

Lady. Are you sure it will be the last time?——If I were sure of that——shall I never see him again?

Milla. Sir *Wilfull*, you and he are to Travel together, are you not?

Sir Wil. 'Sheart the Gentleman's a Civil Gentleman, Aunt, let him come in; why, we are sworn Brothers and Fellow-Travellers.——We are to be *Pylades* and *Orestes*, he and I——He is to be my Interpreter in Foreign Parts. He has been Overseas once already; and with *proviso* that I marry my Cousin, will cross 'em once again, only to bear me Company.—'Sheart, I'll call him in,——an I set on't once, he shall come in; and see who'll hinder him. [*Goes to the Door and hems.*

Mrs. Mar. This is precious Fooling, it it wou'd pass; but I'll know the Bottom of it.

Lady. O dear *Marwood*, you are not going?

Mar. Not far, Madam; I'll return immediately. [*Exit.*

Enter Mirabell.

Sir Wil. Look up, Man, I'll stand by you, 'sbud an she do frown, she can't kill you;——Besides—harkee she dare not frown desperately, because her Face is none of her own; 'Sheart, and she shou'd her Forehead wou'd

wrinkle like the Coat of a Cream-cheese; but mum for that, Fellow-Traveller.

Mira. If a deep Sense of the many Injuries I have offer'd to so good a Lady, with a sincere Remorse, and a hearty Contrition, can but obtain the leaſt Glance of Compassion, I am too happy,———Ah Madam, there was a time———But let it be forgotten—I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high Place I once held, of sighing at your Feet; nay, kill me not, by turning from me in Disdain—I come not to plead for Favour;—Nay, not for Pardon; I am a Suppliant only for Pity—I am going where I never shall behold you more———

Sir Wil. How, Fellow-Traveller!——You shall go by your self then.

Mira. Let me be pitied firſt; and afterwards forgotten———I ask no more.

Sir Wil. By'r Lady a very reasonable Requeſt, and will coſt you nothing, Aunt,—Come, come, forgive and forget Aunt, why you muſt an you are a Chriſtian.

Mira. Consider, Madam, in reality, you cou'd not receive much Prejudice; it was an innocent Device; tho' I confess it had a Face of Guiltiness,—it was at moſt an Artifice which Love contriv'd——And Errors which Love produces have ever been accounted *Venial.* At leaſt think it is Punishment enough, that I have loſt what in my Heart I hold moſt dear, that to your cruel Indignation, I have offer'd up this Beauty, and with her my Peace and Quiet; nay all my Hopes of future Comfort.

Sir Wil. An he does not move me, wou'd I may never be *O' the Quorum*,—An it were not as good a Deed as to drink, to give her to him again,———I wou'd I might never take Shipping———Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly; I shall melt, I can tell you that. My Contract went no farther than a little Mouth-Glew, and that's hardly dry;———One doleful Sigh more from my Fellow-Traveller and 'tis dissolv'd.

Lady. Well, Nephew, upon your Account———Ah, he

has a false insinuating Tongue——Well, Sir, I will stifle my just Resentment at my Nephew's Request.——I will endeavour what I can to forget,——but on *proviso* that you resign the Contract with my Neice immediately.

Mira. It is in Writing and with Papers of Concern; but I have sent my Servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all Acknowledgments for your transcendent Goodness.

Lady. Oh, he has Witchcraft in his Eyes and Tongue; ——When I did not see him I cou'd have brib'd a Villain to his Assassination; but his Appearance rakes the Embers which have so long lain smother'd in my Breast.—— [*Aside.*

SCENE III.

The Same.

Lady WISHFORT, *Mrs.* MILLAMANT, *Sir* WILFULL, MIRABELL, FAINALL, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Fain. Your Date of Deliberation, Madam, is expir'd. Here is the Instrument, are you prepar'd to sign?

Lady. If I were prepar'd, I am not impower'd. My Neice exerts a lawful Claim, having match'd her self by my Direction to Sir *Wilfull.*

Fain. That Sham is too gross to pass on me——tho' 'tis impos'd on you, Madam.

Milla. Sir, I have given my Consent.

Mira. And, Sir, I have resign'd my Pretensions.

Sir Wil. And, Sir, I assert my Right; and will maintain it in defiance of you, Sir, and of your Instrument. S'heart an you talk of an Instrument Sir, I have an old Fox by my Thigh shall hack your Instrument of *Ram Vellam* to Shreds, Sir. It shall not be sufficient for a *Mittimus* or a Tailor's Measure; therefore withdraw your Instrument Sir, or by'r Lady I shall draw mine.

Lady. Hold, Nephew, hold.

Milla. Good Sir *Wilfull*, respite your Valour.

Fain. Indeed? Are you provided of your Guard, with your single Beef-eater there? But I'm prepared for you; and insist upon my first Proposal. You shall submit your own Estate to my Management, and absolutely make over my Wife's to my sole use; as pursuant to the Purport and Tenor of this other Covenant.——I suppose, Madam, your Consent is not requisite in this Case; nor, Mr. *Mirabell*, your Resignation; nor, Sir *Wilfull*, your Right——You may draw your Fox if you please, Sir, and make a *Bear-Garden* flourish somewhere else: For here it will not avail. This, my Lady *Wishfort*, must be subscrib'd, or your Darling Daughter's turn'd a-drift, like a leaky Hulk to sink or swim, as she and the Current of this lewd Town can agree.

Lady. Is there no Means, no Remedy, to stop my Ruin? Ungrateful Wretch! dost thou not owe thy Being, thy Subsistence to my Daughter's Fortune?

Fain. I'll answer you when I have the rest of it in my Possession.

Mira. But that you wou'd not accept of a Remedy from my Hands——I own I have not deserv'd you shou'd owe any Obligation to me; or else perhaps I cou'd advise,——

Lady. O what? what? to save me and my Child from Ruin, from Want, I'll forgive all that's past; nay, I'll consent to any Thing to come, to be deliver'd from this Tyranny.

Mira. Ay Madam; but that is too late, my Reward is intercepted. You have dispos'd of her, who only cou'd have made me a Compensation for all my Services;—— But be it as it may, I am resolv'd I'll serve you, you shall not be wrong'd in this Savage manner.

Lady. How! Dear Mr. *Mirabell*, can you be so generous at last! But it is not possible. Harkee, I'll break my Nephew's Match, you shall have my Neice yet, and

all her Fortune; if you can but save me from this imminent Danger.

Mira. Will you? I take you at your Word. I ask no more. I must have leave for two Criminals to appear.

Lady. Ay, ay, any body, any body.

Mira. *Foible* is one, and a Penitent.

Enter Mrs. Fainall, Foible, Mincing.

Mrs. Mar. O My Shame! [Mira. *and Lady go to Mrs.* Fain. *and* Foib.] these corrupt things are brought hither to expose me.

Fain. If it must all come out, why let 'em know it, 'tis but the *Way of the World.* That shall not urge me to relinquish or abate one Tittle of my Terms, no, I will insist the more.

Foib. Yes indeed, Madam, I'll take my Bible-oath of it.

Minc. And so will I, *Mem.*

Lady. O *Marwood*, *Marwood*, art thou false? my Friend deceive me? Hast thou been a wicked Accomplice with that profligate Man?

Mrs. Mar. Have you so much Ingratitude and Injustice, to give Credit against your Friend, to the Aspersions of Two such mercenary Truls?

Minc. Mercenary, *Mem?* I scorn your Words. 'Tis true we found you and Mr. *Fainall* in the blue Garret; by the same Token, you swore us to Secresie upon *Messalinas's* Poems. Mercenary? No, if we wou'd have been Mercenary, we shou'd have held our Tongues; you wou'd have brib'd us sufficiently.

Fain. Go, you are an insignificant Thing.——Well, what are you the better for this! Is this Mr. *Mirabell's* Expedient? I'll be put off no longer——You, Thing, that was a Wife, shall smart for this. I will not leave thee wherewithal to hide thy Shame: Your Body shall be Naked as your Reputation.

Mrs. Fain. I despise you, and defie your Malice——You have aspers'd me wrongfully——I have prov'd your

Falsehood——Go you and your treacherous——I will not name it, but ſtarve together——Perish.

Fain. Not while you are worth a Groat, indeed my Dear. Madam, I'll be fool'd no longer.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Mirabell*, this is small Comfort, the Detection of this Affair.

Mira. O, in good time——Your leave for the other Offender and Penitent to appear, Madam.

Enter Waitwell *with a Box of Writings.*

Lady. O Sir *Rowland*——Well, Rascal.

Wait. What your Ladiſhip pleaſes.——I have brought the Black-Box at laſt, Madam.

Mira. Give it me. Madam, you remember your Promiſe.

Lady. A, dear Sir.

Mira. Where are the Gentlemen?

Wait. At hand Sir, rubbing their Eyes,——juſt riſen from Sleep.

Fain. S'death, what's this to me? I'll not wait your private Concerns.

Enter Petulant, Witwoud.

Pet. How now? what's the matter? who's Hand's out?

Wit. Hey day! what are you all got together, like Players at the End of the laſt Act?

Mira. You may remember, Gentlemen, I once requeſted your Hands as Witneſſes to a certain Parchment.

Wit. Ay, I do, my Hand I remember—*Petulant* ſet his Mark.

Mira. You wrong him, his Name is fairly written, as ſhall appear——You do not remember, Gentlemen, any thing of what that Parchment contained——

[*Undoing the Box.*

Wit. No.

Pet. Not I. I writ, I read nothing.

Mira. Very well, now you shall know——Madam, your Promise.

Lady. Ay, ay, Sir, upon my Honour.

Mira. Mr. *Fainall*, it is now Time that you shou'd know, that your Lady, while she was at her own Disposal, and before you had by your Insinuations wheadl'd her out of a pretended Settlement of the greatest Part of her Fortune——

Fain. Sir! pretended!

Mira. Yes, Sir. I say that this Lady while a Widow, having it seems receiv'd some Cautions respecting your Inconstancy and Tyranny of Temper, which from her own partial Opinion and Fondness of you she cou'd never have suspected——she did, I say, by the wholesome Advice of Friends and of Sages learn'd in the Laws of this Land, deliver this same as her Act and Deed to me in Trust, and to the Uses within mention'd. You may read if you please—[*Holding out the Parchment.*] tho' perhaps what is written on the Back may serve your Occasions.

Fain. Very likely, Sir. What's here? Damnation? [*Reads.*] *A Deed of Conveyance of the whole Estate real of* Arabella Languish, *Widow, in Trust to* Edward Mirabell.

Confusion!

Mira. Even so, Sir, 'tis *the Way of the World*, Sir; of the Widows of the World. I suppose this Deed may bear an elder Date than what you have obtain'd from your Lady.

Fain. Perfidious Fiend! then thus I'll be reveng'd.—
[*Offers to run at Mrs.* Fain.

Sir Wil. Hold, Sir, now you may make your *Bear-Garden* Flourish somewhere else, Sir.

Fain. Mirabell, you shall hear of this, Sir, be sure you shall.——Let me pass, Oaf. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fain. Madam, you seem to stifle your Resentment: You had better give it Vent.

RIDGEWOOD
Ridgewood,

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Mrs. Mar. Yes, it shall have Vent——and to your Confusion, or I'll perish in the Attempt. [*Exit.*

Lady. O Daughter, Daughter, 'tis plain thou hast inherited thy Mother's Prudence.

Mrs. Fain. Thank Mr. *Mirabell*, a cautious Friend, to whose Advice all is owing.

Lady. Well, Mr. *Mirabell*, you have kept your Promise ——and I must perform mine.——First I pardon for your sake Sir *Rowland* there and *Foible*——The next thing is to break the Matter to my Nephew—and how to do that——

Mira. For that, Madam, give your self no Trouble,—let me have your Consent——Sir *Wilfull* is my Friend; he has had Compassion upon Lovers, and generously engag'd a Volunteer in this Action, for our Service; and now designs to prosecute his Travels.

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, Aunt, I have no mind to marry. My Cousin's a fine Lady, and the Gentleman loves her, and she loves him, and they deserve one another; my Resolution is to see Foreign Parts——I have set on't—— and when I'm set on't, I must do't. And if these two Gentlemen wou'd travel too, I think they may be spar'd.

Pet. For my part, I say little—I think things are best off or on.

Wit. I gad I understand nothing of the matter,—I'm in a Maze yet, like a Dog in a Dancing-School.

Lady. Well Sir, take her, and with her all the Joy I can give you.

Milla. Why does not the Man take me? Wou'd you have me give my self to you over again?

Mira. Ay, and over and over again; [*Kisses her Hand.*] I wou'd have you as often as possibly I can. Well, Heav'n grant I love you not too well, that's all my Fear.

Sir Wil. 'Sheart you'll have time enough to toy after you're marry'd; or if you will toy now, let us have a Dance in the mean time; that we who are not Lovers may have some other Employment, besides looking on.

Mira. With all my Heart, dear Sir *Wilfull.* What shall we do for Musick?

Foib. O Sir, some that were provided for Sir *Rowland*'s Entertainment are yet within Call. [*A Dance.*

Lady. As I am a Person I can hold out no longer;—— I have wasted my Spirits so to Day already, that I am ready to sink under the Fatigue; and I cannot but have some Fears upon me yet, that my Son *Fainall* will pursue some desperate Course.

Mira. Madam, disquiet not your self on that account; to my Knowledge his Circumstances are such, he must of Force comply. For my part I will contribute all that in me lyes to a Reunion: In the mean time, Madam, [*To Mrs.* FAIN.] let me before these Witnesses restore to you this Deed of Trust; it may be a Means, well manag'd, to make you live easily together.

From hence let those be warn'd, who mean to wed;
Lest mutual Falshood stain the Bridal-Bed:
For each Deceiver to his Cost may find,
That Marriage Frauds too oft are paid in kind.

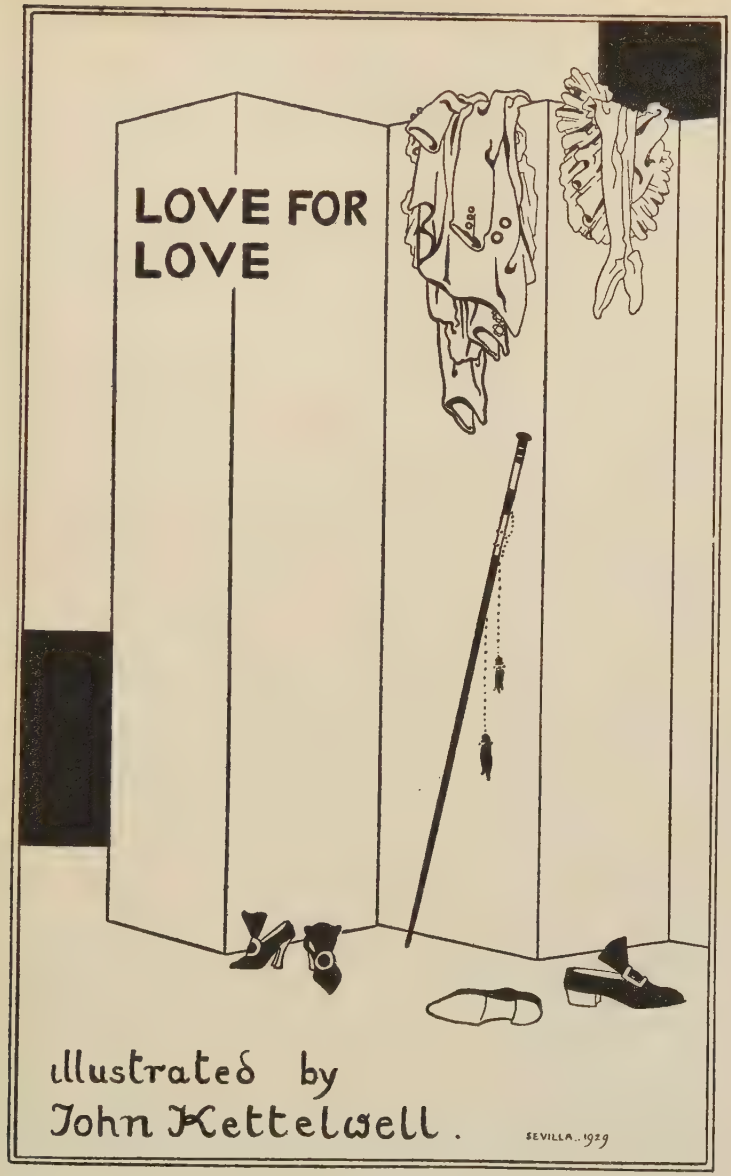
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

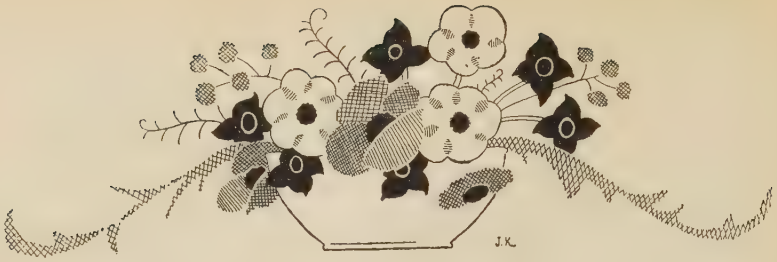
EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

AFTER our Epilogue *this Crowd dismisses,*
I'm thinking how this Play'll be pull'd to Pieces.
But pray consider, e'er you doom its Fall,
How hard a thing 'twou'd be, to please you all.
There are some Criticks so with Spleen diseas'd,
They scarely come inclining to be Pleas'd:
And sure he must have more than mortal Skill,
Who pleases any one against his Will.
Then, all bad Poets we are sure are Foes,
And how their Number's swell'd the Town well knows:
In shoals, I've mark'd 'em judging in the Pit;
Tho' they're on no Pretence for Judgment fit,
But that they have been Damn'd for Want of Wit.
Since when, they by their own Offences taught,
Set up for Spies on Plays, and finding Fault.
Others there are, whose Malice we'd prevent;
Such, who watch Plays, with scurrilous Intent
To mark out who by Characters *are meant.*
And tho' no perfect Likeness they can trace;
Yet each pretends to know the Copy'd Face.
These, with false Glosses feed their own Ill-nature,
And turn to Libel, *what was meant a* Satire.
May such malicious Fops *this Fortune find,*
To think themselves alone the Fools *design'd:*
If any are so arrogantly Vain,
To think they singly *can support a* Scene,
And furnish Fool *enough to entertain.*

For well the Learn'd and the Judicious know,
That Satire *scorns to stoop so meanly low,*
As any one abstracted Fop *to show.*
For, as when Painters form a matchless Face,
They from each Fair one *catch some diff'rent Grace;*
And shining Features in one Portrait blend,
To which no single Beauty must pretend:
So Poets oft, do in one Piece expose
Whole Belles Assemblées *of* Cocquets *and* Beaux.


LOVE FOR
LOVE
illustrated by
John Kettelwell.
SEVILLA. 1929



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's household, and Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, &c.

My Lord,

A YOUNG poet is liable to the same vanity and indiscretion with a young lover; and the great man who smiles upon one, and the fine woman who looks kindly upon t'other, are both of them in danger of having the favour published with the first opportunity.

But there may be a different motive, which will a little distinguish the offenders. For though one should have a vanity in ruining another's reputation, yet the other may only have an ambition to advance his own. And I beg leave, my Lord, that I may plead the latter, both as the cause and excuse of this dedication.

Whoever is king, is also the father of his country; and as nobody can dispute your Lordship's monarchy in poetry: so all that are concerned ought to acknowledge your universal patronage; and it is only presuming on the privilege of a loyal subject, that I have ventured to make this my address of thanks to your Lordship; which, at the same time, includes a prayer for your protection.

I am not ignorant of the common form of poetical dedications, which are generally made up of panegyrics,

where the authors endeavour to distinguish their patrons by the shining characters they give them above other men. But that, my Lord, is not my business at this time, nor is your Lordship now to be distinguished. I am contented with the honour I do myself in this epistle, without the vanity of attempting to add to or explain your Lordship's character.

I confess it is not without some struggling that I behave myself in this case as I ought; for it is very hard to be pleased with a subject, and yet forbear it. But I choose rather to follow Pliny's precept, than his example, when in his panegyric to the Emperor Trajan he says—"Nec minus considerabo quid aures ejus pati possint, quam quid virtutibus debeatur."

I hope I may be excused the pedantry of a quotation, when it is so justly applied. Here are some lines in the print (and which your Lordship read before this play was acted) that were omitted on the stage, and particularly one whole scene in the third Act, which not only helps the design forward with less precipitation, but also heightens the ridiculous character of Foresight, which indeed seems to be maimed without it. But I found myself in great danger of a long play, and was glad to help it where I could. Though notwithstanding my care, and the kind reception it had from the town, I could hardly wish it yet shorter; but the number of different characters represented in it would have been too much crowded in less room.

This reflection on prolixity (a fault for which scarce any one beauty will atone) warns me not to be tedious now, and detain your Lordship any longer with the trifles of, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient, and most humble servant,

WILL. CONGREVE.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN, AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE, BY MR. BETTERTON.[1]

THE husbandman in vain renews his toil,
To cultivate each year a hungry soil;
And fondly hopes for rich and generous fruit,
When what should feed the tree devours the root;
The unladen boughs, he sees, bode certain dearth,
Unless transplanted to more kindly earth.
So, the poor husbands of the ſtage, who found
Their labours loſt upon ungrateful ground,
This laſt and only remedy have proved,
And hope new fruit from ancient ſtocks removed.
Well may they hope, when you so kindly aid,
Well plant a soil which you so rich have made.
As Nature gave the world to man's firſt age,
So from your bounty we receive this ſtage;
The freedom man was born to you've reſtored.
And to our world such plenty you afford,
It seems like Eden, fruitful of its own accord.
But since in Paradise frail flesh gave way,
And when but two were made, both went aſtray;
Forbear your wonder and the fault forgive,
If in our larger family we grieve
One falling Adam, and one tempted Eve.

[1] The most celebrated actor of the day—the "phœnix of the stage" (born 1635, died 1710.) According to Pepys, he was "the beſt actor in the world." The new house was Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, built on the site of a tennis court, by Congreve, Betterton, Mrs. Barry, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, and opened April 30, 1695, with this comedy. Betterton appears to have acted the principal part in all of Congreve's plays on their first representation.

We who remain would gratefully repay
What our endeavours can, and bring, this day,
The first-fruit offering of a virgin play.
We hope there's something that may please each taste,
And though of homely fare we make the feast,
Yet you will find variety at least.
There's humour, which for cheerful friends we got,
And for the thinking party there's a plot.
We've something, too, to gratify ill-nature,
(If there be any here) and that is satire;
Though satire scarce dares grin, 'tis grown so mild,
Or only shows its teeth as if it smiled.
As asses thistles, poets mumble wit,
And dare not bite, for fear of being bit.
They hold their pens, as swords are held by fools,
And are afraid to use their own edge-tools.
Since *The Plain Dealer's* scenes of manly rage,
Not one has dared to lash this crying age.
This time the poet owns the bold essay,
Yet hopes there's no ill-manners in his play:
And he declares by me, he has designed
Affront to none, but frankly speaks his mind.
And should the ensuing scenes not chance to hit,
He offers but this one excuse, 'twas writ
Before your late encouragement of wit.

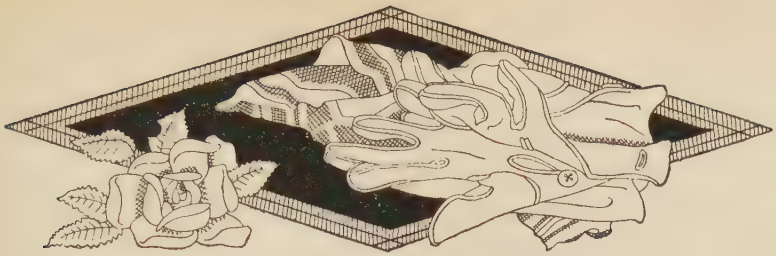
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Sampson Legend, Father of Valentine and Ben.
Valentine, fallen under his Father's displeasure by his expensive way of living, in love with Angelica.
Scandal, his Friend, a free speaker.
Tattle, a half-witted Beau, vain of his amours, yet valuing himself for secrecy.
Ben, Sir Sampson's younger Son, half home-bred, and half sea-bred, designed to marry Miss Prue.
Foresight, an illiterate old fellow, peevish and positive, superstitious, and pretending to understand Astrology, Palmistry, Physiognomy, Omens, Dreams, &c., Uncle to Angelica.
Jeremy, Servant to Valentine.
Trapland, a Scrivener.
Buckram, a Lawyer.
Snap, a Bailiff.

Angelica, Niece to Foresight, of a considerable Fortune in her own hands.
Mrs. Foresight, second Wife of Foresight.
Mrs. Frail, Sister to Mrs. Foresight, a Woman of the Town.
Miss Prue, Daughter of Foresight by a former Wife, a silly awkward country Girl.
Nurse to Miss Prue.
Jenny, Maid to Angelica.

Stewards, Sailors, and Servants.

SCENE—London.



LOVE FOR LOVE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

VALENTINE *in his Chamber Reading.* JEREMY *waiting. Several Books upon the Table.*

Val. JEREMY.

Jere. Sir.

Val. Here, take away; I'll walk a turn, and digeſt what I have read——

Jere. You'll grow devilish fat upon this Paper Diet. [*Aside, and taking away the Books.*

Val. And d'ye hear, go you to Breakfaſt——There's a Page doubled down in *Epicetus*, that is Feaſt for an Emperor.

Jere. Was *Epicetus* a real Cook, or did he only write Receipts?

Val. Read, read, Sirrah, and refine your Appetite; learn to live upon Inſtruction; feaſt your Mind, and mortifie your Flesh; Read, and take your Nourishment in at your Eyes; shut up your Mouth, and chew the Cud of Understanding. So *Epicetus* advises.

Jere. O Lord! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a Gentleman at *Cambridge*: Pray what was that *Epicetus*?

Val. A very rich Man,—Not worth a Groat.

Jere. Humph, and so he has made a very fine Feaſt, where there is nothing to be eaten.

Val. Yes.

Jere. Sir, you're a Gentleman, and probably underſtand this fine feeding: But if you please, I had rather be at Board-Wages. Does your *Epictetus*, or your *Seneca* here, or any of these poor rich Rogues, teach you how to pay your Debts without Mony? Will they shut up the Mouths of your Creditors? Will *Plato* be Bail for you? Or *Diogenes*, because he underſtands Confinement, and liv'd in a Tub, go to Priſon for you? 'Slife, Sir, what do you mean, to mew your self up here with three or four muſty Books, in Commendation of Starving and Poverty?

Val. Why, Sirrah, I have no Mony, you know it; and therefore resolve to rail at all that have: And in that I but follow the Examples of the wiſeſt and wittieſt Men in all Ages: these Poets and Philosophers whom you naturally hate, for juſt such another Reason; because they abound in Sense, and you are a Fool.

Jere. Ay, Sir, I am a Fool, I know it: And yet, Heav'n help me, I'm poor enough to be a Wit——— But I was always a Fool, when I told you what your Expenses would bring you to; your Coaches and your Liveries; your Treats and your Balls; your being in Love with a Lady, that did not care a Farthing for you in your Prosperity; and keeping Company with Wits, that car'd for nothing but your Prosperity; and now when you are poor, hate you as much as they do one another.

Val. Well; and now I am poor, I have an Opportunity to be reveng'd on them all; I'll pursue *Angelica* with more Love than ever, and appear more notoriously her Admirer in this Reſtraint, than when I openly rival'd the rich Fops, that made Court to her; so shall my Poverty be a Mortification to her Pride, and perhaps,

make her compassionate the Love, which has principally reduc'd me to this Lowness of Fortune. And for the Wits, I'm sure I am in a Condition to be even with them——

Jere. Nay, your Condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

Val. I'll take some of their Trade out of their Hands.

Jere. Now Heav'n of Mercy continue the Tax upon Paper; you don't mean to write!

Val. Yes, I do; I'll write a Play.

Jere. Hem!——Sir, if you please to give me a small Certificate of three Lines——only to certifie those whom it may concern; That the Bearer hereof, *Jeremy Fetch* by Name, has for the Space of sev'n Years truly and faithfully serv'd *Valentine Legend*, Esq; and that he is not now turn'd away for any Misdemeanour; but does voluntarily dismiss his Master from any future Authority over him—

Val. No, Sirrah, you shall live with me still.

Jere. Sir, it's impossible—I may die with you, starve with you, or be damn'd with your Works: But to live, even three Days, the Life of a Play, I no more expect it, than to be canoniz'd for a Muse, after my Decease.

Val. You are witty, you Rogue, I shall want your Help;——I'll have you learn to make Couplets, to tag the ends of Acts: D'ye hear, get the Maids to Crambo in an Evening, and learn the knack of Rhiming, you may arrive at the height of a Song, sent by an unknown Hand, or a Chocolate-House Lampoon.

Jere. But Sir, is this the way to recover your Father's Favour? Why, Sir *Sampson* will be irreconcilable. If your younger Brother shou'd come from Sea, he'd never look upon you again. You're undone, Sir; you're ruin'd; you won't have a Friend left in the World, if you turn Poet.——Ah Pox confound that *Will*'s Coffee-House, it has ruin'd more young Men than the *Royal*

Oak Lottery—Nothing thrives that belongs to't. The Man of the House would have been an Alderman by this time with half the Trade, if he had set up in the City——For my part, I never sit at the Door, that I don't get double the Stomach that I do at a Horse Race. The Air upon *Banstead-Downs* is nothing to it for a Whetter; yet I never see it, but the Spirit of Famine appears to me, sometimes like a decay'd Porter, worn out with Pimping, and carrying *Billet doux* and Songs; not like other Porters for Hire, but for the Jests sake. Now like a thin Chairman, melted down to half his Proportion, with carrying a Poet upon Tick, to visit some great Fortune; and his Fare to be paid him like the Wages of Sin, either at the Day of Marriage, or the Day of Death.

Val. Very well, Sir; can you proceed?

Jere. Sometimes like a bilk'd Bookseller, with a meagre terrify'd Countenance, that looks as if he had written for himself, or were resolv'd to turn Author, and bring the rest of his Brethren into the same Condition. And lastly, in the Form of a worn-out Punk, with Verses in her Hand, which her Vanity had prefer'd to Settlements, without a whole Tatter to her Tail, but as ragged as one of the Muses; or as if she were carrying her Linnen to the Paper-Mill, to be converted into Folio Books, of Warning to all young Maids, not to prefer Poetry to good Sense; or lying in the Arms of a needy Wit, before the Embraces of a wealthy Fool.

Enter SCANDAL.

Scan. What, *Jeremy* holding forth?

Val. The Rogue has (with all the Wit he could muster up) been declaiming against Wit.

Scan. Ay? Why then I'm afraid *Jeremy* has Wit: For where-ever it is, it's always contriving its own Ruin.

Jere. Why so I have been telling my Master, Sir:

Mr. *Scandal*, for Heav'ns sake, Sir, try if you can dis-swade him from turning Poet.

Scan. Poet! He shall turn Soldier first, and rather depend upon the Out-side of his Head, than the Lining. Why, what the Devil has not your Poverty made you Enemies enough? Must you needs shew your Wit to get more?

Jere. Ay, more indeed: for who cares for any Body that has more Wit than himself?

Scan. Jeremy speaks like an Oracle. Don't you see how worthless great Men, and dull rich Rogues, avoid a witty Man of small Fortune? Why, he looks like a Writ of Enquiry into their Titles and Estates; and seems Commission'd by Heaven to seize the better half.

Val. Therefore I would rail in my Writings, and be reveng'd.

Scan. Rail? At whom? the whole World? Impotent and vain! Who would die a Martyr to Sense in a Country where the Religion is Folly? You may stand at Bay for a while; but when the full Cry is against you, you shan't have fair play for your Life. If you can't be fairly run down by the Hounds, you will be treacherously shot by the Huntsmen.—No, turn Pimp. Flatterer, Quack, Lawyer, Parson, be Chaplain to an Atheist, or Stallion to an old Woman, any thing but Poet; a Modern Poet is worse, more servile, timorous, and fawning, than any I have nam'd: Without you could retrieve the Ancient Honours of the Name, recall the Stage of *Athens*, and be allow'd the Force of open honest Satire.

Val. You are as inveterate against our Poets, as if your Character had been lately expos'd upon the Stage. ——Nay, I am not violently bent upon the Trade.—— [*One Knocks.*] *Jeremy*, see who's there. [Jer. *goes to the Door.*] But tell me what you would have me do?—— What do the World say of me, and my forc'd Confinement?

Scan. The World behaves it self, as it uses to do on such Occasions; some pity you, and condemn your Father: Others excuse him, and blame you; only the Ladies are merciful, and wish you well: since Love and Pleasurable Expence, have been your greatest Faults.

Re-enter JEREMY.

Val. How now?

Jere. Nothing new, Sir; I have dispatch'd some half a Dozen Duns with as much Dexterity, as a hungry Judge does Causes at Dinner-time.

Val. What Answer have you giv'n 'em?

Scan. Patience, I suppose, the old Receipt.

Jere. No, faith Sir; I have put 'em off so long with Patience and Forbearance, and other fair Words; that I was forc'd now to tell 'em in plain downright *English*——

Val. What?

Jere. That they should be paid.

Val. When?

Jere. To Morrow.

Val. And how the Devil do you mean to keep your Word?

Jere. Keep it? Not at all; it has been so very much stretch'd, that I reckon it will break of course by to Morrow, and no body be surpriz'd at the Matter—— [*Knocking.*]—Again! Sir, if you don't like my Negotiation, will you be pleas'd to answer these your self.

Val. See who they are. [*Exit* JEREMY.

Val. By this, *Scandal*, you may see what it is to be great; Secretaries of State, Presidents of the Council, and Generals of an Army lead just such a Life as I do; have just such Crowds of Visitants in a Morning, all soliciting of past Promises; which are but a civiller sort of Duns, that lay claim to voluntary Debts.

Scan. And you, like a true great Man, having engaged their Attendance, and promis'd more than ever you

intended to perform; are more perplex'd to find Evasions, than you would be to invent the honeſt Means of keeping your Word, and gratifying your Creditors.

Val. Scandal, learn to spare your Friends, and do not provoke your Enemies; this Liberty of your Tongue will one Day bring a Confinement on your Body, my Friend.

Re-enter JEREMY.

Jere. O Sir, there's *Trapland* the Scrivener, with two ſuſpicious Fellows like lawful Pads, that would knock a Man down with Pocket-Tipſtaves,—And there's your Father's Steward, and the Nurſe with one of your Children from *Twitnam*.

Val. Pox on her, cou'd ſhe find no other time to fling my Sins in my Face: Here, give her this, [*Gives Mony*] and bid her trouble me no more; a thoughtleſs two handed Whore, ſhe knows my Condition well enough, and might have overlaid the Child a Fortnight ago, if ſhe had had any forecaſt in her.

Scan. What, is it bouncing *Margery*, with my Godſon?

Jere. Yes, Sir.

Scan. My bleſſing to the Boy, with this Token [*Gives Mony*] of my Love. And d'ye hear, bid *Margery* put more Flocks in her Bed, ſhift twice a Week, and not work ſo hard, that ſhe may not ſmell ſo vigorouſly.—— I ſhall take the Air ſhortly.

Val. Scandal, don't ſpoil my Boy's Milk:——[*To* JEREMY.] Bid *Trapland* come in. [*Exit* JEREMY.] If I can give that *Cerberus* a Sop, I ſhall be at reſt for one Day.

Re-enter JEREMY *with* TRAPLAND.

Val. O Mr. *Trapland*! my old Friend! Welcome. *Jeremy*, a Chair quickly: A Bottle of Sack and a Toaſt —fly—a Chair firſt.

Trap. A good Morning to you, Mr. *Valentine*, and to you, Mr. *Scandal*.

Scan. The Morning's a very good Morning, if you don't spoil it.

Val. Come sit you down, you know his way.

Trap. [*sits*] There is a Debt, Mr. *Valentine*, of 1500*l.* of pretty long standing——

Val. I cannot talk about Business with a thirsty Palate.——Sirrah, the Sack.

Trap. And I desire to know what Course you have taken for the Payment?

Val. Faith and Troth, I am heartily glad to see you, ——my Service to you,—fill, fill, to honest Mr. *Trapland*, fuller.

Trap. Hold, Sweet-heart.——This is not to our Business:——my Service to you, Mr. *Scandal*—[*Drinks*]—I have forborn as long——

Val. T'other Glass, and then we'll talk. Fill, *Jeremy*.

Trap. No more, in truth.—I have forborn, I say——

Val. Sirrah, fill when I bid you.——And how does your handsome Daughter?——Come, a good Husband to her. [*Drinks.*

Trap. Thank you——I have been out of this Mony——

Val. Drink first. *Scandal*, why do you not drink? [*They drink.*

Trap. And in short, I can be put off no longer.

Val. I was much oblig'd to you for your Supply: It did me Signal Service in my Necessity. But you delight in doing good.—*Scandal*, drink to me, my Friend *Trapland's* Health. An honester Man lives not, nor one more ready to serve his Friend in Distress: Tho' I say it to his Face. Come, fill each Man his Glass.

Scan. What, I know *Trapland* has been a Whoremaster, and loves a Wench still. You never knew a Whoremaster that was not an honest Fellow.

Trap. Fie, Mr. *Scandal*, you never knew——

Scan. What don't I know?——I know the Buxom black Widow in the *Poultry*——800*l.* a Year Jointure, and 20,000*l.* in Mony. Ahah! Old *Trap*.

Val. Say you so, i'faith: Come, we'll remember the Widow: I know whereabouts you are; Come, to the Widow——

Trap. No more indeed.

Val. What, the Widow's Health; give it him—off with it: [*They drink.*] A lovely Girl, I'faith, black sparkling Eyes, soft pouting Ruby-Lips? better sealing there, than a Bond for a Million, hah!

Trap. No, no, there's no such thing, we'd better mind our Business—You're a Wag.

Val. No, faith, we'll mind the Widow's Business, fill again——Pretty round heaving Breasts,—a *Barbary* Shape, and a Jut with her Bum, would stir an *Anchoret*: And the prettiest Foot! Oh if a Man could but fasten his Eyes to her Feet, as they steal in and out, and play at Bo-peep under her Petticoats, ah! Mr. *Trapland*?

Trap. Verily, give me a Glass,—you're a Wag,—— and here's to the Widow. [*Drinks.*

Scan. He begins to Chuckle;——ply him close, or he'll relapse into a Dun. [*Exit* JEREMY.

Enter SNAP.

Snap. By your Leave, Gentlemen,——Mr. *Trapland*, if we must do our Office, tell us.—We have half a dozen Gentlemen to arrest in *Pall-Mall* and *Covent-Garden*; and if we don't make haste, the Chairmen will be abroad, and block up the Chocolate-Houses and then our Labour's lost.

Trap. Udso that's true, Mr. *Valentine*; I love Mirth, but Business must be done, are you ready to——

Re-enter JEREMY.

Jere. Sir, your Father's Steward says he comes to make Proposals concerning your Debts.

Val. Bid him come in: Mr. *Trapland*, send away your Officer, you shall have an Answer presently.

Trap. Mr. *Snap*, stay within Call. [*Exit* SNAP.

Enter STEWARD *who whispers* VALENTINE.

Scan. Here's a Dog now, a Traitor in his Wine. Sirrah refund the Sack: *Jeremy* fetch him some warm Water, or I'll rip up his Stomach, and go the shortest way to his Conscience.

Trap. Mr. *Scandal*, you are uncivil; I did not value your Sack; but you cannot expect it again, when I have drunk it.

Scan. And how do you expect to have your Mony again, when a Gentleman has spent it?

Val. You need say no more, I understand the Conditions; they are very hard, but my Necessity is very pressing: I agree to 'em. Take Mr. *Trapland* with you, and let him draw the Writing—Mr. *Trapland*, you know this Man, he shall satisfie you.

Trap. Sincerely, I am loth to be thus pressing, but my Necessity——

Val. No Apology, good Mr. Scrivener, you shall be paid.

Trap. I hope you forgive me, my Business requires——

[*Exeunt* TRAPLAND, STEWARD *and* JEREMY.

SCENE II.

The Same.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

Scan. He begs Pardon like a Hangman at an Execution.

Val. But I have got a Reprieve.

Scan. I am surpriz'd; what, does your Father relent?

Val. No; He has sent me the hardest Conditions in the World: You have heard of a Booby-Brother of mine, that was sent to Sea three Years ago? This Brother, my Father hears is landed; whereupon he very affectionately sends me Word; If I will make a Deed of Con-

veyance of my Right to his Estate after his Death, to my younger Brother, he will immediately furnish me with four thousand Pound to pay my Debts, and make my Fortune. This was once propos'd before, and I refus'd it; but the present Impatience of my Creditors for their Mony, and my own Impatience of Confinement, and Absence from *Angelica*, force me to consent.

Scan. A very desperate Demonstration of your Love to *Angelica*: And I think she has never given you any Assurance of hers.

Val. You know her Temper; she never gave me any great Reason either for Hope or Despair.

Scan. Women of her airy Temper, as they seldom think before they act, so they rarely give us any Light to guess at what they mean: But you have little Reason to believe that a Woman of this Age, who has had an Indifference for you in your Prosperity, will fall in Love with your ill Fortune; besides, *Angelica* has a great Fortune of her own; and great Fortunes either expect another great Fortune, or a Fool.

Enter JEREMY.

Jere. More Misfortunes, Sir.

Val. What, another Dun?

Jere. No, Sir, but Mr. *Tattle* is come to wait upon you.

Val. Well, I can't help it,—you must bring him up; he knows I don't go abroad. [*Exit* JEREMY.

Scan. Pox on him, I'll be gone.

Val. No, prithee stay: *Tattle* and you should never be asunder; you are Light and Shadow, and shew one another; he is perfectly thy Reverse both in Humour and Understanding; and as you set up for Defamation, he is a mender of Reputations.

Scan. A mender of Reputations! ay, just as he is a keeper of Secrets, another Virtue that he sets up for in the same manner. For the Rogue will speak aloud in

the Posture of a whisper; and deny a Woman's Name, while he gives you the Marks of her Person: He will forswear receiving a Letter from her, and at the same time shew you her Hand in the Superscription: And yet perhaps he has counterfeited the Hand too, and sworn to a Truth; but he hopes not to be believ'd; and refuses the Reputation of a Lady's Favour, as a Doctor says, No, to a Bishoprick, only that it may be granted him.—In short, he is a publick Professor of Secresie, and makes Proclamation that he holds private Intelligence——He's here.

Enter Tattle.

Tatt. Valentine, good Morrow *Scandal*; I am Yours, ——That is, when you speak well of me.

Scan. That is, when I am yours; for while I am my own, or any Body's else, that will never happen.

Tatt. How Inhuman!

Val. Why, *Tattle*, you need not be much concern'd at anything that he says; For to converse with *Scandal*, is to play at *Losing Loadum*; you must lose a good Name to him, before you can win it for your self.

Tatt. But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the World shall think the better of any Person for his Calumniation!——I thank Heav'n, it has always been a part of my Character, to handle the Reputations of others very tenderly indeed.

Scan. Ay, such rotten Reputations as you have to deal with, are to be handl'd tenderly indeed.

Tatt. Nay, but why rotten? Why should you say rotten, when you know not the Persons of whom you speak? How cruel that is!

Scan. Not know 'em? Why, thou never hadst to do with any body that did not stink to all the Town.

Tatt. Ha, ha, ha; nay, now you make a Jest of it indeed. For there is nothing more known, than that no body knows any thing of that Nature of me: As I

hope to be sav'd, *Valentine*, I never expos'd a Woman, since I knew what Woman was.

Val. And yet you have convers'd with several.

Tatt. To be free with you, I have—I don't care if I own that——Nay more (I'm going to say a bold Word now) I never could meddle with a Woman, that had to do with any body else.

Scan. How!

Val. Nay, faith, I'm apt to believe him——Except her Husband, *Tattle*.

Tatt. Oh that——

Scan. What think you of that Noble Commoner, Mrs. *Drab*?

Tatt. Pooh, I know Madam *Drab* has made her Brags in three or four Places, that I said this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what——But, upon my Reputation, she did me wrong——Well, well, that was Malice——But I know the bottom of it. She was brib'd to that by one we all know—A Man too. Only to bring me into Disgrace with a certain Woman of Quality——

Scan. Whom we all know.

Tatt. No matter for that—Yes, yes, every body knows——No doubt on't, every body knows my Secrets——But I soon satisfy'd the Lady of my Innocence; for I told her——Madam, says I, there are some Persons, who make it their Business to tell Stories, and say this and that of one and t'other, and every thing in the World; and, says I, if your Grace——

Scan. Grace!

Tatt. O Lord, what have I said? My unlucky Tongue!

Val. Ha, ha, ha.

Scan. Why, *Tattle*, thou hast more Impudence than one can in Reason expect: I shall have an Esteem for thee, well, and ha, ha, ha, well, go on, and what did you say to her Grace?

Val. I confess this is something extraordinary.

Tatt. Not a Word, as I hope to be sav'd; an errant *Lapsus Linguæ*—Come, let's talk of something else.

Val. Well, but how did you acquit your self?

Tatt. Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only rally'd with you—a Woman of ordinary Rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her something or other, faith——I know not what——Come, let's talk of something else.

[*Hums a Song.*

Scan. Hang him, let him alone, he has a Mind we should enquire.

Tatt. Valentine, I Supp'd last Night with your Mistress, and her Uncle Old *Foresight*: I think your Father lies at *Foresight*'s.

Val. Yes.

Tatt. Upon my Soul *Angelica*'s a fine Woman—And so is Mrs. *Foresight*, and her Sister Mrs. *Frail.*

Scan. Yes, Mrs. *Frail* is a very fine Woman, we all know her.

Tatt. Oh, that is not fair.

Scan. What?

Tatt. To tell.

Scan. To tell what? Why, what do you know of Mrs. *Frail*?

Tatt. Who, I? Upon Honour I don't know whether she be Man or Woman; but by the Smoothness of her Chin, and Roundness of her Hips.

Scan. No!

Tatt. No.

Scan. She says otherwise.

Tatt. Impossible!

Scan. Yes, Faith. Ask *Valentine* else.

Tatt. Why, then, as I hope to be sav'd, I believe a Woman only obliges a Man to Secresie, that she may have the Pleasure of telling her self.

Scan. No doubt on't. Well, but has she done you Wrong, or no? You have had her? Ha?

Tatt. Tho' I have more Honour than to tell first; I have more Manners than to contradict what a Lady has declar'd.

Scan. Well, you own it?

Tatt. I am strangely surpriz'd! Yes, yes, I can't deny't, if she taxes me with it.

Scan. She'll be here by and by, she sees *Valentine* every Morning.

Tatt. How!

Val. She does me the Favour——I mean of a Visit sometimes. I did not think she had granted more to any body.

Scan. Nor I, faith——But *Tattle* does not use to bely a Lady; it is contrary to his Character——How one may be deceiv'd in a Woman, *Valentine*!

Tatt. Nay, what do you mean, Gentlemen?

Scan. I'm resolv'd I'll ask her.

Tatt. O barbarous! Why did you not tell me——

Scan. No, you told us.

Tatt. And bid me ask *Valentine*?

Val. What did I say? I hope you won't bring me to confess an Answer, when you never ask'd me the Question?

Tatt. But, Gentlemen, this is the most inhuman Proceeding——

Val. Nay, if you have known *Scandal* thus long, and cannot avoid such a palpable Decoy as this was; the Ladies have a fine time, whose Reputations are in your keeping.

Re-enter JEREMY.

Jere. Sir, Mrs. *Frail* has sent to know if you are stirring.

Val. Shew her up when she comes. [*Exit* JEREMY.

Tatt. I'll be gone.

Val. You'll meet her.

Tatt. Is there not a back way?

Val. If there were, you have more Discretion than to give *Scandal* such an Advantage; why, your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

Tatt. Scandal, you will not be so ungenerous——O, I shall lose my Reputation of Secresie for ever——I shall never be receiv'd but upon Publick Days; and my Visits will never be admitted beyond a drawing-Room: I shall never see a Bed-Chamber again, never be lock'd in a Closet, nor run behind a Screen, or under a Table; never be distinguished among the Waiting-Women by the Name of Trusty Mr. *Tattle* more——You will not be so cruel.

Val. Scandal, have pity on him; he'll yield to any Conditions.

Tatt. Any, any Terms.

Scan. Come then, sacrifice half a Dozen Women of good Reputation to me presently——Come, where are you familiar?——And see that they are Women of Quality too, the first Quality——

Tatt. 'Tis very hard——Won't a Baronet's Lady pass?

Scan. No, nothing under a Right Honourable.

Tatt. O inhuman! You don't expect their Names.

Scan. No, their Titles shall serve.

Tatt. Alas, that's the same thing: Pray spare me their Titles; I'll describe their Persons.

Scan. Well, begin then: But take notice, if you are so ill a Painter, that I cannot know the Person by your Picture of her, you must be condemn'd, like other bad Painters, to write the Name at the Bottom.

Tatt. Well, first then——

Enter Mrs. Frail.

Tatt. O unfortunate! she's come already; will you have Patience 'till another time——I'll double the Number.

Scan. Well, on that Condition—Take heed you don't fail me.

Mrs. Frail. I shall get a fine Reputation, by coming to see Fellows in a Morning. *Scandal*, you Devil, are you here too? Oh Mr. *Tattle*, every thing is safe with you, we know.

Scan. Tattle.

Tatt. Mum——O Madam, you do me too much Honour.

Val. Well, Lady Galloper, how does *Angelica*?

Mrs. Frail. Angelica? Manners!

Val. What, you will allow an absent Lover——

Mrs. Frail. No, I'll allow a Lover present with his Mistress to be particular—But otherwise I think his Passion ought to give place to his Manners.

Val. But what if he has more Passion than Manners?

Mrs. Frail. Then let him marry and reform.

Val. Marriage indeed may qualifie the Fury of his Passion, but it very rarely mends a Man's Manners.

Mrs. Frail. You are the most mistaken in the World; there is no Creature perfectly civil, but a Husband. For in a little time he grows only rude to his Wife, and that is the highest good Breeding, for it begets his Civility to other People. Well, I'll tell you News; but I suppose you hear your Brother *Benjamin* is landed. And my Brother *Foresight*'s Daughter is come out of the Country ——I assure you, there's a Match talk'd of by the old People——Well, if he be but as great a Sea-Beast, as she is a Land-Monster, we shall have a most amphibious Breed——The Progeny will be all Otters: He has been bred at Sea, and she has never been out of the Country.

Val. Pox take 'em, their Conjunction bodes me no good, I'm sure.

Mrs. Frail. Now you talk of Conjunction, my Brother *Foresight* has cast both their Nativities, and Prognosticates an Admiral and an eminent Justice of the Peace to be the Issue-Male of their two Bodies; 'tis the most superstitious old Fool! He would have perswaded me, that this was an unlucky Day, and wou'd

not let me come abroad: But I invented a Dream, and sent him to *Artimedorus* for Interpretation, and so ſtole out to see you. Well, and what will you give me now? Come, I muſt have something.

Val. Step into the next Room——and I'll give you something.

Scan. Ay, we'll all give you something.

Mrs. Frail. Well, what will you all give me?

Val. Mine's a Secret.

Mrs. Frail. I thought you would give me something, that would be a Trouble to you to keep.

Val. And *Scandal* shall give you a good Name.

Mrs. Frail. That's more than he has for himself. And what will you give me, Mr. *Tattle*?

Tatt. I? My Soul, Madam.

Mrs. Frail. Pooh! No, I thank you, I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well; but I'll come and see you one of these Mornings: I hear you have a great many Pictures.

Tatt. I have a pretty good Collection at your Service, some Originals.

Scan. Hang him, he has nothing but the *Seasons* and the *Twelve Cæsars*, paultry Copies; and the *Five Senses*, as ill represented as they are in himself; and he himself is the only Original you will see there.

Mrs. Frail. Ay, but I hear he has a Closet of Beauties.

Scan. Yes, all that have done him Favours, if you will believe him.

Mrs. Frail. Ay, let me see those, Mr. *Tattle*.

Tatt. Oh, Madam, those are sacred to Love and Contemplation. No Man but the Painter and my self was ever bleſt with the Sight.

Mrs. Frail. Well, but a Woman——

Tatt. Nor Woman, 'till she consented to have her Picture there too——for then she's oblig'd to keep the Secret.

Scan. No, no; come to me if you'd see Pictures.

Mrs. Frail. You?

Scan. Yes Faith, I can shew you your own Picture, and most of your Acquaintance to the Life, and as like as at *Kneller's*.

Mrs. Frail. O lying Creature—*Valentine*, does not he lye?——I can't believe a Word he says.

Val. No indeed, he speaks truth now: For as *Tattle* has Pictures of all that have granted him Favours, he has the Pictures of all that have refus'd him: If Satires, Descriptions, Characters, and Lampoons are Pictures.

Scan. Yes, mine are most in black and white.—And yet there are some set out in their true Colours, both Men and Women. I can shew you Pride, Folly, Affectation, Wantonness, Inconstancy, Covetousness, Dissimulation, Malice and Ignorance, all in one Piece. Then I can shew you Lying, Foppery, Vanity, Cowardice, Bragging, Lechery, Impotence and Ugliness in another Piece; and yet one of these is a celebrated Beauty, and t'other a profest Beau. I have Paintings too, some pleasant enough.

Mrs. Frail. Come, let's hear 'em.

Scan. Why, I have a Beau, in a Bagnio, Cupping for a Complexion, and sweating for a Shape.

Mrs. Frail. So.

Scan. Then I have a Lady burning Brandy in a Cellar with a Hackney Coachman.

Mrs. Frail. O Devil! Well, but that Story is not true.

Scan. I have some Hieroglyphicks too; I have a Lawyer with a hundred Hands, two Heads, and but one Face; a Divine with two Faces, and one Head; and I have a Soldier with his Brains in his Belly, and his Heart where his Head shou'd be.

Mrs. Frail. And no Head?

Scan. No Head.

Mrs. Frail. Pooh, this is all Invention. Have you ne'er a Poet?

Scan. Yes, I have a Poet weighing Words, and selling

Praise for Praise, and a Critick picking his Pocket. I have another large Piece too, representing a School; where there are huge Proportion'd Criticks, with long Wiggs, Lac'd Coats, *Steinkirk* Cravats, and terrible Faces; with Cat-calls in their Hands, and Horn-Books about their Necks. I have many more of this kind, very well painted, as you shall see.

Mrs. Frail. Well, I'll come, if it be but to disprove you.

Re-enter JEREMY.

Jere. Sir, here's the Steward again from your Father.

Val. I'll come to him——will you give me Leave, I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs. Frail. No, I'll be gone. Come, who Squires me to the *Exchange*, I must call my Sister *Foresight* there?

Scan. I will: I have a Mind to your Sister.

Mrs. Frail. Civil!

Tatt. I will; because I have a Tendre for your Ladyship.

Mrs. Frail. That's somewhat the better Reason, to my Opinion.

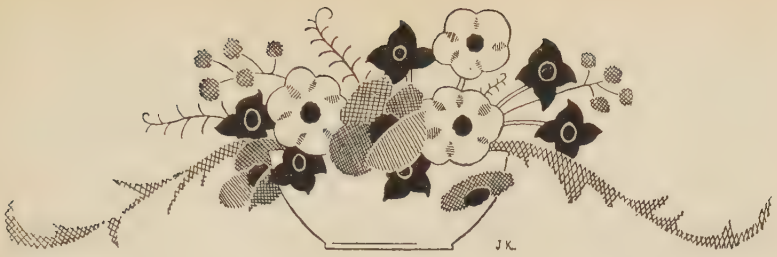
Scan. Well, if *Tattle* entertains you, I have the better Opportunity to engage your Sister.

Val. Tell *Angelica*, I am about making hard Conditions to come abroad, and be at Liberty to see her.

Scan. I'll give an Account of you, and your Proceedings. If Indiscretion be a Sign of Love, you are the most a Lover of any Body that I know: You fancy that parting with your Estate, will help you to your Mistress ——In my Mind he is a Thoughtless Adventurer,

Who hopes to purchase Wealth, by selling Land;
Or win a Mistress, with a losing Hand.

End of the First Act.



ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Room in FORESIGHT'S *House.*

FORESIGHT *and* SERVANT.

Fore. HEY day! What, are all the Women of my Family abroad? Is not my Wife come home? Nor my Sister, nor my Daughter?

Serv. No, Sir.

Fore. Mercy on us, what can be the meaning of it? Sure the Moon is in all her Fortitudes; Is my Neice *Angelica* at home?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Fore. I believe you lie, Sir.

Serv. Sir?

Fore. I say you lie, Sir. It is impossible that any thing should be as I wou'd have it; for I was born, Sir, when the Crab was ascending, and all my Affairs go backward.

Serv. I can't tell indeed, Sir.

Fore. No, I know you can't, Sir: But I can tell, and foretell, Sir.

Enter NURSE.

Fore. Nurse, where's your young Mistress?

Nurse. Wee'st heart, I know not, they're none of 'em come home yet: Poor Child, I warrant she's fond o'

seeing the Town—Marry, pray Heav'n they ha' given her any Dinner——Good lack-a-day, ha, ha, ha, O ſtrange; I'll vow and swear now, ha, ha, ha, marry and did you ever see the like!

Fore. Why how now, what's the Matter?

Nurse. Pray Heav'n send your Worſhip good Luck, Marry and Amen with all my Heart, for you have put on one Stocking with the wrong ſide outward.

Fore. Ha, how? Faith and troth I'm glad of it, and ſo I have, that may be good Luck in troth, in troth it may, very good Luck: Nay I have had ſome Omens: I got out of Bed backwards too this Morning, without Premeditation; pretty good that too; but then I ſtumbled coming down Stairs, and met a Weaſel; bad Omens thoſe: Some bad, ſome good, our Lives are checquer'd: Mirth and Sorrow, Want and Plenty, Night and Day, make up our Time——But in troth I am pleas'd at my Stocking; very well pleas'd at my Stocking——Oh here's my Neice!——Sirrah, go tell Sir *Sampſon Legend* I'll wait on him if he's at leiſure,——'tis now three a Clock, a very good Hour for Buſineſs, *Mercury* governs this Hour. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Angelica.

Ang. Is it not a good Hour for Pleaſure too, Uncle? pray lend me your Coach, mine's out of Order.

Fore. What, wou'd you be gadding too? Sure all Females are mad to day—It is of evil Portent, and bodes Miſchief to the Maſter of a Family——I remember an old Propheſie written by *Meſſahalah* the *Arabian*, and thus tranſlated by a Reverend *Buckinghamſhire* Bard.

When Houſewifes all the Houſe forſake,
And leave good Man to Brew and Bake,
Withouten Guile, then be it ſaid,
That Houſe doth ſtond upon its Head:
And when the Head is ſet in Grond,
Ne marl, if it be fruitful fond.

Fruitful, the Head fruitful, that bodes Horns; the Fruit of the Head is Horns——Dear Neice, ſtay at home——For by the Head of the House is meant the Husband; the Prophecy needs no Explanation.

Ang. Well, but I can neither make you a Cuckold, Uncle, by going abroad; nor ſecure you from being one, by ſtaying at home.

Fore. Yes, yes; while there's one Woman left, the Prophecy is not in full Force.

Ang. But my Inclinations are in force; I have a mind to go abroad; and if you won't lend me your Coach, I'll take a Hackney, or a Chair, and leave you to erect a Scheme, and find who's in Conjunction with your Wife. Why don't you keep her at home, if you're Jealous of her when she's abroad? You know my Aunt is a little Retrograde (as you call it) in her Nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you are not Lord of the Aſcendant, ha, ha, ha.

Fore. Well, Jill-flirt, you are very pert——and always ridiculing that Celeſtial Science.

Ang. Nay Uncle, don't be angry——If you are, I'll reap up all your falſe Prophecies, ridiculous Dreams, and idle Divinations. I'll ſwear you are a Nuſance to the Neighbourhood——What a Buſtle did you keep againſt the laſt invisible Eclipſe, laying in Proviſion as 'twere for a Siege! What a world of Fire and Candle, Matches and Tinderboxes did you purchaſe! One would have thought we were ever after to live under Ground, or at leaſt making a Voyage to *Greenland*, to inhabit there all the dark Season.

Fore. Why, you malapert Slut——

Ang. Will you lend me your Coach, or I'll go on——Nay, I'll declare how you prophecy'd Popery was coming, only because the Butler had mis-laid some of the Apoſtle Spoons, and thought they were loſt. Away went Religion and Spoon-meat together——Indeed, Uncle, I'll indite you for a Wizard.

Fore. How Hussy! was there ever such a provoking Minx?

Nurse. O merciful Father, how she talks!

Ang. Yes, I can make Oath of your unlawful Midnight Practices; you and the Old Nurse there——

Nurse. Marry Heav'n defend——I at Midnight Practices——O Lord, what's here to do?—I in unlawful Doings with my Master's Worship——Why, did you ever hear the like now——Sir, did ever I do any thing of your Midnight Concerns——but warm your Bed, and tuck you up, and set the Candle and your Tobacco-Box, and your Urinal by you, and now and then rub the Soles of your Feet?——O Lord, I!——

Ang. Yes, I saw you together, thro' the Keyhole of the Closet, one Night, like *Saul* and the Witch of *Endor*, turning the Sieve and Sheers, and pricking your Thumbs, to write poor innocent Servants Names in Blood, about a little Nutmeg Grater, which she had forgot in the Caudle-Cup——Nay, I know something worse, if I would speak of it——

Fore. I defie you, Hussy; but I'll remember this, I'll be reveng'd on you, Cockatrice; I'll hamper you—— You have your Fortune in your own Hands—but I'll find a way to make your Lover, your Prodigal Spendthrift Gallant, *Valentine*, pay for all, I will.

Ang. Will you? I care not, but all shall out then—— Look to't, Nurse; I can bring Witness that you have a great unnatural Teat under your left Arm, and he another; and that you suckle a young Devil in the Shape of a Tabby-Cat, by turns, I can.

Nurse. A Teat, a Teat, I an unnatural Teat! O the false slanderous thing; feel, feel here, if I have any thing but like another Christian. [*Crying.*

Fore. I will have Patience, since it is the Will of the Stars I should be thus tormented——This is the Effect of the malicious Conjunctions and Oppositions in the third House of my Nativity; there the Curse of Kindred

ANGELICA

was foretold——But I will have my Doors lock'd up——I'll punish you, not a Man shall enter my House.

Ang. Do, Uncle, lock 'em up quickly before my Aunt come home——You'll have a Letter for Alimony to Morrow Morning——But let me be gone first, and then let no Mankind come near the House, but converse with Spirits and the Celestial Signs, the Bull, and the Ram, and the Goat. Bless me! there are a great many horn'd Beasts among the twelve Signs, Uncle. But Cuckolds go to Heav'n.

Fore. But there's but one Virgin among the Twelve Signs, Spitfire, but one Virgin.

Ang. Nor there had not been that one, if she had had to do with any thing but Astrologers, Uncle. That makes my Aunt go abroad.

Fore. How? How? Is that the Reason? Come, you know something; tell me, and I'll forgive you; do, good Neice—Come, you shall have my Coach and Horses,——Faith and troth you shall——Does my Wife complain? Come, I know Women tell one another—She is young and sanguine, has a wanton Hazle Eye, and was born under *Gemini*, which may incline her to Society; she has a Mole upon her Lip, with a moist Palm, and an open Liberality on the Mount of *Venus*.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha.

Fore. Do you laugh?——Well Gentlewoman, I'll——But come, be a good Girl, don't perplex your poor Uncle, tell me——won't you speak? Odd I'll——

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir *Sampson* is coming down to wait upon you—

Ang. Good bu'y Uncle——Call me a Chair——I'll find out my Aunt, and tell her, she must not come home.

Fore. I'm so perplex'd and vex'd, I am not fit to receive him; I shall scarce recover my self before the

Hour be paſt: Go Nurse, tell Sir *Sampson* I'm ready to wait on him.

Nurse. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fore. Well—Why, if I was born to be a Cuckold, there's no more to be said—he's here already.

Enter Sir Sampson Legend *with a Paper.*

Sir Samp. Nor no more to be done, old Boy; that's plain—here 'tis, I have it in my Hand, old *Ptolomee;* I'll make the ungracious Prodigal know who begat him; I will, old *Nostrodamus.* What, I warrant my Son thought nothing belong'd to a Father, but Forgiveness and Affection; no Authority, no Correction, no Arbitrary Power; nothing to be done, but for him to offend and me to pardon. I warrant you, if he danc'd till Doomsday, he thought I was to pay the Piper. Well, but here it is under black and white, *Signatum Sigillatum,* and *Deliberatum*; that as soon as my Son *Benjamin* is arriv'd, he is to make over to him his Right of Inheritance. Where's my Daughter that is to be——hah! old *Merlin!* body o'me, I'm so glad I'm reveng'd on this undutiful Rogue.

Fore. Odso, let me see; Let me see the Paper—Ay, faith and troth, here 'tis, if it will but hold——I wish things were done, and the Conveyance made——When was this sign'd, what Hour? Odso, you should have consulted me for the time. Well, but we'll make haſte——

Sir Samp. Haſte, ay, ay; haſte enough, my Son *Ben* will be in Town to Night—I have order'd my Lawyer to draw up Writings of Settlement and Jointure——All shall be done to Night—No matter for the time; prithee, Brother *Foresight,* leave Superſtition——Pox o'th' time; there's no time but the time present, there's no more to be said of what's paſt, and all that is to come will happen. If the Sun shine by Day, and the Stars by Night, why, we shall know one another's Faces

without the help of a Candle, and that's all the Stars are good for.

Fore. How, how? Sir *Sampson*, that all? Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir Samp. I tell you I am wise; and *sapiens dominabitur astris*; there's Latin for you to prove it, and an Argument to confound your *Ephemeris*——Ignorant!——I tell you, I have travell'd old *Fircu*, and know the Globe. I have seen the *Antipodes*, where the Sun rises at Midnight, and sets at Noon-Day.

Fore. But I tell you, I have travell'd, and travell'd in the Cœlestial *Spheres*, known the *Signs* and the *Planets*, and their Houses. Can judge of Motions Direct and Retrograde, of *Sextiles*, *Quadrates*, *Trines* and *Oppositions*, Fiery *Trigons* and Aquatical *Trigons*. Know whether Life shall be long or short, Happy or Unhappy, whether Diseases are Curable or Incurable. If Journeys shall be prosperous, Undertakings successful; or Goods stoll'n recover'd, I know——

Sir Samp. I know the length of the Emperor of *China's* Foot; have kiss'd the *Great Mogul*'s Slipper, and rid a Hunting upon an Elephant with the Cham of *Tartary*, ——Body o'me, I have made a Cuckold of a King, and the present Majesty of *Bantam* is the Issue of these Loins.

Fore. I know when Travellers lye or speak Truth, when they don't know it themselves.

Sir Samp. I have known an Astrologer made a Cuckold in the Twinkling of a Star; and seen a Conjurer, that cou'd not keep the Devil out of his Wife's Circle.

Fore. What, does he twit me with my Wife too? I must be better inform'd of this,—[*Aside.*]——Do you mean my Wife, Sir *Sampson*? Tho' you made a Cuckold of the King of *Bantam*, yet by the Body of the Sun——

Sir Samp. By the Horns of the Moon, you wou'd say, Brother *Capricorn*.

Fore. *Capricorn* in your Teeth, thou Modern *Mandevil*; *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto* was but a Type of thee, thou

Liar of the first Magnitude. Take back your Paper of Inheritance; send your Son to Sea again. I'll wed my Daughter to an *Egyptian* Mummy, e'er she shall Incorporate with a Contemner of Sciences, and a Defamer of Virtue.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, I have gone too far;——I must not provoke honest *Albumazar*,——an *Egyptian* Mummy is an Illustrious Creature, my trusty Hieroglyphick; and may have Significations of Futurity about him; Odsbud, I would my Son were an *Egyptian* Mummy for thy sake. What, thou art not angry for a Jest, my good *Haly*——I reverence the Sun, Moon and Stars with all my Heart.—What, I'll make thee a Present of a Mummy: Now I think on't, Body o'me, I have a Shoulder of an *Egyptian* King, that I purloin'd from one of the Pyramids, powder'd with Hieroglyphicks, thou shalt have it brought home to thy House, and make an Entertainment for all the *Philomaths*, and Students in Physick and Astrology in and about *London*.

Fore. But what do you know of my Wife, Sir *Sampson*?

Sir Samp. Thy Wife is a Constellation of Virtues; she's the Moon, and thou art the Man in the Moon: Nay, she is more illustrious than the Moon; for she has her Chastity without her Inconstancy, s'bud I was but in Jest.

Enter JEREMY.

Sir Samp. How now, who sent for you? Ha! What wou'd you have?

[JEREMY *whispers to* Sir SAMPSON.

Fore. Nay, if you were but in jest——Who's that Fellow? I don't like his Physiognomy.

Sir Samp. [*To* JEREMY.] My son, Sir; what Son, Sir? My Son *Benjamin*, hoh?

Jere. No, Sir, Mr. *Valentine*, my Master,—'tis the first time he has been abroad since his Confinement, and he comes to pay his Duty to you.

Sir Samp. Well, Sir.

Enter VALENTINE.

Jere. He is here, Sir.

Val. Your Blessing, Sir.

Sir Samp. You've had it already, Sir, I think I sent it you to Day in a Bill of Four thousand Pound: A great deal of Mony, Brother *Foresight.*

Fore. Ay indeed, Sir *Sampson*, a great deal of Mony for a young Man, I wonder what he can do with it!

Sir Samp. Body o'me, so do I.——Hark ye, *Valentine*, if there be too much, refund the Superfluity; Do'ſt hear Boy?

Val. Superfluity, Sir, it will scarce pay my Debts,—I hope you will have more Indulgence, then to oblige me to those hard Conditions, which my Necessity sign'd to.

Sir Samp. Sir, how, I beseech you, what were you pleas'd to intimate, concerning Indulgence?

Val. Why, Sir, that you wou'd not go to the extremity of the Conditions, but release me at leaſt from some Part.——

Sir Samp. Oh Sir, I underſtand you—that's all, ha?

Val. Yes, Sir, all that I presume to ask.—But what you, out of Fatherly Fondness, will be pleas'd to add, shall be doubly welcome.

Sir Samp. No doubt of it, sweet Sir, but your filial Piety, and my fatherly Fondness wou'd fit like two Tallies. ——Here's a Rogue, Brother *Foresight*, makes a Bargain under Hand and Seal in the Morning, and would be releas'd from it in the Afternoon; here's a Rogue, Dog, here's Conscience and Honeſty; this is your Wit now, this is the Morality of your Wits! You are a Wit, and have been a Beau, and may be a——Why Sirrah, is it not here under Hand and Seal——Can you deny it?

Val. Sir, I don't deny it.——

Sir Samp. Sirrah, you'll be hang'd; I shall live to see you go up *Holborn-Hill*—Has he not a Rogue's

Face?——Speak, Brother, you understand Physiognomy, a hanging Look to me——of all my Boys the most unlike me; he has a damn'd *Tyburn*-Face, without the Benefit o'the Clergy.

Fore. Hum—truly I don't care to discourage a young Man,——he has a violent Death in his Face; but I hope no Danger of Hanging.

Val. Sir, is this Usage for your Son?—for that old Weather-headed Fool, I know how to laugh at him; but you, Sir——

Sir Samp. You, Sir; and you, Sir:—Why, who are you, Sir?

Val. Your Son, Sir.

Sir Samp. That's more than I know, Sir, and I believe not.

Val. Faith, I hope not.

Sir Samp. What, wou'd you have your Mother a Whore! Did you ever hear the like! Did you ever hear the like! Body o'me——

Val. I would have an Excuse for your Barbarity and unnatural Usage.

Sir Samp. Excuse! Impudence! Why, Sirrah, mayn't I do what I please? Are not you my Slave? Did not I beget you? And might not I have chosen whether I would have begot you or no? 'Oons who are you? Whence came you? What brought you into the World? How came you here, Sir? Here, to stand here, upon those two Legs, and look erect with that audacious Face, hah? Answer me that? Did you come a Volunteer into the World? Or did I, with the lawful Authority of a Parent, press you to the Service?

Val. I know no more why I came, than you do why you call'd me. But here I am, and if you don't mean to provide for me, I desire you would leave me as you found me.

Sir Samp. With all my Heart: Come, uncase, strip, and go naked out of the World, as you came into't.

Val. My Cloaths are soon put off:——But you must also divest me of Reason, Thought, Passions, Inclinations, Affections, Appetites, Senses, and the huge Train of Attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, what a many-headed Monster have I propagated!

Val. I am of my self, a plain easie simple Creature; and to be kept at small Expence; but the Retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible; they are so many Devils that you have rais'd, and will have Employment.

Sir Samp. 'Oons, what had I to do to get Children, ——can't a private Man be born without all these Followers?——Why nothing under an Emperor should be born with Appetites,——Why at this rate a Fellow that has but a Groat in his Pocket, may have a Stomach capable of a Ten Shilling Ordinary.

Jere. Nay, that's as clear as the Sun; I'll make Oath of it before any Justice in *Middlesex.*

Sir Samp. Here's a Cormorant too,—'S'heart this Fellow was not born with you?——I did not beget him, did I?—

Jere. By the Provision that's made for me, you might have begot me too:—Nay, and to tell your Worship another Truth, I believe you did, for I find I was born with those same Whoreson Appetites too, that my Master speaks of.

Sir Samp. Why look you there now,——I'll maintain it, that by the Rule of right Reason, this Fellow ought to have been born without a Palate. 'S'heart, what shou'd he do with a distinguishing Taste?—I warrant now he'd rather eat a Pheasant, than a Piece of poor *John*; and smell, how, why I warrant he can smell, and loves Perfumes above a Stink.——Why, there's it; and Musick, don't you love Musick, Scoundrel?

Jere. Yes, I have a reasonable good Ear, Sir, as to Jiggs and Country Dances; and the like; I don't

much matter your *Solo's* or *Sonata's*, they give me the Spleen.

Sir Samp. The Spleen, ha, ha, ha, a Pox confound you—*Solo's* or *Sonata's*? 'Oons whose Son are you? How were you engendred, Muckworm?

Jere. I am by my Father, the Son of a Chairman; my Mother sold Oisters in Winter, and Cucumbers in Summer; and I came up Stairs into the World; for I was born in a Cellar.

Fore. By your Looks, you shou'd go up Stairs out of the World too, Friend.

Sir Samp. And if this Rogue were Anatomiz'd now, and dissected, he has his Vessels of Digestion and Concoction, and so forth, large enough for the inside of a Cardinal, this Son of a Cucumber.——These things are unaccountable and unreasonable,—Body o'me, why was not I a Bear? that my Cubs might have liv'd upon sucking their Paws; Nature has been provident only to Bears and Spiders; the one has its Nutriment in his own Hands; and t'other spins his Habitation out of his own Entrails.

Val. Fortune was provident enough to supply all the Necessities of my Nature; if I had my right of Inheritance.

Sir Samp. Again! 'Oons han't you four thousand Pound——if I had it again, I wou'd not give thee a Groat,——What, would'st thou have me turn Pelican, and feed thee out of my own Vitals?—'S'heart, live by your Wits,——You were always fond of the Wits,—Now let's see, if you have Wit enough to keep your self ——Your Brother will be in Town to Night, or to Morrow Morning, and then look you perform Covenants, and so your Friend and Servant.——Come Brother *Foresight.* [*Exeunt Sir* SAMPSON *and* FORESIGHT.

Jere. I told you what your Visit wou'd come to.

Val. 'Tis as much as I expected—I did not come to see him: I came to *Angelica*: But since she was gone

abroad, it was easily turn'd another way; and at leaſt look'd well on my side: What's here? Mrs. *Foresight* and Mrs. *Frail*, they are earneſt,——I'll avoid 'em,—Come this way, and go and enquire when *Angelica* will return. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in FORESIGHT'S *house.*

Mrs. FORESIGHT *and Mrs.* FRAIL.

Mrs. Frail. What have you to do to watch me? 'S'life I'll do what I please.

Mrs. Fore. You will?

Mrs. Frail. Yes, marry will I——A great Piece of Business to go to *Covent Garden Square* in a Hackney-Coach, and take a turn with one's Friend.

Mrs. Fore. Nay, two or three Turns, I'll take my Oath.

Mrs. Frail. Well, what if I took twenty——I warrant if you had been there, it had been only innocent Recreation,—Lord, where's the Comfort of this Life, if we can't have the Happiness of converſing where we like?

Mrs. Fore. But can't you converſe at home?——I own it, I think there's no Happiness like converſing with an agreeable Man; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your Converſation was very innocent; but the Place is publick, and to be ſeen with a Man in a Hackney-Coach is ſcandalous: What if any Body elſe shou'd have ſeen you alite, as I did?——How can any Body be happy, while they're in perpetual Fear of being ſeen and cenſur'd?—Beſides it wou'd not only reflect upon you, Siſter, but me.

Mrs. Frail. Pooh, here's a Clutter—Why shou'd it reflect upon you?—I don't doubt but you have thought your ſelf happy in a Hackney-Coach before now.—If I had gone to *Knight's-Bridge*, or to *Chelſey*, or to *Spring-*

Garden, or *Barn-Elms* with a Man alone——something might have been said.

Mrs. Fore. Why, was I ever in any of those Places? What do you mean, Sister?

Mrs. Frail. Was I? What do you mean?

Mrs. Fore. You have been at a worse Place.

Mrs. Frail. I at a worse Place, and with a Man!

Mrs. Fore. I suppose you would not go alone to the *World's-End*.

Mrs. Frail. The *World's-End*! What, do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. Fore. Poor Innocent! You don't know that there's a Place call'd the *World's-End*? I'll swear you can keep your Countenance purely, you'd make an admirable Player.

Mrs. Frail. I'll swear you have a great deal of Confidence, and in my Mind too much for the Stage.

Mrs. Fore. Very well, that will appear who has most, you never were at the *World's-End*?

Mrs. Frail. No.

Mrs. Fore. You deny it positively to my Face.

Mrs. Frail. Your Face, what's your Face?

Mrs. Fore. No matter for that, it's as good a Face as yours.

Mrs. Frail. Not by a Dozen Years wearing.——But I do deny it positively to your Face then.

Mrs. Fore. I'll allow you now to find fault with my Face;——for I'll swear your Impudence has put me out of Countenance:——But look you here now,—where did you lose this Gold Bodkin?——Oh Sister, Sister!

Mrs. Frail. My Bodkin!

Mrs. Fore. Nay, 'tis yours, look at it.

Mrs. Frail. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this Bodkin?——Oh Sister, Sister!—Sister every way.

Mrs. Fore. O Devil on't, that I cou'd not discover her, without betraying my self. [*Aside.*

MRS. FORESIGHT AND MRS. FRAIL

Mrs. Frail. I have heard Gentlemen say, Sister; that one shou'd take great Care, when one makes a Thrust in Fencing, not to lye open ones self.

Mrs. Fore. It's very true, Sister: Well, since all's out, and as you say, since we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in Duels, take care of one another, and grow better Friends than before.

Mrs. Frail. With all my Heart, ours are but slight flesh Wounds, and if we keep 'em from Air, not at all dangerous: Well, give me your Hand in Token of Sisterly Secresie and Affection.

Mrs. Fore. Here 'tis with all my Heart.

Mrs. Frail. Well, as an Earnest of Friendship and Confidence: I'll acquaint you with a Design that I have: To tell Truth, and speak openly one to another: I'm afraid the World have observ'd us more than we have observ'd one another. You have a rich Husband, and are provided for, I am at a Loss, and have no great Stock either of Fortune or Reputation; and therefore must look sharply about me. Sir *Sampson* has a Son that is expected to Night; and by the Account I have heard of his Education, can be no Conjurer: The Estate you know is to be made over to him: Now if I cou'd wheedle him, Sister, ha? You understand me?

Mrs. Fore. I do; and will help you to the utmost of my Power—And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough; my awkward Daughter-in-Law, who you know is design'd to be his Wife, is grown fond of Mr. *Tattle*; now if we can improve that, and make her have an Aversion for the Booby, it may go a great way towards his liking you. Here they come together; and let us contrive some way or other to leave 'em together.

Enter Tattle *and Miss* Prue.

Miss. Mother, Mother, Mother, look you here.

Mrs. Fore. Fie, fie, Miss, how you bawl——Besides, I have told you, you must not call me Mother.

Miss. What must I call you then, are you not my Father's Wife?

Mrs. Fore. Madam; you must say Madam——By my Soul, I shall fancy my self old indeed, to have this great Girl call me Mother——Well, but Miss, what are you so over-joy'd at?

Miss. Look you here, Madam then, what Mr. *Tattle* has giv'n me——Look you here, Cousin, here's a Snuff-Box; nay, there's Snuff in't;—here, will you have any ——Oh good! how sweet it is—Mr. *Tattle* is all over sweet, his Perruke is sweet, and his Gloves are sweet,—— and his Handkerchief is sweet, pure sweet, sweeter than Roses—Smell him Mother, Madam, I mean—He gave me this Ring for a Kiss.

Tatt. O fie, Miss, you must not kiss and tell.

Miss. Yes; I may tell my Mother——And he says he'll give me something to make me smell so——Oh pray lend me your Handkerchief—Smell, Cousin; he says, he'll give me something that will make my Smocks smell this way——Is not it pure?——It's better than Lavender mun—I'm resolv'd I won't let Nurse put any more Lavender among my Smocks—ha, Cousin?

Mrs. Frail. Fie, Miss; amongst your Linnen, you must say—You must never say Smock.

Miss. Why, it is not bawdy, is it, Cousin?

Tatt. Oh Madam; you are too severe upon Miss; you must not find fault with her pretty Simplicity, it becomes her strangely——pretty Miss, don't let 'em perswade you out of your Innocency.

Mrs. Fore. Oh, demn you, Toad——I wish you don't perswade her out of her Innocency.

Tatt. Who I, Madam?——Oh Lord, how can your Ladyship have such a Thought—sure you don't know me?

Mrs. Frail. Ah Devil, sly Devil——He's as close, Sister, as a Confessor——He thinks we don't observe him.

Mrs. Fore. A cunning Cur, how soon he cou'd find

out a fresh harmless Creature; and left us, Sister, presently.

Tatt. Upon Reputation.——

Mrs. Fore. They're all so, Sister, these Men—they love to have the spoiling of a young thing, they are as fond of it, as of being first in the Fashion, or of seeing a new Play the first Day,——I warrant it would break Mr. *Tattle's* Heart, to think that any Body else shou'd be beforehand with him.

Tatt. Oh Lord, I swear I wou'd not for the World——

Mrs. Frail. O hang you; who'll believe you?—You'd be hang'd before you'd confess—we know you—she's very pretty!—Lord, what pure red and white!—she looks so wholsome;—ne'er stir, I don't know, but I fancy, if I were a Man——

Miss. How you love to jeer one, Cousin.

Mrs. Fore. Hark'ee, Sister,—by my Soul the Girl is spoil'd already—d'ee think she'll ever endure a great lubberly Tarpawlin—Gad I warrant you, she won't let him come near her, after Mr. *Tattle.*

Mrs. Frail. O'my Soul, I'm afraid not—eh!—filthy Creature, that smells all of Pitch and Tarr——Devil take you, you confounded Toad——why did you see her, before she was married?

Mrs. Fore. Nay, why did we let him——my Husband will hang us——He'll think we brought 'em acquainted.

Mrs. Frail. Come, Faith let us be gone——If my Brother *Foresight* shou'd find us with them;——He'd think so, sure enough.

Mrs. Fore. So he wou'd——but then leaving 'em together is as bad——And he's such a sly Devil, he'll never miss an Opportunity.

Mrs. Frail. I don't care; I won't be seen in't.

Mrs. Fore. Well, if you should, Mr. *Tattle*, you'll have a World to answer for; remember I wash my Hands of it, I'm throughly Innocent.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Foresight *and Mrs.* Frail.

Miss. What makes 'em go away, Mr. *Tattle*? What do they mean, do you know?

Tatt. Yes, my Dear——I think I can guess—But hang me if I know the Reason of it.

Miss. Come, must not we go too?

Tatt. No, no, they don't mean that.

Miss. No! What then? What shall you and I do together?

Tatt. I must make Love to you, pretty Miss; will you let me make Love to you?

Miss. Yes, if you please.

Tatt. Frank, I Gad, at least. What a Pox does Mrs. *Foresight* mean by this Civility? Is it to make a Fool of me? or does she leave us together out of good Morality, and do as she would be done by——Gad, I'll understand it so. [*Aside.*

Miss. Well; and how will you make Love to me—— Come, I long to have you begin——must I make Love too? You must tell me how.

Tatt. You must let me speak, Miss, you must not speak first; I must ask you Questions, and you must answer.

Miss. What, is it like the Catechism?——Come then, ask me.

Tatt. D'ye think you can love me?

Miss. Yes.

Tatt. Pooh, Pox, you must not say yes already; I shan't care a Farthing for you then in a twinkling.

Miss. What must I say then?

Tatt. Why, you must say no, or you believe not, or you can't tell——

Miss. Why, must I tell a Lie then?

Tatt. Yes, if you'd be well bred. All well-bred Persons Lie——Besides, you are a Woman, you must never speak what you think: Your Words must contradict your Thoughts; but your Actions may contradict your Words. So, when I ask you, if you can love me, you must say no, but you must love me too—If I tell you you are handsome, you

must deny it, and say I flatter you——But you must think your self more charming than I speak you :—And like me, for the Beauty which I say you have, as much as if I had it my self—If I ask you to kiss me, you must be angry, but you must not refuse me. If I ask you for more, you must be more angry,—but more complying ; and as soon as ever I make you say you'll cry out, you must be sure to hold your Tongue.

Miss. O Lord, I swear this is pure,—I like it better than our old fashion'd Country way of speaking one's Mind ; —and must not you lie too ?

Tatt. Hum——Yes—But you must believe I speak Truth.

Miss. O *Gemini* ! Well, I always had a great Mind to tell Lies——but they frighted me, and said it was a Sin.

Tatt. Well, my pretty Creature ; will you make me happy by giving me a Kiss ?

Miss. No, indeed ; I'm angry at you.—

[*Runs and kisses him.*

Tatt. Hold, hold, that's pretty well—but you should not have given it me, but have suffer'd me to have taken it.

Miss. Well, we'll do it again.

Tatt. With all my Heart——Now then, my little Angel. [*Kisses her.*

Miss. Pish.

Tatt. That's right,——again my Charmer.

[*Kisses again.*

Miss. O fie, nay, now I can't abide you.

Tatt. Admirable ! That was as well as if you had been born and bred in *Covent-Garden*,—And won't you shew me, pretty Miss, where your Bed-Chamber is ?

Miss. No, indeed won't I : but I'll run there, and hide my self from you behind the Curtains.

Tatt. I'll follow you.

Miss. Ah, but I'll hold the Door with both Hands, and be angry ;—and you shall push me down before you come in.

Tatt. No, I'll come in first, and push you down afterwards.

Miss. Will you? then I'll be more angry, and more complying.

Tatt. Then I'll make you cry out.

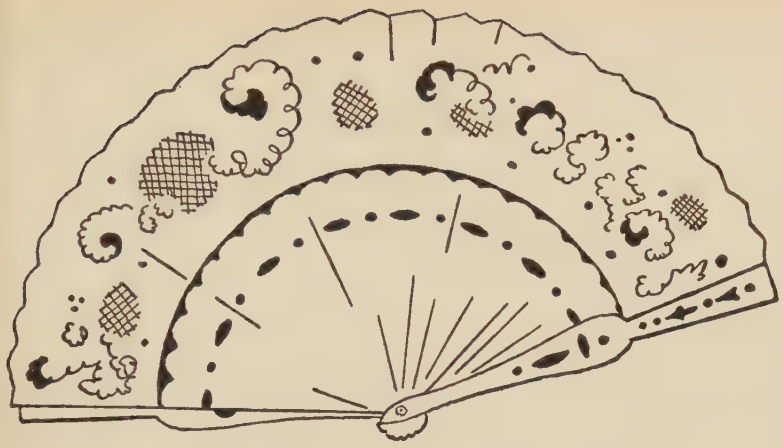
Miss. Oh but you shan't, for I'll hold my Tongue——

Tatt. Oh my dear apt Scholar.

Miss. Well, now I'll run and make more haste than you.

Tatt. You shall not fly so fast, as I'll pursue. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Second Act.



ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I.

The Gallery adjoining PRUE's *Bedchamber.*

NURSE *alone.*

Nurse. MISS, Miss, Miss *Prue*—Mercy on me, marry and Amen. Why, what's become of the Child?——Why Miss, Miss *Foresight*—Sure she has lockt her self up in her Chamber, and gone to sleep, or to Prayers: Miss, Miss, I hear her——Come to your Father, Child: Open the Door——Open the Door, Miss——I hear you cry husht——O Lord, who's there? [*peeps*] What's here to do?——O the Father! a Man with her!——Why, Miss I say; God's my Life, here's fine doings towards——O Lord, we're all undone——O you young Harlotry [*knocks.*] Od's my Life, won't you open the Door? I'll come in the back way.

SCENE II.

PRUE's *Bedchamber.*

TATTLE, *and Miss* PRUE.

Miss. O Lord, she's coming—and she'll tell my Father, what shall I do now?

Tatt. Pox take her; if she had ſtaid two Minutes longer, I shou'd have wish'd for her coming.

Miss. O Dear, what shall I say? Tell me, Mr. *Tattle*, tell me a Lie.

Tatt. There's no occasion for a Lie; I cou'd never tell a Lie to no purpose——But since we have done nothing, we muſt say nothing, I think. I hear her——I'll leave you together, and come off as you can.

[*Thruſts her in, and shuts the Door.*

SCENE III.

A Room in FORESIGHT's *House.*

TATTLE, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, ANGELICA.

Ang. You can't accuse me of Inconſtancy; I never told you that I lov'd you.

Val. But I can accuse you of Uncertainty, for not telling me whether you did or not.

Ang. You miſtake Indifference for Uncertainty; I never had Concern enough to ask my self the Queſtion.

Scan. Nor good Nature enough to answer him that did ask you: I'll say that for you, Madam.

Ang. What, are you setting up for good Nature?

Scan. Only for the Affectation of it, as the Women do for ill Nature.

Ang. Perswade you Friend, that it is all Affectation.

Scan. I shall receive no Benefit from the Opinion: For I know no effectual Difference between continued Affectation and Reality.

Tatt. [*coming up.*] *Scandal*, are you in private Discourse, any thing of Secresie? [*Aside to* SCANDAL.

Scan. Yes, but I dare trust you; we were talking of *Angelica's* Love to *Valentine*; you won't speak of it.

Tatt. No, no, not a Syllable—I know that's a Secret, for it's whisper'd every where.

Scan. Ha, ha, ha.

Ang. What is, Mr. *Tattle*? I heard you say something was whisper'd every where.

Scan. You Love of *Valentine*.

Ang. How!

Tatt. No, Madam, his Love for your Ladiship——Gad take me, I beg your Pardon——for I never heard a Word of your Ladiship's Passion, 'till this instant.

Ang. My Passion! And who told you of my Passion, pray Sir?

Scan. Why, is the Devil in you? Did not I tell it you for a Secret?

Tatt. Gadso; but I thought she might have been trusted with her own Affairs.

Scan. Is that your Discretion? trust a Woman with her self?

Tatt. You say true, I beg your Pardon;—I'll bring all off—it was impossible, Madam, for me to imagine, that a Person of your Ladiship's Wit and Gallantry, could have so long receiv'd the passionate Addresses of the accomplish'd *Valentine*, and yet remain insensible; therefore you will pardon me, if from a just weight of his Merit, with your Ladiship's good Judgment, I form'd the Balance of a reciprocal Affection.

Val. O the Devil, what damn'd Costive Poet has given thee this Lesson of Fustian to get by Rote?

Ang. I dare swear you wrong him, it is his own—And Mr. *Tattle* only judges of the Success of others, from

the Effects of his own Merit. For certainly Mr. *Tattle* was never deny'd any thing in his Life.

Tatt. O Lord! yes, indeed Madam, several times.

Ang. I swear I don't think 'tis possible.

Tatt. Yes, I vow and swear I have: Lord, Madam, I'm the most unfortunate Man in the World, and the most cruelly us'd by the Ladies.

Ang. Nay, now you're ungrateful.

Tatt. No, I hope not——'tis as much Ingratitude to own some *Favours*, as to conceal others.

Val. There, now it's out.

Ang. I don't understand you now. I thought you had never ask'd any thing, but what a Lady might modestly grant, and you confess.

Scan. So faith, your Business is done here; now you may go brag somewhere else.

Tatt. Brag! O Heav'ns! Why, did I name any body?

Ang. No; I suppose that is not in your Power; but you wou'd if you cou'd, no doubt on't.

Tatt. Not in my Power, Madam! What does your Ladiship mean, that I have no Woman's Reputation in my Power?

Scan. 'Oons, why you won't own it, will you? [*Aside.*

Tatt. Faith, Madam, you're in the right; no more I have, as I hope to be sav'd; I never had it in my Power to say any thing to a Lady's Prejudice in my Life—— For as I was telling you, Madam, I have been the most unsuccessful Creature living, in things of that Nature; and never had the good Fortune to be trusted once with a Lady's Secret, not once.

Ang. No.

Val. Not once I dare answer for him.

Scan. And I'll answer for him; for I'm sure if he had, he wou'd have told me; I find, Madam, you don't know Mr. *Tattle.*

Tatt. No indeed, Madam, you don't know me at all,

TATTLE AND MISS PRUE

I find. For sure my intimate Friends wou'd have known——

Ang. Then it seems you would have told, if you had been trusted.

Tatt. O Pox, *Scandal*, that was too far put——Never have told particulars, Madam. Perhaps I might have talk'd as of a third Person—or have introduc'd an Amour of my own, in Conversation, by way of Novel: But never have explain'd Particulars.

Ang. But whence comes the Reputation of Mr. *Tattle's* Secresie, if he was never trusted?

Scan. Why, thence it arises——The thing is proverbially spoken; but may be apply'd to him——As if we should say in general Terms, he only is secret who never was trusted; a Satirical Proverb upon our Sex——There's another upon yours——As she is chaste, who was never ask'd the Question. That's all.

Val. A couple of very civil Proverbs, truly: 'Tis hard to tell whether the Lady or Mr. *Tattle* be the more oblig'd to you. For you found her Virtue upon the Backwardness of the Men; and his Secresie upon the Mistrust of the Women.

Tatt. Gad, it's very true, Madam, I think we are oblig'd to acquit our selves——And for my part——But your Ladyship is to speak first——

Ang. Am I? Well, I freely confess I have resisted a great deal of Temptation.

Tatt. And I, Gad, I have given some Temptation that has not been resisted.

Val. Good.

Ang. I cite *Valentine* here, to declare to the Court, how fruitless he has found his Endeavours, and to confess all his Sollicitations and my Denials.

Val. I am ready to plead, Not guilty for you; and Guilty, for my self.

Scan. So, why this is fair, here's Demonstration with a Witness.

Tatt. Well, my Witnesses are not present——But I confess I have had Favours from Persons——But as the Favours are numberless, so the Persons are nameless.

Scan. Pooh, this proves nothing.

Tatt. No? I can shew Letters, Lockets, Pictures, and Rings; and if there be Occasion for Witnesses, I can summon the Maids at the Chocolate-Houses, all the Porters at *Pall-Mall* and *Covent-Garden*, the Door-Keepers at the Play-House, the Drawers at *Locket's*, *Pontack's*, the *Rummer*, *Spring-Garden*; my own Landlady and *Valet de Chambre*; all who shall make Oath, that I receive more Letters than the Secretary's Office; and that I have more Vizor-Masks to enquire for me, than ever went to see the Hermaphrodite, or the naked Prince. And it is notorious, that in a Country Church, once, an Enquiry being made, who I was, it was answer'd, I was the famous *Tattle*, who had ruin'd so many Women.

Val. It was there, I suppose, you got the Nick-Name of the *Great Turk*.

Tatt. True; I was call'd *Turk-Tattle* all over the Parish——The next *Sunday* all the old Women kept their Daughters at home, and the Parson had not half his Congregation. He wou'd have brought me into the Spiritual Court, but I was reveng'd upon him, for he had a handsome Daughter whom I initiated into the Science. But I repented it afterwards, for it was talk'd of in Town—— And a Lady of Quality that shall be nameless, in a raging Fit of Jealousie, came down in her Coach and six horses, and expos'd her self upon my Account; Gad, I was sorry for it with all my Heart——You know whom I mean—— You know where we raffl'd——

Scan. Mum, *Tattle*.

Val. 'Sdeath, are not you asham'd?

Ang. O barbarous! I never heard so insolent a Piece of Vanity—Fie, Mr. *Tattle*—I'll swear I could not have believ'd it——Is this your Secresie?

Tatt. Gad so, the Heat of my Story carry'd me beyond

my Discretion, as the Heat of the Lady's Passion hurry'd her beyond her Reputation—But I hope you don't know whom I mean; for there was a great many Ladies raffled —Pox on't, now could I bite off my Tongue.

Scan. No, don't; for then you'll tell us no more—— Come, I'll recommend a Song to you upon the Hint of my two Proverbs, and I see one in the next Room that will sing it. [*Goes to the Door.*

Tatt. For Heav'ns sake, if you do guess, say nothing; Gad, I'm very unfortunate.

Scan. Pray sing the first Song in the laſt new Play.

SONG.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*

I.

A Nymph and a Swain to Apollo *once pray'd,*
The Swain had been jilted, the Nymph been betray'd:
Their Intent was to try if his Oracle knew
E'er a Nymph that was Chaſte, or a Swain that was true.

II.

Apollo *was mute, and had like t'have been pos'd,*
But sagely at length he this Secret disclos'd:
He alone won't betray in whom none will Confide;
And the Nymph may be Chaſte that has never been try'd.

Enter Sir Sampson, *Mrs.* Frail, *Miss* Prue, *and* Servant.

Sir Samp. Is *Ben* come? Odso, my Son *Ben* come? Odd, I'm glad on't: Where is he? I long to see him. Now, Mrs. *Frail*, you shall see my Son *Ben*——Body o'me, he's the Hopes of my Family—I han't seen him these three Years——I warrant he's grown——Call him in, bid him make haſte——I'm ready to cry for Joy.

Mrs. Frail. Now, Miss, you shall see your Husband.

Miss. Pish, he shall be none of my Husband.

[*Aside to* FRAIL.

Mrs. Frail. Hush: Well he shan't, leave that to me —I'll beckon Mr. *Tattle* to us.

Ang. Won't you ſtay and see your Brother?

Val. We are the Twin-Stars, and cannot shine in one Sphere; when he rises I muſt ſet——Besides, if I shou'd ſtay, I don't know but my Father in good Nature may press me to the immediate signing the Deed of Conveyance of my Eſtate; and I'll defer it as long as I can——Well, you'll come to a Resolution.

Ang. I can't. Resolution muſt come to me, or I shall never have one.

Scan. Come, *Valentine*, I'll go with you; I've something in my Head to communicate to you.

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* SCANDAL.

Sir Samp. What, is my Son *Valentine* gone? What, is he sneak'd off, and would not see his Brother? There's an unnatural Whelp! There's an ill-natur'd Dog! What, were you here too, Madam, and could not keep him! Cou'd neither Love, nor Duty, nor natural Affection oblige him. Odsbud, Madam, have no more to say to him; he is not worth your Consideration. The Rogue has not a Drachm of generous Love about him: All Intereſt, all Intereſt; he's an undone Scoundrel, and courts your Eſtate: Body o'me, he does not care a Doit for your Person.

Ang. I'm pretty even with him, Sir *Sampson*; for if ever I cou'd have lik'd any thing in him, it shou'd have been his Eſtate too: But since that's gone, the Bait's off, and the naked Hook appears.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, well spoken; and you are a wiser Woman than I thought you were: For moſt young Women now a-days are to be tempted with a naked Hook.

Ang. If I marry, Sir *Sampson*, I'm for a good Eſtate

with any Man, and for any Man with a good Estate: Therefore if I were oblig'd to make a Choice, I declare I'd rather have you than your Son.

Sir Samp. Faith and Troth you're a wise Woman, and I'm glad to hear you say so; I was afraid you were in Love with the Reprobate; Odd, I was sorry for you with all my Heart: Hang him, Mungrel; cast him off; you shall see the Rogue shew himself, and make Love to some desponding *Cadua* of fourscore for Sustenance. Odd, I love to see a young Spendthrift forc'd to cling to an old Woman for Support, like Ivy round a dead Oak: Faith I do; I love to see 'em hug and cotten together, like Down upon a Thistle.

Enter Ben *and* Servant.

Ben. Where's Father?

Serv. There, Sir, his Back's towards you.

Sir Samp. My Son *Ben*! Bless thee, my dear Boy; body o'me, thou art heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you, Father, and I'm glad to see you.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, and I'm glad to see thee. Kiss me Boy, kiss me again and again, dear *Ben.* [*Kisses him.*

Ben. So, so, enough, Father——Mess, I'd rather kiss these Gentlewomen.

Sir Samp. And so thou shalt—Mrs. *Angelica*, my Son *Ben.*

Ben. Forsooth if you please——[*Salutes her.*] Nay, Mistress, I'm not for dropping Anchor here; about Ship I faith—[*Kisses* Frail.] Nay, and you too, my little Cock-Boat——so—— [*Kisses Miss.*

Tatt. Sir, you're welcome a-shoar.

Ben. Thank you, thank you, Friend.

Sir Samp. Thou hast been many a weary League, *Ben*, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ey, ey, been! Been far enough, an that be all ——Well, Father, and how do all at home? How does Brother *Dick*, and Brother *Val*?

Sir Samp. *Dick*, body o'me, *Dick* has been dead these two Years; I writ you Word, when you were at *Legorne*.

Ben. Mess, that's true: Marry I had forgot. *Dick's* dead as you say—Well, and how? I have a many Questions to ask you; well, you ben't marry'd again, Father, be you?

Sir Samp. No, I intend you shall marry, *Ben*; I would not marry for thy sake.

Ben. Nay, what does that signifie?——an you marry again——Why then, I'll go to Sea again, so there's one for t'other, an that be all——Pray don't let me be your Hindrance; e'en marry a God's Name an the Wind sit that way. As for my part, may-hap I have no Mind to marry.

Frail. That wou'd be pity, such a handsome young Gentleman.

Ben. Handsome! he, he, he, nay Forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you, for I love my Jest, an the Ship were sinking, as we sayn at Sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards Matrimony. I love to roam about from Port to Port, and from Land to Land: I could never abide to be Port-bound, as we call it: Now a Man that is marry'd, has as it were, d'ye see, his Feet in the Bilboes, and may-hap mayn't get 'em out again when he wou'd.

Sir Samp. *Ben*'s a Wagg.

Ben. A Man that is marry'd, d'ye see, is no more like another Man, than a Gally-Slave is like one of us free Sailors, he is chain'd to an Oar all his Life; and may-hap forc'd to tug a leaky Vessel into the Bargain.

Sir Samp. A very Wag, *Ben*'s a very Wag; only a little tough, he wants a little polishing.

Mrs. Frail. Not at all; I like his Humour mightily, it's plain and honest, I shou'd like such a Humour in a Husband extreamly.

Ben. Say'n you so Forsooth? Marry and I shou'd like such a handsome Gentlewoman for a Bed-fellow

hugely; how say you, Mistress, wou'd you like going to Sea? Mess, you're a tight Vessel, and well rigg'd, an you were but as well mann'd.

Mrs. Frail. I shou'd not doubt that, if you were Master of me.

Ben. But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to Sea in a high Wind, or that Lady——You mayn't carry so much Sail o'your Head——Top and top gallant, by the Mess.

Mrs. Frail. No, why so?

Ben. Why an you do, you may run the risk to be overset, and then you'll carry your Keels above Water, he, he, he.

Ang. I swear, Mr. *Benjamin* is the veriest Wag in Nature; an absolute Sea-Wit.

Sir Samp. Nay, *Ben* has Parts, but as I told you before, they want a little Polishing: You must not take any thing ill, Madam.

Ben. No, I hope the Gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part: For if I give a Jest, I'll take a Jest: And so Forsooth you may be as free with me.

Ang. I thank you, Sir, I am not at all offended;—But methinks Sir *Sampson*, you shou'd leave him alone with his Mistress. Mr. *Tattle*, we must not hinder Lovers.

Tatt. Well, *Miss*, I have your Promise.

[*Aside to Miss.*

Sir Samp. Body o'me, Madam, you say true:—— Look you, *Ben*; this is your Mistress,——Come Miss, you must not be shame-fac'd, we'll leave you together.

Miss. I can't abide to be left alone; mayn't my Cousin stay with me?

Sir Samp. No, no. Come, let's away.

Ben. Look you, Father, may-hap the young Woman mayn't take a liking to me.——

Sir Samp. I warrant thee, Boy; come, come, we'll be gone; I'll venture that.

[*Exeunt Sir* SAMPSON, ANGELICA, TATTLE, *and Mrs.* FRAIL.

Ben. Come, Mistress, will you please to sit down? for an you stand a stern a that'n, we shall never grapple together,—Come, I'll haule a Chair; there, an you please to sit, I'll sit by you.

Miss. You need not sit so near me, if you have any thing to say, I can hear you farther off, I an't deaf.

Ben. Why, that's true, as you say, not I an't dumb, I can hear as far as another,—I'll heave off, to please you. [*Sits farther off.*] An we were a League asunder, I'd undertake to hold Discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high Wind indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you Forsooth, I am as it were, bound for the Land of Matrimony; 'tis a Voyage, d'ye see, that was none of my seeking, I was commanded by Father, and if you like of it, may-hap I may steer into your Harbour. How say you, Mistress? The short of the thing is, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a Hammock together.

Miss. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

Ben. No, I'm sorry for that.——But pray why are you so scornful?

Miss. As long as one must not speak one's Mind, one had better not speak at all, I think, and truly I won't tell a Lie for the Matter.

Ben. Nay, you say true in that, it's but a Folly to lie: For to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary Way, is as it were, to look one way, and to row another. Now, for my part, d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above Board, I'm not for keeping any thing under Hatches,—so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so a God's Name, there's no harm done; may-hap you may be shame-fac'd, some Maidens thof' they love a Man well enough yet they don't care to tell'n so to's Face: If that's the Case, why Silence gives Consent.

Miss. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that; and I'll speak Truth, tho'

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BEN

one should always tell a Lie to a Man; and I don't care, let my Father do what he will; I'm too big to be whipt, so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor ever will, that's more: So, there's your Answer for you; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

Ben. Look you, young Woman, you may learn to give good Words however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil.——As for your Love or your liking, I don't value it of a Rope's End;——And may-hap I like you as little as you do me:——What I said was in Obedience to Father; Gad I fear a Whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you shou'd give such Language at Sea, you'd have a Cat o' Nine Tails laid cross your Shoulders. Flesh! who are you? You heard t'other handsome young Woman speak civilly to me, of her own Accord: Whatever you think of your self, Gad I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a Can of small-Beer to a Bowl of Punch.

Miss. Well, and there's a handsome Gentleman, and a fine Gentleman, and a sweet Gentleman, that was here that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your Jacket for you, he will, you great Sea-Calf.

Ben. What, do you mean that fair-Weather Spark that was here just now? Will he thrash my Jacket?—Let'n,——let'n,——But an he comes near me, map-hap I may giv'n a salt Eel for's Supper, for all that. What does Father mean to leave me alone as soon as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy.——Sea-Calf? I an't Calf enough to lick your chalk'd Face, you Cheese-Curd you,——marry thee! Oons I'll marry a *Lapland* Witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary Winds, and wreck'd Vessels.

Miss. I won't be call'd Names, nor I won't be abus'd thus, so I won't.—If I were a Man——[*Cryes*]——you durst not talk at this rate——No, you durst not, you stinking Tar-Barrel.

Enter Mrs. Foresight *and Mrs.* Frail.

Mrs. Fore. They have quarrel'd just as we cou'd wish.

Ben. Tar-Barrel? Let your Sweet-Heart there call me so, if he'll take your Part, your *Tom Essence*, and I'll say something to him; Gad, I'll lace his Musk-Doublet for him, I'll make him stink; he shall smell more like a Weasel than a Civet-Cat, afore I ha' done with 'en.

Mrs Fore. Bless me, what's the Matter, Miss? What, does she cry?——Mr. *Benjamin*, what have you done to her?

Ben. Let her cry: The more she cries, the less she'll ——she has been gathering foul Weather in her Mouth, and now it rains out at her Eyes.

Mrs. Fore. Come, Miss, come along with me, and tell me, poor Child.

Mrs. Frail. Lord, what shall we do? there's my Brother *Foresight*, and Sir *Sampson* coming. Sister, do you take Miss down into the Parlour, and I'll carry Mr. *Benjamin* into my Chamber, for they must not know that they are fall'n out.—Come, Sir, will you venture your self with me? [*Looking kindly on him.*

Ben. Venture, Mess, and that I will, tho' 'twere to Sea in a Storm. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter Sir Sampson *and* Foresight.

Sir Samp. I left 'em together here; what are they gone? *Ben*'s a brisk Boy: He has got her into a Corner, Father's own Son, faith, he'll touzle her, and mouzle her: The Rogue's sharp set, coming from Sea; if he should not stay for saying Grace, old *Foresight*, but fall to without the help of a Parson, ha? Odd if he

shou'd I cou'd not be angry with him; 'twould be but like me, *A Chip of the old Block.* Ha! thou'rt melancholick, old Prognostication; as melancholick as if thou hadst spilt the Salt, or par'd thy Nails on a Sunday:——Come, cheer up, look about thee: Look up old Star-Gazer. Now is he poring upon the Ground for a crooked Pin, or an old Horse-Nail, with the Head towards him.

Fore. Sir *Sampson*, we'll have the Wedding to Morrow Morning.

Sir Samp. With all my Heart.

Fore. At ten a Clock, punctually at ten.

Sir Samp. To a Minute, to a Second; thou shall set thy Watch, and the Bridegroom shall observe its Motions; they shall be marry'd to a Minute, go to Bed to a Minute; and when the Alarm strikes, they shall keep time like the Figures of St. *Dunstan's* Clock, and *Consummatum est* shall ring all over the Parish——

Enter SCANDAL

Scan. Sir *Sampson*, sad News.

Fore. Bless us!

Sir Samp. Why, what's the Matter?

Scan. Can't you guess at what ought to afflict you and him, and all of us, more than any thing else?

Sir Samp. Body o'me, I don't know any Universal Grievance, but a new Tax, or the loss of the Canary Fleet. Unless Popery shou'd be landed in the *West*, or the *French* Fleet were at Anchor at *Blackwall.*

Scan. No. Undoubtedly, Mr. *Foresight* knew all this, and might have prevented it.

Fore. 'Tis no Earthquake!

Scan. No, not yet; nor Whirlwind. But we don't know what it may come to——But it has had a Consequence already that touches us all.

Sir Samp. Why, body o'me, out with't.

Scan. Something has appear'd to your Son *Valentine* ——He's gone to Bed upon't, and very ill——He speaks

little, yet he says he has a World to say. Asks for his Father and the wise *Foresight*; talks of *Raymond Lully*, and the Ghost of *Lilly*. He has Secrets to impart I suppose to you two. I can get nothing out of him but Sighs. He desires he may see you in the Morning, but would not be disturb'd to Night, because he has some Business to do in a Dream.

Sir Samp. Hoity toity, what have I to do with his Dreams or his Divination?—Body o'me, this is a Trick to defer signing the Conveyance. I warrant the Devil will tell him in a Dream, that he must not part with his Estate. But I'll bring him a Parson to tell him, that the Devil's a Liar——Or if that won't do, I'll bring a Lawyer that shall out-lie the Devil. And so I'll try whether my Black-Guard or his shall get the better of the Day.

[*Exit.*

Scan. Alas, Mr. *Foresight*, I'm afraid all is not right ——You are a Wise Man, and a Conscientious Man; a Searcher into Obscurity and Futurity; and if you commit an Error, it is with a great deal of Consideration, and Discretion, and Caution——

Fore. Ah, good Mr. *Scandal*——

Scan. Nay, nay, 'tis manifest; I do not flatter you—— But Sir *Sampson* is hasty, very hasty;——I'm afraid he is not scrupulous enough, Mr. *Foresight*——He has been wicked, and Heav'n grant he may mean well in his Affair with you——But my Mind gives me, these things cannot be wholly insignificant. You are wise, and shou'd not be over-reach'd, methinks you shou'd not——

Fore. Alas, Mr. *Scandal*,—*Humanum est errare.*

Scan. You say true, Man will err; meer Man will err—but you are something more——There have been wise Men; but they were such as you—Men who consulted the Stars, and were Observers of Omens—— *Solomon* was wise, but how?—by his Judgment in Astrology—So says *Pineda* in his Third Book and Eighth Chapter——

Fore. You are learn'd, Mr. *Scandal*——

Scan. A Trifler—but a Lover of Art——And the Wise Men of the *East* ow'd their Inſtruction to a Star, which is rightly obſerv'd by *Gregory* the Great in Favour of Aſtrology! And *Albertus Magnus* makes it the moſt valuable Science, Because, says he, it teaches us to consider the Causation, of Causes, in the Causes of things.

Fore. I proteſt I honour you, Mr. *Scandal*——I did not think you had been read in these matters——Few Young Men are inclin'd——

Scan. I thank my Stars that have inclined me——But I fear this Marriage and making over this Eſtate, this transferring of a rightful Inheritance, will bring Judgments upon us. I prophesie it, and I wou'd not have the Fate of *Cassandra*, not to be believ'd. *Valentine* is diſturb'd, what can be the Cause of that? and Sir *Sampson* is hurry'd on by an unusual Violence——I fear he does not act wholly from himself; methinks he does not look as he used to do.

Fore. He was always of an impetuous Nature——But as to this Marriage I have consulted the Stars; and all Appearances are prosperous——

Scan. Come, come, Mr. *Foresight*, let not the Proſpect of worldly Lucre carry you beyond your Judgment, nor againſt your Conscience——You are not satisfy'd that you act juſtly.

Fore. How!

Scan. You are not satisfy'd, I say——I am loth to discourage you——But it is palpable that you are not satisfy'd.

Fore. How does it appear, Mr. *Scandal*? I think I am very well satisfy'd.

Scan. Either you suffer your self to deceive your self; or you do not know your self.

Fore. Pray explain your self.

Scan. Do you sleep well o'nights?

Fore. Very well.

Scan. Are you certain? You do not look so.

Fore. I am in Health, I think.

Scan. So was *Valentine* this Morning; and look'd just so.

Fore. How! Am I alter'd any way? I don't perceive it.

Scan. That may be, but your Beard is longer than it was two Hours ago.

Fore. Indeed! bless me.

Enter Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Mrs. *Fore.* Husband, will you go to Bed? It's ten a Clock. Mr. *Scandal*, your Servant.

Scan. Pox on her, she has interrupted my Design—— but I must work her into the Project. You keep early Hours, Madam.

Mrs. *Fore.* Mr. *Foresight* is punctual, we sit up after him.

Fore. My Dear, pray lend me your Glass, your little Looking-glass.

Scan. Pray lend it him, Madam——I'll tell you the Reason. [*She gives him the Glass*: SCANDAL *and she whisper.*] My Passion for you is grown so violent—— that I am no longer Master of my self—I was interrupted in the Morning, when you had Charity enough to give me your Attention, and I had Hopes of finding another Opportunity of explaining my self to you——but was disappointed all this Day; and the Uneasiness that has attended me ever since, brings me now hither at this unseasonable Hour.——

Mrs. *Fore.* Was there ever such Impudence, to make Love to me before my Husband's Face? I'll swear I'll tell him.

Scan. Do, I'll die a Martyr, rather than disclaim my Passion. But come a little farther this way, and I'll tell you what Project I had to get him out of the

way; that I might have an Opportunity of waiting upon you. [*Whisper.*

[FORESIGHT *looking in the Glass.*

Fore. I do not see any Revolution here;——Methinks I look with a serene and benign aspect——pale, a little pale——but the Roses of these Cheeks have been gather'd many Years;——ha! I do not like that sudden Flushing—Gone already!—hem, hem, hem! faintish. My Heart is pretty good; yet it beats; and my Pulses, ha!——I have none——Mercy on me——hum!—Yes, here they are——Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, hey! Whither will they hurry me?—Now they're gone again—And now I'm faint again; and pale again, and hem! and my hem!—breath, hem!—grows short; hem! hem! he, he, hem!

Scan. It takes, pursue it in the Name of Love and Pleasure.

Mrs. Fore. How do you do, *Mr. Foresight*?

Fore. Hum, not so well as I thought I was. Lend me your Hand.

Scan. Look you there now——Your Lady says, your Sleep has been unquiet of late.

Fore. Very likely.

Mrs. Fore. O mighty restless, but I was afraid to tell him so,——He has been subject to Talking and Starting.

Scan. And did not use to be so.

Mrs. Fore. Never, never; 'till within these three Nights; I cannot say, that he has once broken my Rest, since we have been marry'd.

Fore. I will go to Bed.

Scan. Do so, Mr. *Foresight*, and say your Pray'rs——He looks better than he did.

Mrs. Fore. Nurse, Nurse!

Fore. Do you think so, Mr. *Scandal*?

Scan. Yes, yes, I hope this will be gone by Morning, taking it in time.——

Fore. I hope so.

Enter NURSE.

Mrs. Fore. Nurse; your Master is not well; put him to Bed.

Scan. I hope you will be able to see *Valentine* in the Morning,——you had best take a little Diacodion and Cowslip-Water, and lye upon your Back, may be you may dream.

Fore. I thank you, Mr. *Scandal*, I will——Nurse, let me have a Watch-Light, and lay the Crums of Comfort by me.——

Nurse. Yes, Sir.

Fore. And——hem, hem! I am very faint.——

Scan. No, no, you look much better.

Fore. Do I? And d'ye hear——bring me, let me see——within a Quarter of Twelve—hem—he, hem!—just upon the turning of the Tide, bring me the Urinal; ——And I hope, neither the Lord of my Ascendant, nor the Moon will be combust; and then I may do well.

Scan. I hope so——Leave that to me; I will erect a Scheme; and I hope I shall find both *Sol* and *Venus* in the sixth House.

Fore. I thank you, Mr. *Scandal*, indeed that wou'd be a great Comfort to me. Hem, hem! good Night.

[*Exit with* NURSE.

Scan. Good Night, good Mr. *Foresight*;——and I hope *Mars* and *Venus* will be in Conjunction;——while your Wife and I are together.

Mrs. Fore. Well; and what use do you hope to make of this Project? You don't think, that you are ever like to succeed in your Design upon me.

Scan. Yes, Faith I do; I have a better Opinion both of you and my self, than to despair.

Mrs. Fore. Did you ever hear such a Toad—hark'ee Devil; do you think any Woman honest?

Scan. Yes, several, very honest;——they'll cheat a little at Cards, sometimes, but that's nothing.

Mrs. Fore. Pshaw! but virtuous I mean.

Scan. Yes, Faith, I believe some Women are virtuous too; but 'tis as I believe some Men are Valiant, thro' Fear——For why shou'd a Man court Danger, or a Woman shun Pleasure?

Mrs. Fore. O monstrous! What are Conscience and Honour?

Scan. Why, Honour is a publick Enemy; and Conscience a Domestick Thief; and he that wou'd secure his Pleasure, must pay a Tribute to one, and go halves with t'other. As for Honour, that you have secur'd, for you have purchas'd a perpetual Opportunity for Pleasure.

Mrs. Fore. An Opportunity for Pleasure!

Scan. Ay, your Husband, a Husband is an Opportunity for Pleasure, so you have taken care of Honour, and 'tis the least I can do to take care of Conscience.

Mrs. Fore. And so you think we are free for one another?

Scan. Yes, Faith, I think so; I love to speak my Mind.

Mrs. Fore. Why then I'll speak my Mind. Now as to this Affair between you and me. Here you make love to me; why, I'll confess it does not displease me. Your Person is well enough, and your Understanding is not amiss.

Scan. I have no great Opinion of my self; but I think, I'm neither deform'd, nor a Fool.

Mrs. Fore. But you have a villainous Character; you are a Libertine in Speech, as well as Practice.

Scan. Come, I know what you wou'd say,——you think it more dangerous to be seen in Conversation with me, than to allow some other Men the last Favour; you mistake, the Liberty I take in talking, is purely affected, for the Service of your Sex. He that first cries out stop Thief, is often he that has stol'n the Treasure. I am a Jugler, that act by Confederacy; and if you please, we'll put a Trick upon the World.

Mrs. Fore. Ay; but you are such a universal Jugler, ——that I'm afraid you have a great many Confederates.

Scan. Faith, I'm sound.

Mrs. Fore. O, fie——I'll swear you're impudent.

Scan. I'll swear you're handsome.

Mrs. Fore. Pish, you'd tell me so, tho' you did not think so.

Scan. And you'd think so, tho' I shou'd not tell you so: And now I think we know one another pretty well.

Mrs. Fore. O Lord, who's here?

Enter Mrs. Frail *and* Ben.

Ben. Mess, I love to speak my Mind——Father has nothing to do with me—Nay, I can't say that neither; he has something to do with me. But what does that signifie? If so be, that I ben't minded to be steer'd by him; 'tis as tho'f he should strive against Wind and Tide.

Mrs. Frail. Ay, but my Dear, we must keep it secret, 'till the Estate be settled; for you know, marrying without an Estate, is like sailing in a Ship without Ballast.

Ben. He, he, he; why, that's true; just so for all the World it is indeed, as like as two Cable Ropes.

Mrs. Frail. And tho' I have a good Portion; you know one wou'd not venture all in one Bottom.

Ben. Why, that's true again; for may-hap one Bottom may spring a Leak. You have hit it indeed, Mess, you've nick'd the Channel.

Mrs. Frail. Well, but if you shou'd forsake me after all, you'd break my Heart.

Ben. Break your Heart? I'd rather the *Marygold* shou'd break her Cable in a Storm, as well as I love her. Flesh, you don't think I'm false-hearted, like a Land-Man. A Sailor will be honest, tho'f may-hap he has never a Penny of Mony in his Pocket——May-hap I may not have so fair a Face, as a Citizen or a Courtier;

but for all that, I've as good Blood in my Veins, and a Heart as sound as a Bisket.

Mrs. Frail. And will you love me always?

Ben. Nay, an I love once, I'll ſtick like Pitch; I'll tell you what. Come, I'll ſing you a Song of a Sailor.

Mrs. Frail. Hold, there's my Siſter, I'll call her to hear it.

Mrs. Fore. Well; I won't go to Bed to my Husband to Night; because I'll retire to my own Chamber, and think of what you have ſaid.

Scan. Well; you'll give me Leave to wait upon you to your Chamber Door; and leave you my laſt Inſtructions?

Mrs. Fore. Hold, here's my Siſter coming towards us.

Mrs. Frail. If it won't interrupt you, I'll entertain you with a Song.

Ben. The Song was made upon one of our Ships-Crew's Wife; our Boat-ſwain made the Song, may-hap you may know her, Sir. Before ſhe was marry'd, ſhe was call'd Buxom *Joan* of *Deptford.*

Scan. I have heard of her. [Ben *ſings.*

BALLAD.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*

I.

A Soldier and a Sailor,
A Tinker, and a Tailor,
Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
Whoſe Name was Buxom Joan.
For now the time was ended,
When ſhe no more intended,
To lick her Lips at Men, Sir.
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
And lye o' Nights alone.

II.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder;
And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
That he had brought from far, Sir,
With fighting for her Sake.
The Tailor thought to please her,
With off'ring her his Measure.
The Tinker too with Mettle,
Said he could mend her Kettle,
And ſtop up ev'ry Leak.

III.

But while these three were prating,
The Sailor ſlily waiting,
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they ſhould all fall out, Sir:
He then might play his Part.
And juſt e'en as he meant, Sir,
To loggerheads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her,
A ſhot 'twixt Wind and Water,
That won this fair Maid's Heart.

Ben. If ſome of our Crew that came to ſee me, are not gone; you ſhall ſee, that we Sailors can dance ſometimes, as well as other Folks. [*Whiſtles.*] I warrant that brings 'em, an they be within hearing.

Enter Seamen.

Oh, here they be——And Fiddles along with 'em; come, my Lads, let's have a Round, and I'll make one.

[*Dance.*

Ben. We're merry Folks, we Sailors, we han't much to care for. Thus we live at Sea; eat Biſket, and drink Flip; put on a clean Shirt once a Quarter——Come

home, and lye with our Landladies once a Year, get rid of a little Mony; and then put off with the next fair Wind. How d'ye like us?

Mrs. Frail. O'you are the happiest, merriest Men alive.

Mrs. Fore. We're beholden to Mr. *Benjamin* for this Entertainment. I believe it's late.

Ben. Why, forsooth, an you think so, you had best go to Bed. For my Part, I mean to toss a Can, and remember my Sweet-Heart, a-fore I turn in; may-hap I may dream of her.

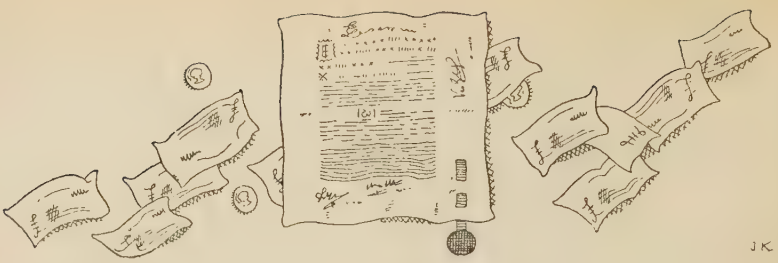
Mrs. Fore. Mr. *Scandal*, you had best go to Bed and dream too.

Scan. Why, Faith, I have a good lively Imagination; and can dream as much to the Purpose as another, if I set about it: But dreaming is the poor Retreat of a lazy, hopeless, and imperfect Lover; 'tis the last Glimpse of Love to worn-out Sinners, and the faint dawning of a Bliss to wishing Girls, and growing Boys.

There's nought but willing, waking Love, that can
Make blest the Ripen'd Maid and finish'd Man.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Third Act.



ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

VALENTINE'S *Lodging.*

SCANDAL *and* JEREMY.

Scan. WELL, is your Master ready; does he look madly, and talk madly?

Jere. Yes, Sir; you need make no great doubt of that; he that was so near turning Poet yesterday Morning, can't be much to seek in playing the Madman to Day.

Scan. Would he have *Angelica* acquainted with the Reason of his Design?

Jere. No, Sir, not yet;——He has a Mind to try, whether his playing the Madman, won't make her play the Fool, and fall in Love with him; or at least own, that she has lov'd him all this while, and conceal'd it.

Scan. I saw her take Coach just now with her Maid; and think I heard her bid the Coachman drive hither.

Jere. Like enough, Sir, for I told her Maid this Morning, my Master was run stark mad only for Love of her Mistress; I hear a Coach stop; if it should be she, Sir, I believe he would not see her, till he hears how she takes it.

Scan. Well, I'll try her——'tis she, here she comes.

Enter ANGELICA *with* JENNY.

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, I suppose you don't think it a Novelty, to see a Woman visit a Man at his own Lodgings in a Morning?

Scan. Not upon a kind Occasion, Madam. But when a Lady comes tyrannically to insult a ruin'd Lover, and make manifest the cruel Triumphs of her Beauty; the Barbarity of it something surprizes me.

Ang. I don't like Raillery from a serious Face—— pray tell me what is the Matter?

Jere. No strange Matter, Madam; my Master's mad, that's all: I suppose your Ladyship has thought him so a great while.

Ang. How d'ye mean, mad?

Jere. Why, faith, Madam, he's mad for want of his Wits, just as he was poor for want of Mony; his Head is e'en as light as his Pockets; and any Body that has a Mind to a bad Bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his Estate.

Ang. If you speak Truth, your endeavouring at Wit is very unseasonable——

Scan. She's concern'd, and loves him. [*Aside.*

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, you can't think me guilty of so much Inhumanity, as not to be concern'd for a Man I must own my self oblig'd to—pray tell me Truth.

Scan. Faith, Madam, I wish telling a Lie would mend the Matter. But this is no new Effect of an unsuccessful Passion.

Ang. [*Aside.*] I know not what to think——Yet I shou'd be vext to have a Trick put upon me——May I not see him?

Scan. I'm afraid the Physician is not willing you shou'd see him yet—*Jeremy*, go in and enquire.

[*Exit* JEREMY.

Ang. Ha! I saw him wink and smile—I fancy 'tis a Trick—I'll try—I would disguise to all the World a

Failing, which I must own to you——I fear my Happiness depends upon the Recovery of *Valentine*. Therefore I conjure you, as you are his Friend, and as you have Compassion upon one fearful of Affliction, to tell me what I am to hope for——I cannot speak——But you may tell me, tell me, for you know what I wou'd ask?

Scan. So, this is pretty plain——Be not too much concerned, Madam; I hope his Condition is not desperate: An Acknowledgement of Love from you, perhaps, may work a Cure; as the Fear of your Aversion occasion'd his Distemper.

Ang. [*Aside.*] Say you so; nay then I'm convinc'd: And if I don't play Trick for Trick, may I never taste the Pleasure of Revenge——Acknowledgement of Love! I find you have mistaken my Compassion, and think me guilty of a Weakness I am a Stranger to. But I have too much Sincerity to deceive you, and too much Charity to suffer him to be deluded with vain Hopes. Good Nature and Humanity oblige me to be concern'd for him; but to love is neither in my Power nor Inclination; and if he can't be cur'd without I suck the Poison from his Wounds, I'm afraid he won't recover his Senses 'till I lose mine.

Scan. Hey, brave Woman, I faith——Won't you see him then, if he desire it?

Ang. What signifie a Madman's Desires? Besides, 'twou'd make me uneasie—If I don't see him, perhaps my Concern for him may lessen—If I forget him, 'tis no more than he has done by himself; and now the Surprize is over, methinks I am not half so sorry as I was——

Scan. So, faith good Nature works apace; you were confessing just now an Obligation to his Love.

Ang. But I have consider'd that Passions are unreasonable and involuntary; if he loves, he can't help it; and if I don't love, I can't help it; no more than he

can help his being a Man, or I my being a Woman; or no more than I can help my want of Inclination to stay longer here—Come, *Jenny*.

[*Exeunt* Angelica *and* Jenny.

Scan. Humh!—An admirable Composition, Faith, this same Womankind.

Re-enter Jeremy.

Jere. What, is she gone, Sir?

Scan. Gone; why she was never here, nor any where else; nor I don't know her if I see her; nor you neither.

Jere. Good lack! What's the matter now? Are any more of us to be mad? Why, Sir, my Master longs to see her; and is almost mad in good earnest, with the joyful News of her being here.

Scan. We are all under a Mistake——Ask no Questions, for I can't resolve you; but I'll inform your Master. In the mean time, if our Project succeed no better with his Father than it does with his Mistress, he may descend from his Exaltation of Madness into the Road of common Sense, and be content only to be made a Fool with other reasonable People. I hear Sir *Sampson*. You know your Cue; I'll to your Master. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Sampson Legend *and* Buckram.

Sir Samp. D'ye see, Mr. *Buckram*, here's the Paper sign'd with his own Hand.

Buck. Good, Sir. And the Conveyance is ready drawn in this Box, if he be ready to sign and seal.

Sir Samp. Ready, Body o'me, he must be ready: His Sham-Sickness shan't excuse him—O, here's his Scoundrel. Sirrah, where's your Master?

Jere. Ah, Sir, he's quite gone.

Sir Samp. Gone! What, he is not dead?

Jere. No, Sir, not dead.

Sir Samp. What, is he gone out of Town, run away, ha! has he trick'd me? Speak, Varlet.

Jere. No, no, Sir, he's safe enough, Sir, an he were but as sound, poor Gentleman. He is indeed here, Sir, and not here, Sir.

Sir Samp. Hey day, Rascal, do you banter me? Sirrah, d'ye banter me,——Speak Sirrah, where is he, for I will find him.

Jere. Would you could, Sir; for he has loſt himself. Indeed, Sir, I have a moſt broke my Heart about him—I can't refrain Tears when I think of him, Sir: I'm as melancholy for him as a Passing-Bell, Sir; or a Horse in a Pound.

Sir Samp. A Pox confound your Similitudes, Sir——Speak to be underſtood, and tell me in plain Terms what the Matter is with him, or I'll crack your Fool's Scull.

Jere. Ah, you've hit it, Sir; that's the Matter with him, Sir; his Skull's crack'd, poor Gentleman; he's ſtark mad, Sir.

Sir Samp. Mad!

Buck. What, is he *Non Compos?*

Jere. Quite *Non Compos*, Sir.

Buck. Why then all's obliterated, Sir *Sampson*, if he be *Non Compos mentis*, his Act and Deed will be of no Effect, it is not good in Law.

Sir Samp. Oons, I won't believe it; let me see him, Sir—Mad, I'll make him find his Senses.

Jere. Mr. *Scandal* is with him, Sir; I'll knock at the Door. [*Goes to the Scene, which opens.*

SCENE II.

Another Room at VALENTINE'S *Lodgings.*

Sir SAMPSON, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY, *and* BUCKRAM.

(VALENTINE *upon a Couch disorderly dress'd.*)

Sir Samp. How now, what's here to do?

Val. Ha! Who's that? [*Starting.*

Scan. For Heav'ns sake softly, Sir, and gently; don't provoke him.

Val. Answer me; Who is that? and that?

Sir Samp. Gads bobs, does he not know me? Is he mischievous? I'll speak gently—*Val, Val,* do'ſt thou not know me, Boy? Not know thy own Father, *Val!* I am thy own Father, and this is honeſt *Brief Buckram* the Lawyer.

Val. It may be so——I did not know you——the World is full——There are People that we do know, and People that we do not know; and yet the Sun shines upon all alike——There are Fathers that have many Children; and there are Children that have many Fathers——'tis ſtrange! But I am Truth, and come to give the World the Lie.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, I know not what to say to him.

Val. Why does that Lawyer wear black?——Does he carry his Conſcience withoutside?—Lawyer, what art thou? Doſt thou know me?

Buck. O Lord, what muſt I say?——Yes, Sir.

Val. Thou lieſt, for I am Truth. 'Tis hard I cannot get a Livelyhood amongſt you. I have been sworn out of *Weſtminſter-Hall* the firſt Day of every Term—Let me see—No matter how long——But I'll tell you one thing; it's a Queſtion that would puzzle an Arithmetician, if you should ask him, whether the Bible saves

more Souls in *Westminster-Abby*, or damns more in *Westminster-Hall:* For my part, I am Truth, and can't tell; I have very few Acquaintance.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, he talks sensibly in his Madness ——Has he no Intervals?

Jere. Very short, Sir.

Buck. Sir, I can do you no Service while he's in this Condition: Here's your Paper, Sir——He may do me a Mischief if I stay——The Conveyance is ready, Sir. If he recovers his Senses. [*Exit* BUCKRAM.

Sir Samp. Hold, hold, don't you go yet.

Scan. You'd better let him go, Sir; and send for him if there be Occasion; for I fancy his Presence provokes him more.

Val. Is the Lawyer gone? 'Tis well, then we may drink about without going together by the Ears—heigh ho! What a Clock is't? My Father here! Your Blessing, Sir?

Sir Samp. He recovers——bless thee, *Val.*—How dost thou do, Boy?

Val. Thank you, Sir, pretty well——I have been a little out of Order; won't you please to sit, Sir?

Sir Samp. Ay, Boy,—Come, thou shalt sit down by me.

Val. Sir, 'tis my Duty to wait.

Sir Samp. No, no, come, come, sit thee down, honest *Val:* How do'st thou do? let me feel thy Pulse—Oh, pretty well now, *Val:* Body o'me, I was sorry to see thee indisposed: But I'm glad thou art better, honest *Val.*

Val. I thank you, Sir.

Scan. Miracle! the Monster grows loving. [*Aside.*

Sir Samp. Let me feel thy Hand again, *Val:* It does not shake—I believe thou canst write, *Val:* Ha, Boy? thou canst write thy Name, *Val?*—*Jeremy*, step and overtake Mr. *Buckram*, bid him make haste back with the Conveyance—quick—quick.

[*In Whisper to* JEREMY.

JEREMY, VALENTINE AND
SIR SAMPSON LEGEND

Scan. That ever I shou'd suspect such a Heathen of any Remorse! [*Aside.*

Sir Samp. Do'st thou know this Paper, *Val*? I know thou'rt honest, and wilt perform Articles.

[*Shews him the Paper, but holds it out of his Reach.*

Val. Pray let me see it, Sir. You hold it so far off, that I can't tell whether I know it or no.

Sir Samp. See it, Boy? Ay, ay, why thou do'st see it—'tis thy own Hand, *Vally.* Why, let me see, I can read it as plain as can be: Look you here [*Reads.*] *The Condition of this Obligation*——Look you, as plain as can be, so it begins——And then at the Bottom——*As witness my Hand*, VALENTINE LEGEND, in great Letters. Why, 'tis as plain as the Nose in one's Face: What, are my Eyes better than thine? I believe I can read it farther off yet—let me see. [*Stretches his Arm as far as he can.*

Val. Will you please let me hold it, Sir?

Sir Samp. Let thee hold it, say'st thou——Ay, with all my Heart——What matter is it who holds it? What need any body hold it?—I'll put it up in my Pocket, *Val*, and then no body need hold it [*Puts the Paper in his Pocket.*] There, *Val*: it's safe enough, Boy——But thou shalt have it as soon as thou hast set thy Hand to another Paper, little *Val.*

Re-enter JEREMY *with* BUCKRAM.

Val. What, is my bad Genius here again! Oh no, 'tis the Lawyer with an itching Palm; and he's come to be scratch'd—My Nails are not long enough—Let me have a Pair of Red-hot Tongs quickly, quickly, and you shall see me act St. *Dunstan*, and lead the Devil by the Nose.

Buck. O Lord, let me be gone; I'll not venture my self with a Madman. [*Exit.*

Val. Ha, ha, ha; you need not run so fast, Honesty will not overtake you——Ha, ha, ha, the Rogue found me out to be in *Forma Pauperis* presently.

Sir Samp. Oons! What a Vexation is here! I know not what to do, or say, nor which way to go.

Val. Who's that, that's out of his way?——I am Truth, and can set him right——Harkee, Friend, the ſtrait Road is the worſt way you can go——He that follows his Nose always, will very often be led into a Stink. *Probatum eſt.* But what are you for? Religion or Politicks? There's a couple of Topicks for you, no more like one another than Oil and Vinegar; and yet those two beaten together by a State-Cook, make Sauce for the whole Nation.

Sir Samp. What the Devil had I to do, ever to beget Sons? Why did I ever marry?

Val. Because thou wert a Monſter; old Boy? The two greateſt Monſters in the World, are a Man and a Woman? What's thy Opinion?

Sir Samp. Why, my Opinion is, that those two Monſters join'd together, make yet a greater, that's a Man and his Wife.

Val. A ha! Old True-penny, say'ſt thou so: thou haſt nick'd it——But it's wonderful ſtrange, *Jeremy.*

Jere. What is, Sir?

Val. That gray Hairs shou'd cover a green Head—and I make a Fool of my Father. What's here! *Erra Pater*: or a bearded Sybil? If Prophecy comes Truth muſt give place. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Ante-room at VALENTINE'S *Lodgings.*

Sir SAMPSON, SCANDAL, FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FRAIL.

Fore. What says he? What, did he prophesie? Ha, Sir *Sampson*, bleſs us! How are we?

Sir Samp. Are we? A Pox o'your Prognoſtication—

Why, we are Fools as we use to be—Oons, that you cou'd not foresee, that the Moon wou'd predominate, and my Son be mad—Where's your Oppositions, your Trines, and your Quadrates?——What did your *Cardan* and your *Ptolome* tell you? Your *Messahalah* and your *Longomontanus*, your Harmony of Chiromancy with Astrology. Ah! pox on't, that I that know the World, and Men and Manners, that don't believe a Syllable in the Sky and Stars, and Sun and Almanacks, and trash, should be directed by a Dreamer, an Omen-hunter, and defer Business in Expectation of a lucky Hour. When, Body o'me, there never was a lucky Hour after the first Opportunity. [*Exit Sir* SAMPSON.

Fore. Ah, Sir *Sampson*, Heav'n help your Head——This is none of your lucky Hour; *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.* What, is he gone, and in contempt of Science! Ill Stars, and unconvertible Ignorance attend him.

Scan. You must excuse his Passion, Mr. *Foresight*; for he has been heartily vex'd—His Son is *Non compos mentis*, and thereby incapable of making any Conveyance in Law; so that all his Measures are disappointed.

Fore. Ha! say you so?

Mrs. Frail. What, has my Sea-Lover lost his Anchor of Hope then? [*Aside to Mrs.* FORESIGHT.

Mrs. Fore. Oh Sister, what will you do with him?

Mrs. Frail. Do with him, send him to Sea again in the next foul Weather——He's us'd to an inconstant Element, and won't be surpriz'd to see the Tide turn'd.

Fore. Wherein was I mistaken, not to foresee this? [*Considers.*

Scan. Madam, you and I can tell him something else, that he did not foresee, and more particularly relating to his own Fortune. [*Aside to Mrs.* FORESIGHT.

Mrs. Fore. What do you mean? I don't understand you.

Scan. Hush, softly—the Pleasures of last Night, my Dear, too considerable to be forgot so soon.

Mrs. Fore. Last Night! and what wou'd your Impudence infer from last Night! last Night was like the Night before, I think.

Scan. 'S'death, do you make no difference between me and your Husband?

Mrs. Fore. Not much——he's superstitious; and you are mad in my Opinion.

Scan. You make me mad——You are not serious—Pray recollect your self.

Mrs. Fore. O yes, now I remember, you were very impertinent and impudent,—and would have come to Bed to me.

Scan. And did not?

Mrs. Fore. Did not! With what Face can you ask the Question?

Scan. This I have heard of before, but never believ'd. I have been told, she had that admirable Quality of forgetting to a Man's Face in the Morning, that she had lain with him all Night, and denying that she had done Favours with more Impudence, than she cou'd grant 'em —Madam, I'm your humble Servant, and honour you.—You look pretty well, Mr. *Foresight.*—How did you rest last Night?

Fore. Truly Mr. *Scandal*, I was so taken up with broken Dreams and distracted Visions, that I remember little.

Scan. 'Twas a very forgetting Night.—But would you not talk with *Valentine*, perhaps you may understand him; I'm apt to believe, there is something mysterious in his Discourses, and sometimes rather think him inspir'd than mad.

Fore. You speak with singular good Judgment, Mr. *Scandal*, truly,——I am inclining to your *Turkish* Opinion in this Matter, and do reverence a Man whom the vulgar think mad. Let us go to him.

Mrs. Frail. Sister, do you stay with them; I'll find out my Lover, and give him his Discharge, and come to you. O'my Conscience here he comes.

[*Exit Mrs.* Foresight.

Enter Ben.

Ben. All mad, I think—Flesh, I believe all the *Calentures* of the Sea are come ashore, for my part.

Mrs. Frail. Mr. *Benjamin* in Choler!

Ben. No, I'm pleased well enough, now I have found you,——Mess, I have had such a Hurricane upon your Account yonder.—

Mrs. Frail. My Account, pray what's the Matter?

Ben. Why, Father came and found me squabling with yon chitty-fac'd thing, as he would have me marry,—so he ask'd what was the Matter.—He ask'd in a surly sort of a way—(It seems Brother *Val.* is gone mad, and so that put'n into a Passion; but what did I know that, what's that to me?)—So he ask'd in a surly sort of manner,—and Gad I answer'd 'en as surlily, What tho'f he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice to 'en:—so faith I told'n in plain Terms, if I were minded to marry, I'd marry to please my self, not him: And for the young Woman that he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her Sampler, and make Dirt-Pies, than to look after a Husband; for my part I was none of her Man.——I had another Voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

Mrs. Frail. So then, you intend to go to Sea again?

Ben. Nay, nay, my Mind run upon you,—but I wou'd not tell him so much—So he said he'd make my Heart ake; and if so be that he cou'd get a Woman to his Mind, he'd marry himself. Gad, says I, an you play the Fool and marry at these Years, there's more Danger of your Head's aking than my Heart.—He was woundy angry when I gav'n that wipe.—He hadn't a Word to say, and so I left'n, and the green Girl together; may-

hap the Bee may bite, and he'll marry her himself, with all my Heart.

Mrs. Frail. And were you this undutiful and graceless Wretch to your Father?

Ben. Then why was he graceless first?——If I am undutiful and graceless, why did he beget me so? I did not get my self.

Mrs. Frail. O Impiety! How have I been mistaken! What an inhuman merciless Creature have I set my Heart upon? O I am happy to have discover'd the Shelves and Quicksands that lurk beneath that faithless smiling Face.

Ben. Hey toss! What's the Matter now? Why you ben't angry, be you?

Mrs. Frail. O see me no more,——for thou wert born amongst Rocks, suckl'd by Whales, cradled in a Tempest, and whistled to by Winds; and thou art come forth with Fins and Scales, and three Rows of Teeth, a most outragious Fish of Prey.

Ben. O Lord, O Lord, she's mad, poor young Woman, Love has turn'd her Senses, her Brain is quite overset. Well-a-day, how shall I do to set her to rights?

Mrs. Frail. No, no, I am not mad, Monster, I am wise enough to find you out.——Hadst thou the Impudence to aspire at being a Husband with that stubborn and disobedient Temper?——You that know not how to submit to a Father, presume to have sufficient Stock of Duty to undergo a Wife? I should have been finely fobb'd indeed, very finely fobb'd.

Ben. Harkee Forsooth; if so be that you are in your right Senses, d'ye see; for ought as I perceive I'm like to be finely fobb'd,——if I have got Anger here upon your Account, and you are tack'd about already.——What d'ye mean, after all your fair Speeches, and stroaking my Cheeks, and kissing and hugging, what wou'd you sheer off so? Wou'd you, and leave me aground?

Mrs. Frail. No, I'll leave you a-drift, and go which way you will.

Ben. What, are you false-hearted then?

Mrs. Frail. Only the Wind's chang'd.

Ben. More shame for you,——the Wind's chang'd? It's an ill Wind blows no Body good,—may-hap I have a good riddance on you, if these be your Tricks,——what did you mean all this while, to make a Fool of me?

Mrs. Frail. Any Fool, but a Husband.

Ben. Husband! Gad I wou'd not be your Husband, if you wou'd have me; now I know your Mind, tho'f you had your Weight in Gold and Jewels, and tho'f I lov'd you never so well.

Mrs. Frail. Why, can'ſt thou love, *Porpusse*?

Ben. No matter what I can do; don't call Names, ——I don't love you so well as to bear that, whatever I did,——I'm glad you shew your self, Miſtress!—Let them marry you, as don't know you:—Gad, I know you too well, by sad Experience; I believe he that marries you will go to Sea in a Hen-peck'd Frigat—I believe that, young Woman——and may-hap may come to an Anchor at *Cuckolds-Point*; so there's a Dash for you, take it as you will, may-hap you may holla after me when I won't come too. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Frail. Ha, ha, ha, no doubt on't,—*My true Love is gone to Sea*—— [*Sings.*

Re-enter Mrs. Foresight.

Mrs. Frail. O Siſter, had you come a Minute sooner, you would have seen the Resolution of a Lover,—— Honeſt *Tarr* and I are parted;——and with the same Indifference that we met:——O' my Life I am half vex'd at the insensibility of a Brute that I despis'd.

Mrs. Fore. What then, he bore it moſt heroically?

Mrs. Frail. Moſt Tyrannically,——for you see he has got the ſtart of me; and I the poor forsaken Maid am left complaining on the Shoar. But I'll tell you a Hint that he has given me; Sir *Sampson* is enraged, and talks desperately of committing Matrimony himself.——If he

has a Mind to throw himself away, he can't do it more effectually than upon me, if we could bring it about.

Mrs. Fore. Oh, hang him, old Fox, he's too cunning, besides he hates both you and me.——But I have a Project in my Head for you, and I have gone a good way towards it. I have almost made a Bargain with *Jeremy*, *Valentine's* Man, to sell his Master to us.

Mrs. Frail. Sell him, how?

Mrs. Fore. Valentine raves upon *Angelica*, and took me for her, and *Jeremy* says will take any body for her that he imposes on him.——Now I have promised him Mountains; if in one of his mad fits he will bring you to him in her stead, and get you marry'd together, and put to Bed together; and after Consummation, Girl, there's no revoking. And if he should recover his Senses, he'll be glad at least to make you a good Settlement—Here they come, stand aside a little, and tell me how you like the Design.

Enter VALENTINE, SCANDAL, FORESIGHT, *and* JEREMY.

Scan. And have you given your Master a hint of their Plot upon him? [*To* JERE.

Jere. Yes, Sir; he says he'll favour it, and mistake her for *Angelica*.

Scan. It may make us sport.

Fore. Mercy on us!

Val. Husht——Interrupt me not——I'll whisper Prediction to thee, and thou shalt Prophesie;——I am Truth, and can teach thy Tongue a new Trick,——I have told thee what's past.——Now I'll tell you what's to come;——Dost thou know what will happen to Morrow?——Answer me not——for I will tell thee. To Morrow, Knaves will thrive thro' Craft, and Fools thro' Fortune; and Honesty will go as it did, Frost-nipt in a Summer Suit. Ask me Questions concerning to Morrow?

Scan. Ask him, Mr. *Foresight.*

Fore. Pray what will be done at Court?

Val. Scandal will tell you;——I am Truth, I never come there.

Fore. In the City?

Val. Oh, Prayers will be said in empty Churches, at the usual Hours. Yet you will see such zealous Faces behind Counters, as if Religion were to be sold in every Shop. Oh, things will go methodically in the City, the Clocks will strike twelve at Noon, and the horn'd Herd Buz in the Exchange at Two. Wives and Husbands will drive distinct Trades, and Care and Pleasure separately occupy the Family. Coffee-Houses will be full of Smoak and Stratagem. And the cropt Prentice, that sweeps his Master's Shop in the Morning, may ten to one dirty his Sheets before Night. But there are two things that you will see very strange; which are wanton Wives, with their Legs at Liberty, and tame Cuckolds, with Chains about their Necks. But hold, I must examine you before I go further; you look suspiciously. Are you a Husband?

Fore. I am married.

Val. Poor Creature! Is your Wife of *Covent-Garden* Parish!

Fore. No; St. *Martins* in the Fields.

Val. Alas; poor Man; his Eyes are sunk, and his Hands shrivell'd: his Legs dwindl'd, and his Back bow'd, pray, pray, for a Metamorphosis——Change thy Shape, and shake off Age; get thee *Medea*'s Kettle, and be boil'd a-new; come forth with lab'ring Callous Hands, a Chine of Steel, and *Atlas* Shoulders. Let *Taliacotius* trim the Calves of twenty Chairmen, and make thee Pedestals to stand erect upon, and look Matrimony in the Face. Ha, ha, ha! That a Man shou'd have a Stomach to a Wedding Supper, when the Pidgeons ought rather to be laid to his Feet, ha, ha, ha.

Fore. His frenzy is very high now, Mr. *Scandal.*

Scan. I believe it is a Spring Tide.

Fore. Very likely truly; you understand these Matters

——Mr. *Scandal*, I shall be very glad to confer with you about these things which he has utter'd.—His Sayings are very Mysterious and Hieroglyphical.

Val. Oh, why would *Angelica* be absent from my Eyes so long?

Jere. She's here, Sir.

Mrs. Fore. Now, Sister.

Mrs. Frail. O Lord, what must I say?

Scan. Humour him, Madam, by all means.

Val. Where is she? Oh, I see her——she comes, like Riches, Health and Liberty at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandon'd Wretch. Oh, welcome, welcome.

Mrs. Frail. How d'ye you, Sir? Can I serve you?

Val. Harkee;——I have a Secret to tell you—*Endymion* and the Moon shall meet us upon Mount *Latmos*, and we'll be marry'd in the dead of Night.——But say not a Word. *Hymen* shall put his Torch into a dark Lanthorn, that it may be secret; and *Juno* shall give her *Peacock* Poppy-Water, that he may fold his ogling Tail, and *Argus*'s hundred Eyes be shut, ha? No body shall know, but *Jeremy*.

Mrs. Frail. No, no, we'll keep it secret, it shall be done presently.

Val. The sooner the better——*Jeremy*, come hither ——closer——that none may over-hear us;——*Jeremy*, I can tell you News; *Angelica* is turn'd Nun; and I am turning Fryar, and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the Pope——Get me a Coul and Beads, that I may play my part,——For she'll meet me two Hours hence in black and white, and a long Veil to cover the Project, and we won't see one anothers Faces, 'till we have done something to be asham'd of; and then we'll blush once for all.

Enter Tattle *and* Angelica.

Jere. I'll take care, and——

Val. Whisper.

Ang. Nay, Mr. *Tattle*, if you make Love to me, you spoil my Design, for I intend to make you my Confident.

Tatt. But, Madam, to throw away your Person, such a Person! and such a Fortune on a Madman!

Ang. I never lov'd him 'till he was mad; but don't tell any Body so.

Scan. How's this! *Tattle* making Love to *Angelica*!

Tatt. Tell, Madam! alas you don't know me——I have much ado to tell your Ladyship, how long I have been in Love with you—but encourag'd by the Impossibility of *Valentine*'s making any more Addresses to you, I have ventur'd to declare the very inmost Passion of my Heart. Oh, Madam, look upon us both. There you see the Ruins of a poor decay'd Creature——Here, a compleat and lively Figure, with Youth and Health, and all his five Senses in perfection, Madam, and to all this, the most passionate Lover——

Ang. O fie for shame, hold your Tongue, A passionate Lover, and five Senses in perfection! when you are as mad as *Valentine*, I'll believe you love me, and the maddest shall take me.

Val. It is enough. Ha! Who's here?

Frail. O Lord, her coming will spoil all.

[*To* JEREMY.

Jere. No, no, Madam, he won't know her; if he shou'd, I can perswade him.

Val. Scandal, who are these? Foreigners? If they are, I'll tell you what I think——get away all the Company but *Angelica*, that I may discover my Design to her.

[*Whisper.*

Scan. I will——I have discover'd something of *Tattle*, that is of a piece with Mrs. *Frail.* He courts *Angelica*; if we cou'd contrive to couple 'em together—Hark'ee——

[*Whisper.*

Mrs. Fore. He won't know you, Cousin, he knows no body.

Fore. But he knows more than any body,——Oh

Neice, he knows things past and to come, and all the profound Secrets of Time.

Tatt. Look you, Mr. *Foresight*, it is not my way to make many Words of Matters, and so I shan't say much. —But in short, d'ye see, I will hold you a hundred Pound now, that I know more Secrets than he.

Fore. How! I cannot read that Knowledge in your Face, Mr. *Tattle*——Pray, what do you know?

Tatt. Why, d'ye think I'll tell you, Sir! Read it in my Face? No, Sir, 'tis written in my Heart: and safer there, Sir, than Letters writ in Juice of Lemon, for no Fire can fetch it out. I am no Blab, Sir.

Val. Acquaint *Jeremy* with it, he may easily bring it about.——They are welcome, and I'll tell 'em so my self. [*To* SCANDAL.] What, do you look strange upon me?—Then I must be plain. [*Coming up to them.*] I am Truth, and hate an old Acquaintance with a new Face.

[SCANDAL *goes aside with* JEREMY.

Tatt. Do you know me, *Valentine*?

Val. You? Who are you? No, I hope not.

Tatt. I am *Jack Tattle*, your Friend.

Val. My Friend, what to do? I am no married Man, and thou canst not lye with my Wife: I am very poor, and thou canst not borrow Mony of me: Then what Employment have I for a Friend?

Tatt. Hah! A good open Speaker, and not to be trusted with a Secret.

Ang. Do you know me, *Valentine*?

Val. Oh, very well.

Ang. Who am I?

Val. You're a Woman.—One to whom Heav'n gave Beauty, when it grafted Roses on a Briar. You are the Reflection of Heav'n in a Pond, and he that leaps at you is sunk. You are all white, a Sheet of lovely spotless Paper, when you first are born; but you are to be scrawl'd and blotted by every Goose's Quill. I know you; for I lov'd a Woman, and lov'd her so long, that I

found out a strange thing: I found out what a Woman was good for.

Tatt. Ay, prithee, what's that?

Val. Why, to keep a Secret.

Tatt. O Lord!

Val. O exceeding good to keep a Secret: For tho' she should tell, yet she is not to be believ'd.

Tatt. Hah! good again, faith.

Val. I would have Musick——Sing me the Song that I like——

SONG.

Set by Mr. *Finger.*

I.

I tell thee, Charmion, *could I Time retrieve,*
And could again begin to Love and Live,
To you I should my earliest Off'ring give;
I know, my Eyes would lead my Heart to you,
And I should all my Vows and Oaths renew,
But to be plain, I never would be true.

II.

For by our weak and weary Truth, I find,
Love hates to center in a Point assign'd;
But runs with Joy the Circle of the Mind.
Then never let us chain what shou'd be free,
But for Relief of either Sex agree:
Since Women love to change, and so do we.

No more, for I am melancholly. [*Walks musing.*

Jere. I'll do't, Sir. [*To* SCANDAL.

Scan. Mr. *Foresight,* we had best leave him. He may grow outragious, and do Mischief.

Fore. I will be directed by you.

Jere. [to Mrs. *Frail.*] You'll meet, Madam;——I'll take care every thing shall be ready.

Mrs. Frail. Thou shalt do what thou wilt, in short, I will deny thee nothing.

Tatt. Madam, shall I wait upon you? [*To* ANGELICA.

Ang. No. I'll stay with him—Mr. *Scandal* will protect me. Aunt, Mr. *Tattle* desires you would give him leave to wait on you.

Tatt. Pox on't, there's no coming off, now she has said that——Madam, will you do me the Honour?

Mrs. Fore. Mr. *Tattle* might have us'd less Ceremony.

[*Exeunt* FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FRAIL, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, *and* TATTLE.

Scan. Jeremy, follow *Tattle*. [*Exit* JEREMY.

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, I only stay 'till my Maid comes, and because I had a mind to be rid of Mr. *Tattle*.

Scan. Madam, I am very glad that I over-heard a better Reason, which you gave to Mr. *Tattle*; for his Impertinence forc'd you to acknowledge a Kindness for *Valentine*, which you deny'd to all his Sufferings and my Sollicitations. So I'll leave him to make use of the Discovery; and your Ladyship to the free Confession of your Inclinations.

Ang. Oh Heav'ns! You won't leave me alone with a Madman?

Scan. No, Madam; I only leave a Madman to his Remedy. [*Exit* SCANDAL.

Val. Madam, you need not be very much afraid, for I fancy I begin to come to my self.

Ang. Ay, but if I don't fit you, I'll be hang'd. [*Aside.*

Val. You see what Disguises Love makes us put on; Gods have been in counterfeited Shapes for the same Reason; and the divine Part of me, my Mind, has worn this Masque of Madness, and this motly Livery, only as the Slave of Love, and menial Creature of your Beauty.

Ang. Mercy on me, how he talks! poor *Valentine*.

Val. Nay, Faith, now let us understand one another, Hypocrisie apart——The Comedy draws toward an end, and let us think of leaving acting, and be our selves; and

since you have lov'd me, you must own, I have at length deserv'd you shou'd confess it.

Ang. [*Sighs.*] I would I had lov'd you——for Heav'n knows I pity you; and could I have foreseen the bad Effects, I wou'd have striven; but that's too late. [*Sighs.*

Val. What sad Effects?——What's too late? my seeming Madness has deceiv'd my Father, and procur'd me time to think of Means to reconcile me to him; and preserve the right of my Inheritance to his Estate; which otherwise by Articles, I must this Morning have resign'd: And this I had inform'd you of to Day, but you were gone, before I knew you had been here.

Ang. How! I thought your Love of me had caus'd this Transport in your Soul; which, it seems, you only counterfeited; for mercenary Ends, and sordid Interest.

Val. Nay, now you do me Wrong; for if any Interest was consider'd it was yours; since I thought I wanted more than Love, to make me worthy of you.

Ang. Then you thought me mercenary——But how am I deluded by this interval of Sense, to reason with a Madman?

Val. Oh, it's barbarous to misunderstand me longer.

Re-enter JEREMY.

Ang. Oh here's a reasonable Creature——sure he will not have the Impudence to persevere——Come *Jeremy*, acknowledge your Trick, and confess your Master's Madness counterfeit.

Jere. Counterfeit, Madam! I'll maintain him to be as absolutely and substantially mad, as any Freeholder in *Bethlehem*; Nay, he's as mad as any Projector, Fanatick, Chymist, Lover, or Poet in *Europe*.

Val. Sirrah, you lie; I am not mad.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, you see he denies it.

Jere. O Lord, Madam, did you ever know any Madman mad enough to own it?

Val. Sot, can't you apprehend?

Ang. Why, he talk'd very sensibly just now.

Jere. Yes, Madam, he has Intervals: But you see he begins to look wild again now.

Val. Why, you thick-skull'd Rascal, I tell you the Farce is done, and I will be mad no longer. [*Beats him.*

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, is he mad, or no, *Jeremy*?

Jere. Partly I think—for he does not know his own mind two Hours—I'm sure I left him just now, in the Humour to be mad: And I think I have not found him very quiet at this present. Who's there? [*One knocks.*

Val. Go see, you Sot. [*Exit* JEREMY.] I'm very glad that I can move your Mirth, tho' not your Compassion.

Ang. I did not think you had Apprehension enough to be exceptious: But Madmen shew themselves most, by over-pretending to a sound Understanding; as drunken Men do by over-acting Sobriety; I was half inclining to believe you, 'till I accidently touch'd upon your tender Part: But now you have restored me to my former Opinion and Compassion.

Re-enter JEREMY.

Jere. Sir, your Father has sent to know if you are any better yet——Will you please to be mad, Sir, or how?

Val. Stupidity! You know the Penalty of all I'm worth must pay for the Confession of my Senses; I'm mad, and will be mad to every Body but this Lady.

Jere. So——Just the very backside of Truth—. But lying is a Figure in Speech, that interlards the greatest part of my Conversation——Madam, your Ladyship's Woman. [*Exit.*

Enter JENNY.

Ang. Well, have you been there?——Come hither.

Jenny. Yes, Madam, Sir *Sampson* will wait upon you presently. [*Aside to* ANGELICA.

Val. You are not leaving me in this Uncertainty?

Ang. Wou'd any thing, but a Madman, complain of

Uncertainty? Uncertainty and Expectation are the Joys of Life. Security is an insipid thing, and the overtaking and possessing of a Wish, discovers the Folly of the Chase. Never let us know one another better; for the Pleasure of a Masquerade is done, when we come to shew our Faces; but I'll tell you two things before I leave you; I am not the Fool you take me for; and you are mad, and don't know it.

[*Exeunt* Angelica *and* Jenny.

Re-enter Jeremy.

Val. From a Riddle, you can expect nothing but a Riddle. There's my Instruction, and the Moral of my Lesson.

Jere. What, is the Lady gone again, Sir? I hope you understood one another before she went?

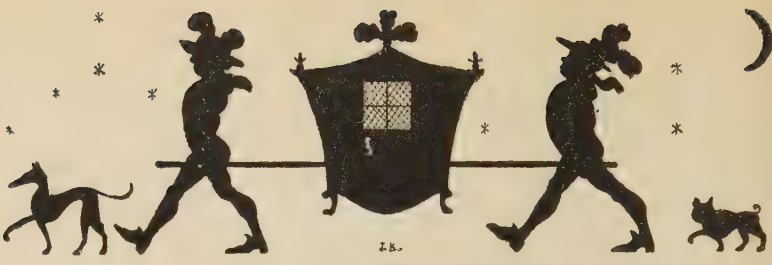
Val. Understood! She is harder to be understood than a Piece of *Ægyptian* Antiquity, or an *Irish* Manuscript; you may pore 'till you spoil your Eyes, and not improve your Knowledge.

Jere. I have heard 'em say, Sir, they read hard *Hebrew* Books backwards; may be you begin to read at the wrong end.

Val. They say so of a Witches Prayer, and Dreams and *Dutch* Almanacks are to be understood by contraries. But there's Regularity and Method in that; she is a Medal without a Reverse or Inscription, for Indifference has both sides alike. Yet while she does not seem to hate me, I will pursue her, and know her if it be possible, in spight of the Opinion of my Satirical Friend, *Scandal*, who says,

That Women are like Tricks by slight of Hand,
Which, to admire, we should not understand.

End of the Fourth Act.



ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Room in FORESIGHT'S *House.*

ANGELICA *and* JENNY.

Ang. WHERE is Sir *Sampson*? Did you not tell me, he would be here before me?

Jenny. He's at the great Glass in the Dining Room, Madam, setting his Cravat and Wig.

Ang. How! I'm glad on't—If he has a mind I should like him, it's a sign he likes me; and that's more than half my Design.

Jenny. I hear him, Madam.

Ang. Leave me, and d'ye hear, if *Valentine* shou'd come, or send, I am not to be spoken with. [*Exit* JENNY.

Enter Sir SAMPSON.

Sir Samp. I have not been honour'd with the Commands of a fair Lady, a great while—odd, Madam, you have reviv'd me—Not since I was five and thirty.

Ang. Why, you have no great Reason to complain, Sir *Sampson*, that is not long ago.

Sir Samp. Zooks, but it is, Madam, a very great while; to a Man that admires a fine Woman, as much as I do.

Ang. You're an absolute Courtier, Sir *Sampson.*

Sir Samp. Not at all, Madam: Ods-bud you wrong

me; I am not so old neither, to be a bare Courtier, only a Man of Words: Odd, I have warm Blood about me yet, and can serve a Lady any way—Come, come, let me tell you, you Women think a Man old too soon, faith and troth you do——Come, don't despise fifty; odd fifty, in a hale Constitution, is no such Contemptible Age.

Ang. Fifty a contemptible Age! Not at all, a very fashionable Age I think——I assure you, I know very considerable Beaus, that set a good Face upon fifty, fifty! I have seen fifty in a side Box by Candle-Light, out-blossom five and twenty.

Sir Samp. Outsides, Outsides; a pize take 'em, meer Outsides: Hang your Side-Box Beaus; no, I'm none of those, none of your forc'd Trees, that pretend to blossom in the Fall; and Bud when they should bring forth Fruit: I am of a long liv'd Race, and inherit Vigour, none of my Ancestors marry'd 'till fifty; yet they begot Sons and Daughters 'till fourscore: I am of your Patriarchs, I, a Branch of one of your *Anti-deluvian* Families, Fellows, that the Flood could not wash away. Well, Madam, what are your Commands? Has any young Rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his Throat? or——

Ang. No, Sir *Sampson*, I have no Quarrel upon my Hands—I have more Occasion for your Conduct than your Courage at this time. To tell you the Truth, I'm weary of living single, and want a Husband.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, and 'tis pity you should—Odd, wou'd she wou'd like me, then I shou'd hamper my young Rogues: Odd, wou'd she wou'd; faith and troth she's devilish handsome. [*Aside.*] Madam, you deserve a good Husband, and 'twere pity you shou'd be thrown away upon any of these young idle Rogues about the Town. Odd, there's ne'er a young Fellow worth hanging,—that is a very young Fellow—Pize on 'em, they never think beforehand of any thing; —And if they commit Matrimony, 'tis as they commit Murder;

out of a Frolick: And are ready to hang themselves, or to be hang'd by the Law, the next Morning:—Odso, have a care, Madam.

Ang. Therefore I ask your Advice, Sir *Sampson*: I have Fortune enough to make any Man easie that I can like; If there were such a thing as a young agreeable Man, with a reasonable Stock of good Nature and Sense ——For I would neither have an absolute Wit, nor a Fool.

Sir Samp. Odd, you are hard to please, Madam; to find a young Fellow that is neither a Wit in his own Eye, nor a Fool in the Eye of the World, is a very hard Task. But, faith and troth, you speak very discreetly; for I hate both a Wit and a Fool.

Ang. She that marries a Fool, Sir *Sampson*, forfeits the Reputation of her Honesty or Understanding: And she that marries a very witty Man is a Slave to the Severity and insolent Conduct of her Husband. I should like a Man of Wit for a Lover, because I would have such an one in my Power; but I would no more be his Wife, than his Enemy. For his Malice is not a more terrible Consequence of his Aversion, than his Jealousie is of his Love.

Sir Samp. None of old *Foresight*'s *Sybils* ever utter'd such a Truth. Odsbud, you have won my Heart: I hate a Wit; I had a Son that was spoil'd among 'em; a good hopeful Lad, 'till he learn'd to be a Wit——And might have risen in the State——But, a pox on't, his Wit run him out of his Mony, and now his Poverty has run him out of his Wits.

Ang. Sir *Sampson*, as your Friend, I must tell you, you are very much abus'd in that matter; he's no more mad than you are.

Sir *Samp.* How, Madam! Wou'd I cou'd prove it.

Ang. I can tell you how that may be done——But it is a thing that wou'd make me appear to be too much concern'd in your Affairs.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, I believe she likes me—[*Aside.*] ——Ah, Madam, all my Affairs are scarce worthy to be laid at your Feet; and I wish, Madam, they were in a better Posture, that I might make a more becoming Offer to a Lady of your incomparable Beauty and Merit. —If I had *Peru* in one Hand, and *Mexico* in t'other, and the *Eastern* Empire under my Feet; it would make me only a more glorious Victim to be offer'd at the Shrine of your Beauty.

Ang. Bless me, Sir *Sampson*, what's the Matter?

Sir Samp. Odd, Madam, I love you—And if you wou'd take my Advice in a Husband——

Ang. Hold, hold, Sir *Sampson*. I ask'd your Advice for a Husband, and you are giving me your Consent—I was indeed thinking to propose something like it in Jest, to satisfie you about *Valentine*: For if a Match were seemingly carried on, between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his Disguise of Madness, in Apprehension of losing me: For you know he has long pretended a Passion for me.

Sir Samp. Gadzooks, a most ingenious Contrivance—If we were to go through with it. But why must the Match only be seemingly carry'd on?——Odd, let it be a real Contract.

Ang. O fie, Sir *Sampson*, what would the World say?

Sir Samp. Say, they would say, you were a wise Woman, and I a happy Man. Odd, Madam, I'll love you as long as I live; and leave you a good Jointure when I die.

Ang. Ay; but that is not in your Power, Sir *Sampson*; for when *Valentine* confesses himself in his Senses, he must make over his Inheritance to his younger Brother.

Sir Samp. Odd, you're cunning, a wary Baggage! Faith and Troth I like you the better—But, I warrant you, I have a Proviso in the Obligation in favour of my self——Body o'me, I have a Trick to turn the Settle-

ment upon the Issue Male of our two Bodies begotten. Odsbud, let us find Children, and I'll find an Estate!

Ang. Will you? Well, do you find the Estate, and leave the t'other to me——

Sir Samp. O Rogue! But I'll trust you. And will you consent? Is it a Match then?

Ang. Let me consult my Lawyer concerning this Obligation; and if I find what you propose practicable; I'll give you my Answer.

Sir Samp. With all my Heart;—Come in with me, and I'll lend you the Bond——You shall consult your Lawyer, and I'll consult a Parson; Odzooks I'm a young Man: Odzooks I'm a young Man, and I'll make it appear—Odd, you're devilish handsome: Faith and Troth, you're very handsome, and I'm very young, and very lusty——Odsbud, Hussy, you know how to chuse, and so do I;——Odd, I think we are very well met;—Give me your Hand, odd, let me kiss it; 'tis as warm and as soft—as what?——Odd, as t'other Hand—give me t'other Hand, and I'll mumble 'em, and kiss 'em 'till they melt in my Mouth.

Ang. Hold, Sir *Sampson*——You're profuse of your Vigour before your time: You'll spend your Estate before you come to it.

Sir Samp. No, no, only give you a Rent-Roll of my Possessions—Ah! Baggage——I warrant you for little *Sampson*: Odd, *Sampson*'s a very good Name for an able Fellow: Your *Sampsons* were strong Dogs from the Beginning.

Ang. Have a care, and don't over-act your Part—If you remember, *Sampson*, the strongest of the Name, pull'd an old House over his Head at last.

Sir Samp. Say you so, Hussy?—Come, let's go then; odd, I long to be pulling too, come away——Odso, here's some body coming. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

TATTLE, JEREMY.

Tatt. Is not that she, gone out just now?

Jere. Ay, Sir, she's just going to the Place of Appointment. Ah, Sir, if you are not very faithful and close in this Business, you'll certainly be the Death of a Person that has a most extraordinary Passion for your Honour's Service.

Tatt, Ay, who's that?

Jere. Even my unworthy self, Sir——Sir, I have had an Appetite to be fed with your Commands a great while;——And now, Sir, my former Master, having much troubled the Fountain of his Understanding; it is a very plausible Occasion for me to quench my Thirst at the Spring of your Bounty—I thought I could not recommend my self better to you, Sir, than by the Delivery of a great Beauty and Fortune into your Arms, whom I have heard you sigh for.

Tatt. I'll make thy Fortune; say no more——Thou art a pretty Fellow, and canst carry a Message to a Lady, in a pretty soft kind of Phrase, and with a good perswading Accent.

Jere. Sir, I have the Seeds of Rhetorick and Oratory in my Head——I have been at *Cambridge*.

Tatt. Ay: 'tis well enough for a Servant to be bred at an University: But the Education is a little too pedantick for a Gentleman. I hope you are secret in your Nature, private, close, ha?

Jere. O Sir, for that Sir, 'tis my chief Talent; I'm as secret as the Head of *Nilus*.

Tatt. Ay? Who's he, tho'? A Privy Counsellor?

Jere. O Ignorance! [*Aside.*] A cunning *Ægyptian*,

Sir, that with his Arms would over-run the Country, yet no Body could ever find out his Head-Quarters.

Tatt. Close Dog! A good Whoremaster, I warrant him——the time draws nigh, *Jeremy*. *Angelica* will be veil'd like a Nun; and I must be hooded like a Friar; ha, *Jeremy*?

Jere. Ay, Sir, hooded like a Hawk, to seize at first Sight upon the Quarry. It is the Whim of my Master's Madness to be so dress'd; and she is so in Love with him, she'll comply with any thing to please him. Poor Lady, I'm sure she'll have reason to pray for me, when she finds what a happy Exchange she has made, between a Madman and so accomplish'd a Gentleman.

Tatt. Ay Faith, so she will, *Jeremy*: You're a good Friend to her, poor Creature——I swear I do it hardly so much in consideration of my self, as compassion to her.

Jere. 'Tis an Act of Charity, Sir, to save a fine Woman with thirty thousand Pound, from throwing her self away.

Tatt. So 'tis, faith——I might have sav'd several others in my time; but I Gad I could never find in my Heart to marry any body before.

Jere. Well, Sir, I'll go and tell her my Master's coming; and meet you in half a Quarter of an Hour, with your Disguise, at your own Lodgings. You must talk a little madly, she won't distinguish the Tone of your Voice.

Tatt. No, no, let me alone for a Counterfeit;——I'll be ready for you. [*Exit* Jeremy.

Enter Miss Prue.

Miss. O Mr. *Tattle*, are you here! I'm glad I have found you; I have been looking up and down for you like any thing, 'till I'm as tired as any thing in the World.

Tatt. O Pox, how shall I get rid of this foolish Girl? [*Aside.*

Miss. O, I have pure News, I can tell you pure News

——I must not marry the Seaman now—my Father says so. Why won't you be my Husband? You say you love me, and you won't be my Husband. And I know you may be my Husband now if you please.

Tatt. O fie, Miss: Who told you so, Child?

Miss. Why, my Father—I told him that you lov'd me.

Tatt. O fie, Miss, why did you do so? And who told you so, Child?

Miss. Who? Why, you did; did not you?

Tatt. O Pox, that was yesterday, Miss, that was a great while ago, Child. I have been asleep since; slept a whole Night, and did not so much as dream of the Matter.

Miss. Pshaw, O, but I dream't that it was so tho'.

Tatt. Ay, but your Father will tell you that Dreams come by Contraries, Child——O fie; what, we must not love one another now——Pshaw, that would be a foolish thing indeed——Fie, fie, you're a Woman now, and must think of a new Man every Morning, and forget him every Night——No, no, to marry is to be a Child again, and play with the same Rattle always: O fie, marrying is a paw thing.

Miss. Well, but don't you love me as well as you did last Night then?

Tatt. No, no, Child, you would not have me.

Miss. No? Yes, but I would tho'.

Tatt. Pshaw, but I tell you, you would not——You forget you're a Woman, and don't know your own Mind.

Miss. But here's my Father, and he knows my Mind.

Enter Foresight.

Fore. O, Mr. *Tattle*, your Servant, you are a close Man; but methinks your Love to my Daughter was a Secret I might have been trusted with,——Or had you a Mind to try if I could discover it by my Art——hum,

ha! I think there is something in your Physiognomy, that has a Resemblance of her; and the Girl is like me.

Tatt. And so you wou'd infer, that you and I are alike——what does the old Prig mean? I'll banter him, and laugh at him, and leave him. [*Aside.*] I fancy you have a wrong Notion of Faces.

Fore. How? What? a wrong Notion! How so?

Tatt. In the way of Art: I have some taking Features, not obvious to vulgar Eyes; that are Indications of a sudden turn of good Fortune, in the Lottery of Wives; and promise a great Beauty and great Fortune reserved alone for me, by a private Intriegue of Destiny, kept secret from the piercing Eye of Perspicuity; from all Astrologers, and the Stars themselves.

Fore. How! I will make it appear, that what you say is impossible.

Tatt. Sir, I beg your Pardon, I'm in haste——

Fore. For what?

Tatt. To be marry'd, Sir, marry'd.

Fore. Ay, but pray take me along with you, Sir——

Tatt. No, Sir; 'tis to be done privately——I never make Confidents.

Fore. Well; but my Consent I mean—You won't marry my Daughter without my Consent?

Tatt. Who, I, Sir? I'm an absolute Stranger to you and your Daughter, Sir.

Fore. Hey day! What time of the Moon is this?

Tatt. Very true, Sir, and desire to continue so. I have no more Love for your Daughter, than I have Likeness of you; and I have a Secret in my Heart, which you wou'd be glad to know, and shan't know; and yet you shall know it too, and be sorry for't afterwards. I'd have you to know, Sir, that I am as knowing as the Stars, and as secret as the Night. And I'm going to be married just now, yet did not know of it half an Hour ago; and the Lady stays for me, and does not know of it yet—There's a Mystery for you,——I know you

OLD FORESIGHT

love to untie Difficulties——Or if you can't solve this; ſtay here a Quarter of an Hour, and I'll come and explain it to you. [*Exit.*

Miss. O father, why will you let him go? Won't you make him to be my Husband?

Fore. Mercy on us, what do these Lunacies portend? Alas! he's mad, Child, ſtark wild.

Miss. What, and muſt not I have e'er a Husband then? What, muſt I go to Bed to Nurse again, and be a Child as long as she's an old Woman? Indeed but I won't. For now my mind is set upon a Man, I will have a Man some way or other. Oh! methinks I'm sick when I think of a Man; and if I can't have one, I wou'd go to sleep all my Life: For when I'm awake it makes me wish and long, and I don't know for what——And I'd rather be always asleep, than sick with thinking.

Fore. O fearful! I think the Girl's influenc'd too,——Hussy, you shall have a Rod.

Miss. A Fiddle of a Rod, I'll have a Husband; and if you won't get me one, I'll get one for my self: I'll marry our *Robin* the Butler, he says he loves me, and he's a handsome Man, and shall be my Husband: I warrant he'll be my Husband, and thank me too, for he told me so.

Enter Scandal, *Mrs.* Foresight, *and* Nurse.

Fore. Did he so——I'll dispatch him for't presently; Rogue! Oh, Nurse, come hither.

Nurse. What is your Worship's Pleaſure?

Fore. Here take your young Miſtress, and lock her up presently, 'till farther Orders from me——not a word, Hussy——Do what I bid you, no Reply, away. And bid *Robin* make ready to give an Account of his Plate and Linnen, d'ye hear, be gone when I bid you.

Mrs. Fore. What's the matter, Husband?

Fore. 'Tis not convenient to tell you now——Mr.

Scandal, Heav'n keep us all in our Senses——I fear there is a contagious Frenzy abroad. How does *Valentine?*

Scan. O, I hope he will do well again—I have a Message from him to your Neice *Angelica.*

Fore. I think she has not return'd, since she went abroad with Sir *Sampson.* Nurse, why are you not gone? [*Exit* NURSE.

Enter BEN.

Mrs. Fore. Here's Mr. *Benjamin*, he can tell us if his Father be come home.

Ben. Who, Father? ay, he's come home with a Vengeance.

Mrs. Fore. Why, what's the matter?

Ben. Matter! Why, he's mad.

Fore. Mercy on us, I was afraid of this.

Ben. And there's the handsome young Woman, she, as they say, Brother *Val.* went mad for, she's mad too, I think.

Fore. O my poor Neice, my poor Neice, is she gone too? Well, I shall run mad next.

Mrs. Fore. Well, but how mad? how d'ye mean?

Ben. Nay, I'll give you leave to guess——I'll undertake to make a Voyage to *Antegoa*——No, hold, I mayn't say so neither——But I'll sail as far as *Leghorn*, and back again, before you shall guess at the matter, and do nothing else; Mess, you may take in all the Points of the Compass, and not hit right.

Mrs. Fore. Your Experiment will take up a little too much time.

Ben. Why then I'll tell you; there's a new Wedding upon the Stocks, and they two are a going to be married to rights.

Scan. Who?

Ben. Why, Father, and——the young Woman. I can't hit of her Name.

Scan. Angelica?

Ben. Ay, the same.

Mrs. Fore. Sir *Sampson* and *Angelica*, impossible!

Ben. That may be——but I'm sure it is as I tell you.

Scan. 'Sdeath, it's a Jeſt. I can't believe it.

Ben. Look you, Friend, it's nothing to me, whether you believe it or no. What I say is true; d'ye see, they are married, or juſt going to be married, I know not which.

Fore. Well, but they are not mad, that is, not Lunatick?

Ben. I don't know what you call Madness——But she's mad for a Husband, and he's horn mad, I think, or they'd ne'er make a Match together——Here they come.

Enter Sir Sampson, Angelica, Buckram.

Sir Samp. Where is this old Soothsayer? this Uncle of mine elect? A ha, old *Foresight*, Uncle *Foresight*, with me Joy, Uncle *Foresight*, double Joy, both as Uncle and Aſtrologer; here's a Conjunction that was not foretold in all your *Ephemeris*——The brighteſt Star in the blue Firmament——is *shot from above*, *in a Jelly of Love*, and so forth; and I'm Lord of the Ascendant. Odd, you're an old Fellow, *Foresight*; Uncle I mean, a very old Fellow, Uncle *Foresight*; and yet you shall live to dance at my Wedding; faith and troth you shall. Odd, we'll have the Musick of the Spheres for thee, old *Lilly*, that we will, and thou shalt lead up a Dance in *Via Lactea*.

Fore. I'm Thunder-ſtruck! You are not married to my Neice?

Sir Samp. Not absolutely marry'd, Uncle; but very near it, within a Kiss of the Matter, as you see.

[*Kisses* Angelica.

Ang. 'Tis very true indeed, Uncle; I hope you'll be my Father, and give me.

Sir Samp. That he shall, or I'll burn his Globes—— Body o'me, he shall be thy Father, I'll make him thy Father, and thou shalt make me a Father, and I'll make thee a Mother, and we'll beget Sons and Daughters enough to put the weekly Bills out of Countenance.

Scan. Death and Hell! Where's *Valentine*? [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fore. This is so surprizing——

Sir Samp. How! What does my Aunt say? Surprizing, Aunt? Not at all, for a young Couple to make a Match in Winter? Not at all—It's a Plot to undermine cold Weather; and destroy that Usurper of a Bed call'd a Warming-Pan.

Mrs. Fore. I'm glad to hear you have so much Fire in you, Sir *Sampson.*

Ben. Mess, I fear his Fire's little better than Tinder; may-hap it will only serve to light up a Match for some Body else. The young Woman's a handsome young Woman, I can't deny it: But Father, if I might be your Pilot in this Case, you should not marry her. It's just the same thing, as if so be you should sail so far as the *Straights* without Provision.

Sir Samp. Who gave you Authority to speak, Sirrah? To your Element, Fish, be mute, Fish, and to Sea, rule your Helm, Sirrah, don't direct me.

Ben. Well, well, take you care of your own Helm, or you mayn't keep your new Vessel steddy.

Sir Samp. Why, you impudent Tarpaulin! Sirrah, do you bring your Forecastle Jests upon your Father? But I shall be even with you, I won't give you a Groat. Mr. *Buckram*, is the Conveyance so worded, that nothing can possibly descend to this Scoundrel? I would not so much as have him have the Prospect of an Estate; tho' there were no way to come to it, but by the *North-East* Passage.

Buck. Sir, it is drawn according to your Directions; there is not the least Cranny of the Law unstopt.

Ben. Lawyer, I believe there's many a Cranny and

Leak unstopt in your Conscience——If so be that one had a Pump to your Bosom, I believe we shou'd discover a foul Hold. They say a Witch will sail in a Sieve——But I believe the Devil wou'd not venture aboard o'your Conscience. And that's for you.

Sir Samp. Hold your Tongue, Sirrah. How now, who's here?

Enter TATTLE *and Mrs.* FRAIL.

Mrs. Frail. O, Sister, the most unlucky Accident.

Mrs. Fore. What's the Matter?

Tatt. O, the two most unfortunate poor Creatures in the World we are.

Fore. Bless us! How so?

Mrs. Frail. Ah, Mr. *Tattle* and I, poor Mr. *Tattle* and I are——I can't speak it out.

Tatt. Nor I——poor Mrs. *Frail* and I are——

Mrs. Frail. Married.

Mrs. Fore. Married! How?

Tatt. Suddenly——before we knew where we were—that Villain *Jeremy*, by the help of Disguises, trickt us into one another.

Fore. Why, you told me just now, you went hence in haste to be married.

Ang. But I believe Mr. *Tattle* meant the Favour to me, I thank him.

Tatt. I did, as I hope to be sav'd, Madam, my Intentions were good——But this is the most cruel thing, to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore—The Devil take me if ever I was so much concern'd at any thing in my Life.

Ang. Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

Tatt. The least in the World—That is for my Part, I speak for my self. Gad, I never had the least Thought of serious Kindness——I never lik'd any Body less in my Life. Poor Woman! Gad I'm sorry for her too;

for I have no reason to hate her neither; but I believe I shall lead her a damn'd sort of a Life.

Mrs. Fore. He's better than no Husband at all—tho' he's a Coxcomb. [*To* FRAIL.

Mrs. Frail (*to her*). Ay, ay, it's well it's no worse——Nay, for my part I always despised Mr. *Tattle* of all things; nothing but his being my Husband could have made me like him less.

Tatt. Look you there, I thought as much——Pox on't, I wish we could keep it secret; why, I don't believe any of this Company wou'd speak of it.

Mrs. Frail. But, my Dear, that's impossible; the Parson and that Rogue *Jeremy* will publish it.

Tatt. Ay, my Dear, so they will, as you say.

Ang. O, you'll agree very well in a little time; Custom will make it easie to you.

Tatt. Easie! Pox on't, I don't believe I shall sleep to Night.

Sir Samp. Sleep, Quotha! No, why, you would not sleep o' your Wedding-Night? I'm an older Fellow than you, and don't mean to sleep.

Ben. Why, there's another Match now, as thof' a couple of Privateers were looking for a Prize, and should fall foul of one another. I'm sorry for the young Man with all my Heart. Look you, Friend, if I may advise you, when she's going, for that you must expect, I have Experience of her, when she's going, let her go. For no Matrimony is tough enough to hold her, and if she can't drag her Anchor along with her, she'll break her Cable, I can tell you that. Who's here? the Madman?

Enter VALENTINE, SCANDAL, *and* JEREMY.

Val. No; here's the Fool; and if occasion be, I'll give it under my Hand.

Sir Samp. How now?

Val. Sir, I'm come to acknowledge my Errors, and ask your Pardon.

Sir Samp. What, have you found your Senses at last then? In good time, Sir.

Val. You were abus'd, Sir, I never was distracted.

Fore. How! Not Mad! Mr. *Scandal.*

Scan. No really, Sir; I'm his Witness, it was all Counterfeit.

Val. I thought I had Reasons——But it was a poor Contrivance, the Effect has shewn it such.

Sir Samp. Contrivance, what to cheat me? to cheat your Father! Sirrah, could you hope to prosper?

Val. Indeed, I thought, Sir, when the Father endeavoured to undo the Son, it was a reasonable return of Nature.

Sir Samp. Very good, Sir—Mr. *Buckram*, are you ready?——Come, Sir, will you sign and seal?

Val. If you please, Sir; but first I would ask this Lady one Question.

Sir Samp. Sir, you must ask me leave first; that Lady? No, Sir; you shall ask that Lady no Questions, 'till you have ask'd her Blessing, Sir; that Lady is to be my Wife.

Val. I have heard as much, Sir; but I wou'd have it from her own Mouth.

Sir Samp. That's as much as to say, I lie, Sir, and you don't believe what I say.

Val. Pardon me, Sir. But I reflect that I very lately counterfeited Madness; I don't know but the Frolick may go round.

Sir Samp. Come, Chuck, satisfie him, answer him;——Come, come, Mr. *Buckram*, the Pen and Ink.

Buck. Here it is, Sir, with the Deed, all is ready.

[VAL. *goes to* ANG.

Ang. 'Tis true, you have a great while pretended Love to me; nay, what if you were sincere? still you must pardon me, if I think my own Inclinations have a better Right to dispose of my Person, than yours.

Sir Samp. Are you answer'd now, Sir?

Val. Yes, Sir.

Sir Samp. Where's your Plot, Sir? and your Contrivance now, Sir? Will you sign, Sir? Come, will you sign and seal?

Val. With all my Heart, Sir.

Scan. 'Sdeath, you are not mad indeed, to ruin your self?

Val. I have been disappointed of my only Hope; and he that loses Hope may part with any thing. I never valu'd Fortune, but as it was subservient to my Pleasure; and my only Pleasure was to please this Lady: I have made many vain Attempts, and find at last that nothing but my Ruin can effect it: Which, for that Reason, I will sign to——Give me the Paper.

Ang. Generous *Valentine*! [*Aside.*

Buck. Here is the Deed, Sir.

Val. But where is the Bond, by which I am oblig'd to sign this?

Buck. Sir Sampson, you have it.

Ang. No, I have it; and I'll use it, as I wou'd every thing that is an Enemy to *Valentine*. [*Tears the Paper.*

Sir Samp. How now!

Val. Ha!

Ang. Had I the World to give you, it cou'd not make me worthy of so generous and faithful a Passion: Here's my Hand, my Heart was always yours, and struggl'd very hard to make this utmost Trial of your Vertue.

[*To* Val.

Val. Between Pleasure and Amazement, I am lost—— But on my Knees I take the Blessing.

Sir Samp. Oons, what is the Meaning of this?

Ben. Mess, here's the Wind chang'd again. Father, you and I may make a Voyage together now.

Ang. Well, Sir *Sampson*, since I have plaid you a Trick, I'll advise you, how you may avoid such another. Learn to be a good Father, or you'll never get a second Wife. I always lov'd your Son, and hated your unfor-

giving Nature. I was resolv'd to try him to the utmoſt; I have try'd you too, and know you both. You have not more Faults than he has Virtues; and 'tis hardly more Pleasure to me, that I can make him and my self happy, than that I can punish you.

Val. If my Happiness cou'd receive Addition, this kind Surprize wou'd make it double.

Sir Samp. Oons, you're a *Crocodile*.

Fore. Really, Sir *Sampson*, this is a sudden Eclipse.

Sir Samp. You're an illiterate old Fool, and I'm another.

Tatt. If the Gentleman is in Disorder for want of a Wife, I can spare him mine. Oh, are you there, Sir? I'm indebted to you for my Happiness. [*To* Jere.

Jere. Sir, I ask you ten thousand Pardons, 'twas an errant Miſtake——You see, Sir, my Maſter was never mad, nor any thing like it——Then how cou'd it be otherwise?

Val. Tattle, I thank you, you would have interposed between me and Heav'n; but Providence laid Purgatory in your way——You have but Juſtice.

Scan. I hear the Fiddles that Sir *Sampson* provided for his own Wedding; methinks 'tis pity they shou'd not be employ'd when the Match is so much mended. *Valentine*, tho' it be Morning, we may have a Dance.

Val. Any thing, my Friend, every thing that looks like Joy and Transport.

Scan. Call 'em, *Jeremy*. [*Exit* Jeremy.

Ang. I have done dissembling now, *Valentine*; and if that Coldness which I have always worn before you, should turn to an extream Fondness, you muſt not suspect it.

Val. I'll prevent that Suspicion——For I intend to doat to that immoderate degree, that your Fondness shall never diſtinguish it self enough to be taken notice of. If ever you seem to love too much, it muſt be only when I can't love enough.

Ang. Have a Care of Promises; you know you are apt to run more in Debt than you are able to pay.

Val. Therefore I yield my Body as your Prisoner, and make your best on't.

Re-enter JEREMY.

Jere. The Musick stays for you. [*Dance.*

Scan. Well, Madam, you have done Exemplary Justice, in punishing an inhuman Father, and rewarding a faithful Lover: But there is a third good Work, which I, in particular, must thank you for; I was an Infidel to your Sex, and you have converted me——For now I am convinc'd that all Women are not like Fortune, blind in bestowing Favours, either on those who do not merit, or who do not want 'em.

Ang. 'Tis an unreasonable Accusation, that you lay upon our Sex: You tax us with Injustice, only to cover your own want of Merit. You would all have the Reward of Love; but few have the Constancy to stay 'till it becomes your due. Men are generally Hypocrites and Infidels, they pretend to Worship, but have neither Zeal nor Faith: How few, like *Valentine*, would persevere even to Martyrdom, and sacrifice their Interest to their Constancy! In admiring me, you misplace the Novelty.

The Miracle to Day is, that we find
A Lover true: Not that a Woman's Kind.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken at the Opening of the New House by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

SURE Providence at firſt design'd this Place
To be the Player's Refuge in Diſtress;
For ſtill in every Storm, they all run hither,
As to a Shed, that ſhields 'em from the Weather.
But thinking of this Change which laſt befell us,
It's like what I have heard our Poets tell us:
For when behind our Scenes their Suits are pleading,
To help their Love, ſometimes they ſhow their Reading;
And wanting ready cash to pay for Hearts,
They top their Learning on us, and their Parts.
Once of Philoſophers they told us Stories,
Whom, as I think, they call'd—Py—Pythagories,
I'm sure 'tis some such Latin *Name they give 'em,*
And we, who know no better, muſt believe 'em.
Now to these Men (say they) such Souls were giv'n,
That after Death, ne'er went to Hell, nor Heav'n,
But liv'd, I know not how, in Beaſts; and then
When many Years were paſt, in Men again.
Methinks, we Players *resemble such a Soul,*
That, does from Bodies, we from Houses ſtrole.
Thus Ariſtotle's *Soul, of old that was,*
May now be damn'd to animate an Ass;
Or in this very House, for ought we know,
Is doing painful Penance in some Beau:
And thus, our Audience, which did once resort
To ſhining Theatres to see our Sport,
Now find us toss'd into a Tennis-Court.

These Walls but t'other Day were fill'd with Noise
Of Roaring Gamesters, and your Damme Boys;
Then bounding Balls and Rackets they encompast,
And now they're fill'd with Jests, and Flights, and Bombast!
I vow, I dont much like this Transmigration,
Stroling from Place to Place, by Circulation,
Grant Heav'n, we don't return to our first Station.
I know not what these think, but for my Part,
I can't reflect without an aking Heart,
How we shou'd end in our Original, a Cart.
But we can't fear, since you're so good to save us,
That you have only set us up, to leave us.
Thus from the past, we hope for future Grace,
I beg it——
And some here know I have a begging Face.
Then pray continue this your kind Behaviour,
For a clear Stage won't do, without your Favour.

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